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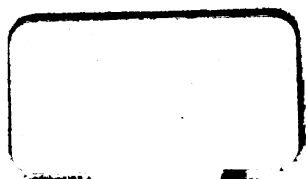
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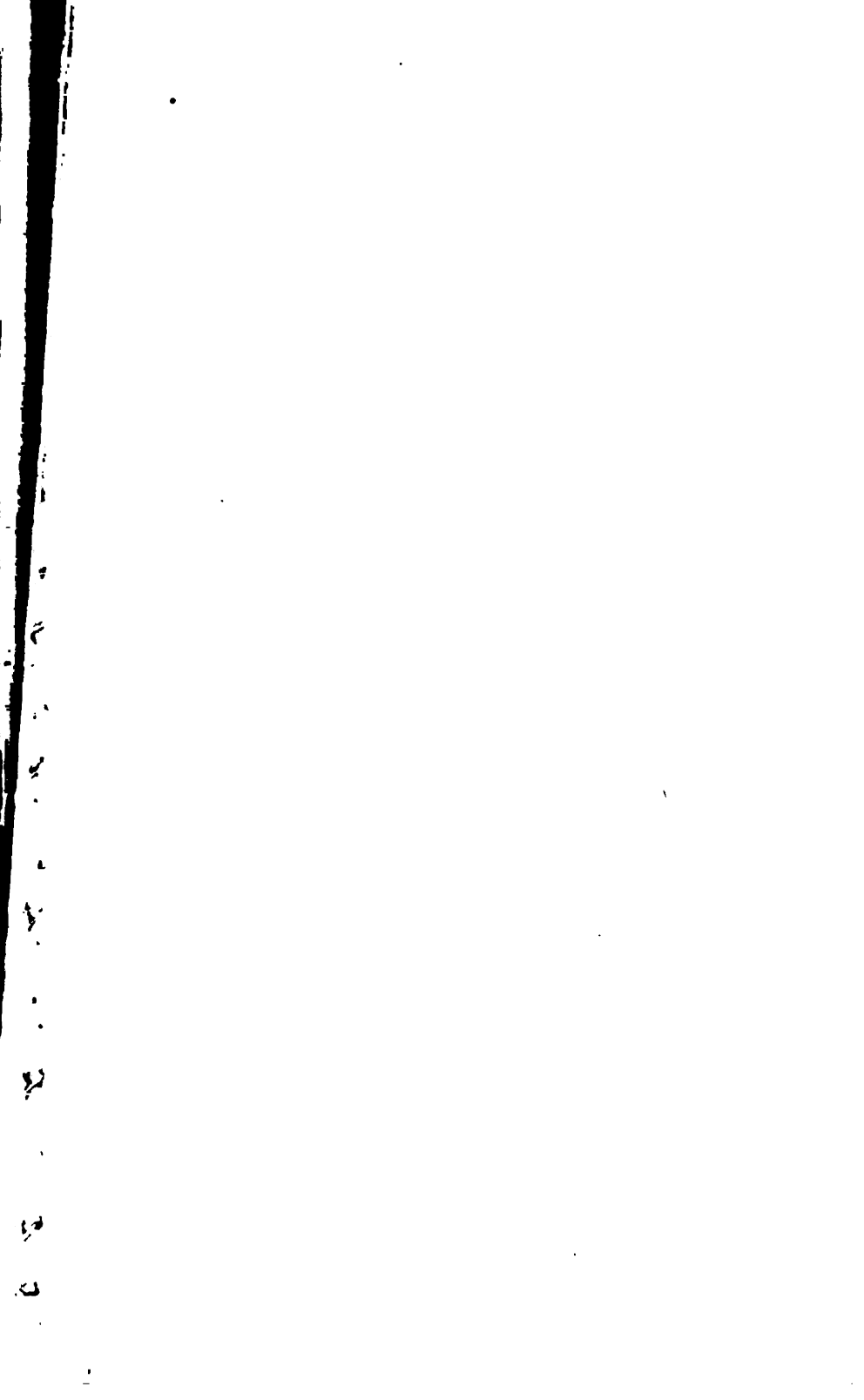
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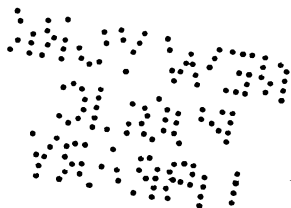
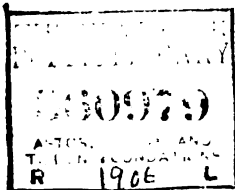
THE IRISH MAGAZINE.

BOLSTER'S
QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.
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JOHN BOLSTER, PATRICK-STREET, CORK.
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BOLSTER'S QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

No. I.

FEBRUARY, 1826.

Vol. I.

INTRODUCTORY OBSERVATIONS.

While Political Economists contend that the system of Absenteeism produces no ill effects on the prosperity of a country, it will not, we think, be denied by the most desperate theorist, that the expatriation of native talent causes a positive decrease in the great fund of national intellect. The man of many acres, happily, cannot remove these at will. The sunshine of his countenance may invigorate and embellish the little system of which he is the centre; but the withdrawal of its beams—though it chill the current of social life—imprints no corresponding symptom of decay on the fair face of nature.—His plantations and hedge-rows, and corn fields, flourish as greenly as though his fostering glance were upon them: and it may be, that the spell of his personal influence on society is maintained unbroken, by the medium of some curiously honest agent, or benevolent middle-man.

But the ills attendant on the emigration of a *lackland* man of genius, are balanced by no such comfortable compensations. His wealth lies in a small compass; but it is indivisible, and must accompany the possessor. He leaves no representative behind, to cherish the blossoms of literature, or cultivate the plants of science, which would have sprung up at his bidding. A waste of weeds marks the spot which he might have embellished in the domain of genius, and should a breath of the fragrance which he calls forth in the scene of his selection, be wasted to that which he has abandoned, it can excite only a transient animation, and comes but to 'waste its sweetness on the desert air.'

In truth, it is a melancholy fact, that the talent for which this country is confessedly remarkable, seems to droop 'till it is transplanted, and has become as it were an exotic in the land which produced it. Like certain idle, but clever urchins at school, who never study their own lesson, but who frequently perform the task of a dull or favourite companion;

our writers spare no pains to contribute to the literary wealth of England and Scotland, while they quite overlook the just claims of their own country.

We may be told that we make a distinction without a difference, and that a community of interests, and therefore of glory, exists between the three countries, in the great body of British literature. This is some comfort:—but if Ireland be indeed a wing of this triple edifice, it resembles, we fear but too much, those deserted suites of apartments, in some old French chateau, which present—in a succession of wild corridors and unfurnished saloons—a dreary contrast to the splendours that are lavished on some more favoured part of the mansion..

This unequal distribution of intellectual wealth, has, we confess, appeared to us at times a greater national calamity, than the comparative inferiority of our funded capital;—and had Ireland the full benefit of her birth-right in the former, we, for one, should not repine at her forfeiting all interest in the transactions of Change-alley and the Share-market. It is for the same reason, that in viewing the groups who daily leave this country, our eye has often strayed from the bloated possessor of thousands, with his equipages and retinue, to some humble owner of a small valise,—happily with silver eye-glass, a rusty black coat, and a countenance

“Sicklied o’er with the pale cast of thought.”

We have noted him slowly pacing the deck, or hanging over the vessel’s side,—taking no part in the bustle of embarkation—but returning from the unmeaning din of his empty-headed betters, and drawing from his pocket a dog-eared volume, from which his eye has only wandered, to dwell for a moment on the dark wave, or distant mountains.—At length, hunters and pointers, and barouches, are safely stowed,—the vessel is under weigh—and, as we have turned from the contemplation of such a scene, we have mourned the departure of the obscure son of genius, while the loss of the “man of opulence,” with that of his liveried menials to boot, has not caused a sigh to escape us.

Had the Athenian mind been decomposed by the undue preponderance of the centrifugal power which causes the dispersion of Irish talent,—the age of Pericles had never existed! Can it then be matter of surprise, that the sum of our national literature is so disproportionate to that of the sister countries;—and is it, above all, wonderful, that in Periodical writing, we should have produced absolutely nothing? This fact being admitted—we leave to others, the task of speculating on the many causes, which, in addition to the one above stated, have tended to produce it:—neither shall we philosophize on those correctives which may be looked for in the influence of legislative acts, or political institutions. We invoke a higher tribunal even than that, to which Blackstone, by a bold figure of speech applied the epithet of “omnipotent!”—We appeal, for a remedy, to the energy of Public opinion!

With all her disadvantages, there is no doubt that Ireland still possesses a vast stock of intellectual resources—surely far more than sufficient to furnish materials for a periodical work of the highest character. We are enemies to the cant of even national egotism; but public spirit is a very different thing; and we are convinced that if we assert—modestly but firmly—our legitimate claims not only to Irish, but to British support, we shall speedily retrieve the ground which we have lost in the department of periodical literature.

With this object, and in this spirit, the present work has been underta-

ken. Had we not before our eyes the salutary fear of a long prologue, we could dwell here with pleasure on the liberal encouragement which it has already met with—and on the profound sense of obligation, entertained by the Editor towards individuals, and the public generally.

The first number of the Magazine of Ireland must now speak for itself—and though we do not flatter ourselves that it will start into life armed against every shaft—we trust, like the myrtle which Minerva presented to the Athenians, it will strike deep root, and gather around it the founders of a New Academy.

ED.

CORINNA,—BY L. E. L.

She stood alone ; but on her every eye
 Dwelt in mute ravishment ; her long black hair
 Flew loose upon the gale, but half confin'd
 By the light veil and wreaths of braided rose,
 Shading her bosom's matchless ivory,
 And fell upon the lyre, like hyacinths
 Twin'd fancifully around ; a pensive shade
 Was on the brightness of her deep blue eyes,
 When the sweet tenderness of woman's glance
 Softened the minstrel's fire that sparkled there.—
 The song arose ; it was just such a strain
 The soft Erato wakes, when she would sing
 Of loveliness and love by sorrow shaded ;
 Her voice (the syren's is not sweeter, when
 She breathes her music to calm moonlight seas,)
 Was fraught with tender feelings, and called forth
 An answering harmony within the heart ;
 And even when it ceased, the listner's ear
 Thrill'd with its wild and witching melody.
 She stood, like some fair creature of the skies,
 In mild unconscious beauty, and her eyes
 Sunk to their timid station on the ground :
 Her cheek was delicately pale ; but when
 They placed the laurel crown upon her brow,
 Her face was mantled by a burning blush,
 Bright, beautiful, like Summer's glowing eve,
 Such as young Psyche wore, when love first taught
 His own sweet language.

ON A SLEEPING CHILD,—BY L. E. L.

How innocent, how beautiful thy sleep!
 Sweet one, 'tis peace and joy to gaze on thee!
 Thy summer sports, thy cloudless gaiety,
 Are hush'd in slumber; but there fingers still
 A smile upon thy lips, like the young day,
 Flinging its sunlight o'er the half-blown rose;
 Thy laughing eyes are clos'd, while the dark lash
 Rests on thy dimpled cheek, where health has shed
 Its liveliest carnation; unconfin'd
 Like golden clusters, shadowing thy face,
 Thy chestnut curls twine round thy little arm,
 Half-hidden by the violets, which breathe
 Their fragrance o'er thy head; thy snowy brow
 Is clear and open as a shadeless sky:
 There are no records there to tell of griefs,
 That came like blights in spring, or winter storms
 Of tortured feelings, withering cares and joys,
 Whose end was bitterness, but here are found
 Pure innocence, and love, and happiness.

LINES,—BY L. E. L. •

She kneels by the grave where her lover sleeps,
 With a cypress and rose she has crown'd it;
 And there her lonely vigil keeps,
 While the moonlight beams surround it.

Her hair is loose to the chill night gale;
 No more with spring flowers she'll braid it:
 Her dark eye is dim, her cheek is pale—
 Sorrow can swiftly fade it.

She has knelt by that grave for many a day—
 Morn and even still found her beside it.
 Soon will that mourner be past away—
 Her grief, the cold grave will hide it.

Her spring of youth was fair for a while,
 And then the dark cloud came o'er it;
 When once the blight checks the rose's smile,
 Where is the spell to restore it?

* The Poems by L. E. L. are from a volume of Poems, by the fair and talented author of "The Improvisatrice" and "Troubadour," printed in 1821, but only partially circulated.

Whatever may be said to the contrary, it cannot be correct, that the simple effort to render one's self agreeable, is, the only means necessary to be used; the desire alone constituting the whole art of pleasing. I am the more incredulous, as a worthy friend of mine, has tried this good natured plan so long, and so little to the purpose, that instead of making any progress, he is pretty generally considered to be a very disagreeable fellow.

From his own acknowledgement, I am convinced, there are many requisites necessary, not merely to secure applause, but ordinary respect and civility in company.

Thomas Melburne had one general sweeping recommendation in certain circles—he had been in the army,—a Captain in a Militia regiment, and was considered by himself, if not by others, to have seen something of the world, though not much service; having been quartered from time to time in several country towns. He was likewise convinced that he knew something of human nature, for he was long in the recruiting service, which gives a great insight into character. Many have thought him too ceremonious in his manner, as he was punctilious in all that respected the drawing-room. His father having spent many years abroad, was of the *good old school*, and acquired all the points and *etiquette* essential in forming the complete gentleman. He impressed those points so firmly by precept and example on the Captain, that our hero was never to be taken off his guard, and some said, appeared never to be off parade. He had also imbibed from the same much respected source, a most exalted idea of the fair sex, whose honour he preferred beyond the attraction of their charms. He was elated therefore sooner than any other man, at the sight of a fine woman; in much the same manner, he became intoxicated at the mess, generally before the cloth was removed, which was attributed to the sight of the decanters. His warmth or his weakness ever contributing to the conviviality of the society he was in, was sufficient gratification to his natural good temper and politeness, and he was too fond of good humour, not to contribute towards it, even by becoming the subject of it, to the great amusement of his friends.—Yet he has assured me that all this profited him nothing; a sense of mortification and disappointment always following him. He has studied and copied, to no purpose, the manner of others who were admired, told their jokes, sang their songs, imitated all their little ways: notwithstanding which, he remained unsuccessful, and was treated with insufferable neglect.

Every body may have, in the course of their lives, felt embarrassed at a large dinner table, where much conversation is going on, and the difficulty of abstracting themselves, or not possessing sufficient nerve, or volubility to preserve them on such occasions from the horrors of silence. It was the Captain's ill fate to be ever in a state of distraction, between the activity of his mind, the watchfulness of his ear, and the slumbering nature of his attention, the whimsical effect of this absence of manner, exposed him continually; for his reply to any question, would be the echo frequently of somebody at the remote end of the room, and once, he has thought it nearly cost him his liberty.

A friend of our hero's was paying his addresses to a young lady. The Captain was taken one day to dine at her house, and the young lady and

her sister were left with the two gentlemen, by the rest of the family, after dinner. It very soon happened, that the Captain's friend withdrew with the young lady to the window, and left our hero chatting beside her sister. The Captain could distinctly overhear the tender, warm addresses of his friend, though it was a mere whisper:—the soft and sweetly extorted promise,—her yielding sounded irresistible—so reluctant—yet so expressive and tender.—Who will not believe in the power of sympathy? The Captain involuntarily seized the sister's hand—he pressed it—still listening—but transposing what he heard,—and while inflamed with all his friend's ardour, tried to speak of the passage of the steam boats, opera dancing, &c.—but, still lending his vigilance to what was passing in the window, his entire attention was absorbed,—the emotions of the neighbouring couple labouring in his breast. Overcoming all his usual habits of polite reserve, he was raising the lady's hand to his lips,—when the action for a moment was suspended, and our hero was roused from his reverie, by a sound box on the ear—his companion vanishing in an uproar of laughter.

The Captain complains of impertinence and ill-breeding, which is called “being pleasant,” though it is always much below regulation manners. Such treatment would render others miserable, but the Captain's mind was tranquil, and never ruffled by feelings of resentment; his self complacency furnished him with as good ground for happiness, as most philosophical nostrums; correcting the effect of every evil levelled at his breast, which could only find there, that they missed their aim, and found a tomb. Still he felt happy whenever the regiment got the rout, and went into new quarters, where he hoped to find a more favourable impression amongst new tried friends. At length there was peace, his regiment was disbanded, and he betook himself to a country life, and study. The Captain was far from being of an unsocial turn, and would not have preferred this secluded and solitary life, but from necessity. Every body, in due time, falls in love; and some ladies and gentlemen, frequently; some only once in their lives; others more persevering, perhaps occasionally, while the Captain, after this natural custom, often, we might say *habitually* complied with this instinct, whenever occasion offered. But some impertinent Ensign, or some direct refusal, always marred his hopes, or stood in the way of his happiness. He therefore cultivated quiet literary pursuits, reading books that the librarian of the adjoining village imagined were never to be read,—until at length, the whole stock of the circulating library became a mere “tiffin” to the Captain's greedy and voracious taste.

The Captain's love of literature awakened great enthusiasm, which led him in conversation to express himself with all his usual warmth. One day he declared to a lady, he would rather be the author of “*She Stoops to Conquer*,” than have £30,000, that is (correcting himself) I have more respect for the deceased author, than for the living possessor of that sum. He saw the lady blush, for she had only *ten thousand pounds*,—she was greatly offended. But he discovered she was vindictive and disagreeable.—So in his turn, he “cut her dead.”

It would be tedious to follow the Captain through all the various abortive means he vainly used to obtain the good opinion of his friends and acquaintances. To no purpose he assented, admired, and obliged, sacrificed his own opinion, or adopted another's. Since he relinquished his red coat, matters grew worse. He found he lost some of his attractions in the ball-room. Having fallen into the ranks he seemed not to survive the

fall. There are facts which we meet with, in our enquiries on any subject, that check our pursuit, and seem to cast a doubt on all our previous knowledge. Now the Captain's case presents this obstacle to all theories on the art of pleasing. Free from that matured selfishness called the "old soldier;" admitted to be a very polite man;—he never punned, seldom swore, was always well dressed, engrossed no more than his share in conversation, and for a man he was amiable; yet, I could never explain or observe what disqualification or awkwardness exposed him frequently to derision, and deprived him of praise, due certainly, to his merit. It was not owing to a certain weakness in his character, not to be discerned always.—*Could it arise from the loss of his nose which was more apparent?*

Advantages to be derived from the cultivation of the Tritoma Uvaria in the South of Ireland; in a letter addressed to John Wilson Croker, Esq. first Secretary to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. By the Rev. S. Hans Sloane, L. L. D. Cork.

To John Wilson Croker, Esq.

SIR,

Knowing the interest which you have taken for a long period in the affairs of Ireland, and your anxiety to forward any plan which promises to promote the welfare of this portion of the united kingdom. I have taken the liberty of inclosing to you, the results of an interesting discovery, which I trust at no distant time may prove of advantage to the Navy of Great Britain, to the independent resources of the country, and the prosperity of Ireland.

Having been aware that a substance which might furnish sails and cordage for the navy, at a moderate cost, and of a more durable nature than those already in use, has long been a desideratum with the Lords of the Admiralty. And having understood that the Phormium Tenax, or "new Zealand flax," has been recommended to the attention of their Lordships, as a plant, the cultivation of which, was worthy of their Lordships encouragement and patronage, as it promised to afford a material for the sails and rigging of ships, of much greater strength than either the flax or hemp of Europe; but being at the same time, fully satisfied that the Phormium Tenax cannot be cultivated as a general crop in the climates of England or Ireland, without affording to it that protection from the frosts of winter, which must counterbalance the advantages to be derived from its naturalization; I have ventured to submit through you, to their Lordship's consideration, the result of experiments on a plant of the same genus, which, possessing a *different* constitution from the Phormium Tenax, may be probably found to be the long sought-for material, and of which, it may not be too much to say, that if recommended by their Lordships to the atten-

tion of the government of Ireland, will not only be the means of opening a rich vein of wealth to the province of Munster, but of adding strength to those "wooden walls," to which under the direction of a wise Providence, we owe much of our commercial prosperity and national glory.

The plant to which I allude, and on which, accurate experiments have been now made, (I believe for the first time) is the *Tritoma Uvaria*, of which Curtis, in his *Botanical Magazine*, (Vol. 20, page 758) says, "the *Tritoma Uvaria* is a native of the Cape of Good Hope, cultivated in our gardens since the year 1707, blooms in autumn, but will not bear the frosts of our English winter without protection from the cold."

However true this assertion of Mr. Curtis may be with respect to the climate of England, yet, the *Tritoma Uvaria* has become perfectly domesticated in Ireland, and is now to be found in abundance in almost every gentleman's garden in the county of Cork, where it is exposed to all the variations of our climate, and where it may be seen flourishing without experiencing the slightest injury from the sun of summer, the rains of autumn, or the frosts of winter; and in which, although only considered since its introduction into this country, as an ornament to the parterre and pleasure ground of the cultivator, yet has now, although a stranger and of foreign birth, given hopeful promise to become a naturalized benefactor of our native land.

The claims of the *Tritoma Uvaria* to the attention of the Lords of the Admiralty, and to the patronage of the Irish Government, are:—First,—that the fibre of this flax is stronger than the fibre of the hemp or flax, hitherto cultivated in Europe. The fibres of the *Tritoma*, appear to be of two kinds; the one which may be called the *wiry fibre*, as in specimen, No. 2,* seems to possess even in the untwisted state a peculiar degree of strength;—submitted to sudden tension, a single fibre will be found to give a ringing sound, like that emitted from a fibre of Indian weed, or silk worm's gut, when undergoing the same operation. The secondary fibres seem to resemble raw silk in colour and softness, but are apparently of a much stronger quality, as in thread, No. 3. These two kinds of fibre are easily separable from each other, as the leaf of the *Tritoma* contains few of the former, and these placed on its outer edges, while a great proportion of the whole plant is made up of the latter, joined together by a green pulpy matter, from which they are easily detachable.—Secondly;—the quantity of flaxen fibre afforded by the *Tritoma*, is greater in proportion to the weight of the green plant, than that afforded by common hemp. The leaves within which the fibre of the *Tritoma* is contained, measure generally from three to three and a half feet, and on plants of four years old may be reckoned about sixteen in number.

From the rapid encrease of the root-shoots, or off-sets of the *Tritoma*, the facility of its propagation may be easily deduced; while the productiveness of the plant itself, and its capabilities of yielding flax, appear to be so great in proportion to the surface of the ground occupied in its growth, that the calculation of the produce might call up the smile of incredulity on the features of those, who have not contemplated the produce of a single plant, and measured the acre of ground on which it grew. On a

* Specimens of the flax in the untwisted and twisted state, were inclosed with this letter to Mr. Croker.

very moderate computation, an acre of land, planted with off-sets of the *Tritoma Uvaria*, would, on the second year's growth, yield a produce of fibre double of that yielded by either the common flax or hemp; on the fourth and fifth years, a two-fold of this produce might be expected, nor can the writer of this letter conjecture what might be the surprising returns to the cultivator after the plants had arrived at full maturity and vigour.

Thirdly, the *Tritoma Uvaria* requires neither an annual sowing nor planting, as do hemp and flax in Europe, the seeds of which, call for a great expenditure of national wealth. When once planted, all replacing of the *Tritoma Uvaria* on the same soil ceases: the weeding or cleansing of the ground, together with the collection of its luxuriant leaves in the commencement of Winter, seem the only marks of attention which it demands from the agriculturist for all the rich treasures which it is calculated to afford him.

Fourthly, the *Tritoma Uvaria* is not affected by the moisture or dryness of climate. The leaf appears fit for cutting, or rather pulling, in November, and earlier if necessary. The plant having flowered in August, and the seed on the flower stalk being ripe in the beginning of October. This period seems the fittest for the performance of the double operation of pulling the leaves, and collecting the seed, (which in moderately warm Summers is found to be sufficiently abundant,) the place of which, even in case of failure, can be amply supplied by the root-shoots or off-sets which are produced in such numbers as to answer the most rapid propagation of the plant, that the cultivator may require. Nor from all the experiments that have been made, can any apparent difference be discovered in the leaves of the plant during the months of September, October and November, except the ripening of the seed, and the decay of the flower stalk; during these three months, the plant seems to wait with unalterable patience for the convenience of man, who may at any period of that time, approach and reap the advantages which it offers. On the other hand the cultivation of hemp and flax requires much watchfulness, care and experience in the agriculturist, to ascertain the proper period for pulling them from the field, and committing them to the steep-pond. His ignorance of one of these points, may, in moist seasons, occasion the disappointment of his hopes, at the very moment he had calculated on repayment for his toil. It is well known that even the delay of a single day may occasion serious loss to the cultivator of common flax in the performance of those operations, as should wet weather set in at the time when this delicate plant is fitted to be taken from the ground, in the short space of a night, a fatal disease attacks the whole crop, known to the farmer by the name of "Firing," being, as has been commonly supposed, the effects of a blight by lightning, but which is in reality occasioned by a fungus or mushroom, attaching itself to the stem of the flax, and from its power of attracting the oxygen of the atmosphere, destroys the fibre of the flax, causing the appearance of small burnt spots on the stem of the plant, from which appearance it is probable the vulgar mistake respecting the nature of firing has taken its rise.

Fifthly, the *Tritoma Uvaria* seems capable of cultivation in every variety of soil, from the morass to the mountain, and hence appears peculiarly fitted for the province of Munster. The frequent, but hitherto unsuccessful attempts made to introduce the cultivation of common flax, and con-

sequently the linen manufacture generally into the South of Ireland, as it has been affected in the North is worthy of attention, as the failure of these attempts apparently proceed from a cause which the cultivation of the Tritoma might remove. The *Linum usitatissimum* or common flax, requires a highly manured and deep soil, its roots striking directly downward, and sending out few of those lateral fibres, by which many other plants derive nourishment from the surrounding earth. Hence in the province of Ulster, a crop of flax is invariably sown after the crop of potatoes or turnips, in preparing the ground for which, much manure has been expended, often with a view of contributing to the luxuriant growth of their more profitable successor the flax.

The practice of grafting or burning the surface of the ground, (in order to procure ashes as a manure for potatoes) as also the covering of the land with a light coat of calcareous sand instead of manure, (practices which prevail in many parts of the province of Munster) however they may afford a good crop of potatoes, and even a tolerable produce of wheat, on the following year, yet appear not calculated to deepen the ground sufficiently for the roots of flax, which, when sown under such circumstances, seems only to come forth to a languid existence, to be short and stunted, as if committed to an unfriendly soil. But in the cultivation of the Tritoma, the necessity of these practices is avoided; a field once planted with its roots, is for ever secured against a farther shallowing of the soil, a mere turning up of the surrounding earth in Spring, appears all the labour necessary for the cultivation of the Tritoma Uvaria.

Respecting the actual qualities of this flax, another circumstance deserves to be mentioned, (the absolute certainty of which, although not yet corroborated by direct experiment, yet may be fairly concluded from analogical reasoning on the natural history, of the other two plants, of which we have been speaking, the flax and hemp cultivated in Europe) namely, that the Tritomatic fibre is less perishable when exposed to the action of continued moisture, than the fibre of either of these so generally valued materials.

It is well known that in the processes of dressing, or rather in the treatment of these two plants after removal from the field to the steep-pond, a great degree of vigilance is necessary to ascertain the precise period when a check should be given to the fermenting process, as also the time when the separation of the fibre from the pith, (a process accomplished by grassing the flax) shall have been fully at end, an oversight of 48 hours may cause irreparable injury in the former case; while a delay of little more time may disserve it in the latter. It has also been proved in a former part of this letter, that the common flax is liable to be affected by a most destructive disease from the continuance of moist weather at the period of ripening. Now the Tritoma Uvaria can be proved to have been deluged with rains for whole months, and yet to have retained its fibre totally uninjured. During the Autumn of the year 1823, the writer of this letter witnessed the confirmation of this fact, as well in the Botanic Gardens of Cork, as in the pleasure grounds of Thomas Rochfort, Esq. of Garrets-town, in the county of Cork; in both of which, the plants of the Tritoma appeared perfectly healthy, after having been drenched by seven weeks of almost continued rain, at a time when the crop was fully ripe for the sickle: and the only difference observed by Mr. Hare, (the ingenious gardener of Mr. Rochfort, by whom the present specimens of the Tritoma have been fitted for the spinning

wheel,) was, that the plants had not been able to perfect their seed as early as in other less humid seasons, while the leaves in which the fibre is contained, had not in the latter end of October given more than usual symptoms of decay. Now reasoning analogically on the natural histories of the *Linum Usitatissimum*, and the *Tritoma Uvaria*, it would appear a very fair conclusion, that the fibre of the latter must be less permeable by water, than those of the former, and hence the superior value of the *Tritoma*, as a material for the sails and cordage of our shipping. But let it be remembered, that it is not on account of its value in answering this purpose alone, that the *Tritoma* lays claim to the attention of the Government of Ireland. The flax of the *Tritoma* seems capable of being manufactured into cloth of the finest and most durable texture, promising to require little aid from the bleacher to render it of the clearest white, while the polish on the surface of even the raw material might induce us to look for in the manufactured substance, a cloth between the two beautiful fabrics of Damascus and Satin. But to what conclusion have we now arrived? Why, to the cheering fact, that we have before us in the cultivation of the *Tritoma*, the promise of a domestic manufacture which shall afford to the industrious members of every cottage in Munster, profitable and healthful employment, which holds out a sure reward for active exertion. A reward independent of the fluctuating changes of annual seed, precarious weather, or limited consumption, which promises to cover our wild heaths and mountains with a profitable verdure, and to stimulate their *almost as wild inhabitants* to those virtuous exertions, which may enable them to procure for themselves and their families, the comforts and necessities of life, and to elevate themselves and their children to the rank of members of civilized society.

It is to domestic manufacture, that the province of Munster must ultimately look forward as its harbinger of greatness, prosperity, and peace.—It is *false* to suppose that any single act of the most paternal government, can instantaneously cure all the evils under which the South of Ireland has for centuries laboured, and *must* continue to labour, until Ireland shall have obtained employment for her population. By such employment can peace be restored to our distracted country.—By such employment shall the lips of the demagogue, and the disturber of public quiet, be silenced, and when the time shall come, that the industry of its inhabitants shall be fairly requited; when the labouring poor man shall be able to earn a sufficiency of wholesome, though most homely food, for himself and his family, a warm covering by day, and a dry bed by night. Then may the inhabitants of Munster expect to reap those advantages of climate and of soil, with which the beneficence of the creator hath so amply enriched them.*

An adequate repayment for labour, would, in a short time, introduce a taste among the peasantry for the conveniences of life, of which at present they seem totally unconscious, and cheer their minds from that state of desponding carelessness, which is the fruitful parent of too many of their crimes. A lively interest in the actual prosperity of the country should quickly follow, feeling conscious, that idleness and intemperance should have power to sink them lower in the scale of society, (a truth which they seem at present practically to deny) they would become sober and cautious, and would gradually aspire to the attainment of property. Property fairly obtained, has a natural tendency to produce obedience to those laws which

* This merely applies to the wages paid in the country.

have been enacted for the preservation of social rights, and to induce its owner to seek for peace, as well on his own account as for society at large.

Finally, the industry of the province of Munster sufficiently rewarded, and judiciously directed, could not fail to bring about such an order of things, that religion, speaking generally, would be regarded, honesty practiced, and sobriety honored, in those very districts, where midnight rapine, assassinations and turbulence have prevailed so long to our national disgrace; where, instead of reckless extravagance at one time, and emaciating want at another; instead of the wild and fanciful dreams of that miraculous prosperity which the ignorant and visionary may have expected in a moment by the convulsions of empires; instead of these phrenzied arts of lawless violence, the bare mention of which, outrages the feelings of humanity, the naturally cheerful and patient inhabitants of this part of the country would retire to scenes of domestic quietness. Feats and pastimes, productive of health and cheerfulness, should succeed to the demoniac practices of nightly burnings, abduction and murder, and the South of this beautiful and fertile island become a land of security, prosperity, and peace.

Had professional avocations permitted me, I should have appeared personally at their Lordship's board, to present the specimens which I have now the honor of inclosing to you Sir, as their honorable Secretary. But I feel confident, that in thus entrusting the proofs of this valuable discovery to your care, to be laid before the Lords of the Admiralty, I am committing them to the hands of a gentleman, who is actuated no less by principles of zeal for the service of the navy, than zeal for the interests of Ireland.

REPORT OF THE BOARD OF ADMIRALTY COMMUNICATED TO THE REV. S. HANS SLOANE,
BY THE LORDS OF THE ADMIRALTY.*

Navy Office, 2nd January, 1824.

" We have received Mr. Barrow's letter of the 24th Ultimo, transmitting for your consideration and operation, the accompanying observations from the Rev. S. Hans Sloane, of Cork, on the cultivation &c. of a plant called "*Tritomia Uvaria*," together with specimens of the same, and we request you will inform the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that the observations respecting hemp and flax, are founded upon experience and well known facts; and if the virtues attributed to the *Tritomia* by Mr. Sloane, are well founded, it must be considered preferable to hemp and flax, particularly as relating to its cultivation; but the application of it to the manufacture of sail-cloth and cordage, and a trial of it when so manufactured, can alone prove how far Mr. Sloane's expectations are likely to be realized,

" The harshness in the feel of the *Tritomia* specimens, is unpromising, and we doubt whether it will take tar. It appears upon a trial of the *Tritomia* fibre, and the fibre of the Russian hemp, that the latter is the strongest; but if Mr. Sloane will send a sufficient quantity to

* The letter on *Tritomia Uvaria*, and the Report from the Admiralty, have been communicated by the Rev. S. Hans Sloane.

"the Naval officer at Haulbowline, for conveyance to Plymouth, some cordage may be made, in order to ascertain more correctly its strength and its fitness for Naval purposes."

THE SONG OF MIRIAM.

Ye daughters of Israel rejoice !
Undimmed be the beam of each eye,
And loud be your mirth, 'till its voice
In the mountain-halls wake a reply !
'Till your gladness, the heav'ns shall have told,
From the first to the red setting ray ;
For the slaves of the crownless Egyptian are cold,
And the dread One hath triumph'd to-day !

The dread One, who walk'd in a cloud,
Directing your day-path from shame,
And at night o'er your desert track glow'd,
In a far flashing pillar of flame,
Who hush'd the wild beating of fear,
That broke on your white bosom's sleep,
And chariot and charger, and rider and spear;
Hurl'd down to the depths of the deep.

His mercy hath broken your chain,
His promise hath lighted your way,
His strong hand the foeman hath slain,
And lifted us up from decay ;
Then wake the glad voice of your souls,
And pour out the song of your love,
To the zephyr that roams, and the billow that rolls,
And the heaven that brightens above.

J. A. S.

THE SUICIDE.

A few days ago I received from a quondam College acquaintance, now in London, the letter from which the following is an extract—it needs but little comment—it speaks for itself.

"By the bye, speaking of the black mare, poor B——, of Magdalen, is off—blew his brains out a few days ago—he road a famous black mare at Cambridge, you remember, and a bold horseman he was—he left us oddly enough at College, and went abroad, and when he came back, gave us all the go bye, on town—he was always a queer fellow, especially after the death of * *—they say that he * *—E * *, who

"picks up all sorts of odd things, gave me a paper of verses that was found in his desk the day after his death—I don't know what to make of them but as you are a poet, I send them to you.—He was a devil of a fool to shoot himself, that B——: for he was a fine looking fellow, and had plenty of money, and half the girls in town were dying in love for him.—Don't forget the Greyhound, like a good fellow, and be sure to"—

Poor Edward! your moan was soon made by the companion of your youth—I saw him about a year ago, and an altered man indeed he was, I annex the unfinished verses which my sporting correspondent could "make nothing of;" to me they have told much; they have one merit at least, they are true to nature; they exhibit a faithful picture of the mind of the unhappy man, and they teach an awful lesson.—Young, talented, and accomplished, as he was, with every advantage of person and of fortune, one would have deemed his course through life, a path strewn with flowers.—What was his fate?—A miserable existence—a fearful end.—

I stand upon the brink of life, and look
 Into the dark and fathomless abyss,
 The world of shadows—are they shadows, these—
 The awful Forms that seem to beckon me
 To leap from life into their element.—
 A solemn feeling, not of fear, but awe
 Mingled with longing, steals into my soul.
 —A captive from my childhood, I have been
 Chained in the fetters of mortality,
 Passions, and hopes, and fears, and earthly longings;
 And I have struggled fiercely,—but in vain;
 Dashing my prisoned spirit 'gainst the bars
 That shut me from the freedom which I sought.
 —Bright forms have crossed my path, with looks of light
 Immortal in their beauty, as it were,
 And I have hail'd their coming from afar,
 As the sad watches of the night hails morning,
 And turns him from the darkness which hath passed
 Unto the coming light, and when we met,
 We took sweet counsel, as it were together,
 How we might pass thro' life without a tear,
 ———I would I might forget those passages—
 I would I might forget myself to stone:
 Or sleep and dream not—but it may not be
 When my lids close, come sad and shadowy forms,
 The race whose dwelling is in gloom, come forth
 And stalk with silent step around my couch,
 Making the darkness populous with horrors
 ———I wander——I am wandering from my task——
 I will go on——I will remember one,
 The brightest of the forms of which I spake,
 So radiant in her beauty, one might deem
 She was some fair creation of a dream;
 Life-like, but brighter than the life:—her eye
 Had more of sweetness in it than of fire,

Her voice was low, and soft, and musical ;
And like the natural melody of the woods,
Thrilled to the heart—I pray you, bear with me,
My brain whirls round—I may not speak of that.

We parted.—The inexorable one
With whom I soon will grapple, baid his hand
Upon her beauty, and it faded fast,
But yet more sweet, and touching in decay
'Twould almost move to tears, to look on it.
Her form, tho' light and delicate before,
Seemed melting into very air, it grew
So phantom-like and shadowy, as she stood
In wan and aerial levelness before me,
I almost fear'd to close my watchful eyes
Lest she might vanish wholly.—It is coming,
It comes again—the unutterable hour,
And I must fling aside my task, and turn
And string myself to bear with stern endurance
The

She smil'd

Sadly, but sweetly, and the blush rose-tint
Flushed for a moment on her cheek, then faded ;
She pressed my hand in her's—I feel that clasp
After the lapse of years, I feel it still ;
—And then she turned her gentle eyes to mine,
And her lips moved, as tho' they syllabled
The words they might not utter, for the voice
The sweet low voice I had so loved, was gone,
—And when she saw the effort was in vain,
And that it moved me to an agony,
She sighed—as if for me—not for herself—
And tremulously loosened from her clasp
The passive hand she held unconsciously,
And looked the sad farewell, she might not speak :
A sweet, long look of pity and of love
—And then her features settled, as her spirit
Receding slowly from its dwelling place,
Addressed itself unto it's earthly flight.

What next befel me there, I cannot tell,
For all things faded fast, and consciousness
Forsook me for a season.—It is said
The Indian, even at the stake will sleep,
While his grim enemy heats the seething brands,
And whets the knife, and smiles a grisly smile,
To think how he will score that sleep away ;
—I would that I might taste such sleep again,
That deep forgetfulness of what I was,
And what I am. Dark, and without a dream,
It is a thing which aught that lives might envy.

The Suicide.

For while it lasts, it cancels our existence

When I awakened into dreary life,
 I did not well remember what I was,
 For all things seemed tho' as they had been changed ;
 I lay upon a couch, and crowded around me
 Were unremembered forms, and sounds of pity
 Were jingling in mine ears confusedly,
 All harsh and out of tune,—Oh ! how unlike
 The tones I did so love— —and then came back
 As with a sudden blow, upon my brain,
 The terrible parting— —and the stagnant blood
 Leaped in my veins, as if instinct with life,
 Wheeling and boiling like a cataract
 That toils in the deep caverns of the earth,
 In blind and darkling rage—my reason reeled,
 But consciousness departed not

How long that unimaginable strife
 Of reason and of madness did continue,
 I cannot tell, albeit I felt it all ;
 But well I know, the agony of an age
 May be endured within a single hour,
 And the mind wither, and the heart grow cold,
 As with the wint'ry touch of years of grief ;
 But let that pass,—I soon will be the thing
 All fear to look on, but which all must be ;
 I would endure existence, tho' the hell
 Of which they preach, is in me, and around me,
 For I am safe from fear in my despair ;—
 But reason is about to pass from me,
 And I do but anticipate my fall,—
 My race is run,—I have no farther task,
 And I would rest in peace,—I will not live
 To be the pity, mockery, or sport
 Of those whom once my mind had power to sway ;
 I will not rot within a darkling cell,
 With gyves and fetters on my wasted limbs,
 A moving sepulchre, a living grave
 Of buried hope and love, and lofty thought ;
 I will die standing, as the Roman did,
 Erect in mind and body to the last,
 And looking my dark destiny in the face.

I pray you, when I pass from out this body,
 To lay it in the solitary spot
 Where she lies sleeping,—'tis an idle wish,
 But yet refuse it not.—I have no more
 To ask, nor you to grant,—so fare you well.

AMY GREY.

Letter to the Editor, inclosing the Letters of Amy Grey.

DEAR SIR,

I shall feel obliged by your inserting a portion of "The posthumous letters of AMY GREY," in your Magazine. They were written by a dear and valued friend, who during her life-time shrunk from appearing before the world, but in her last illness she complied with my earnest request, that I might be allowed to publish them after her death. I feel deeply anxious, that sentiments so well felt, and so well expressed, as those of my valued friend, should at last meet the public eye, and perhaps influence the public taste. The character and writings of the celebrated individual to whom they relate, have long been themes for illiberality and misconception. If there be any, who allow their rage for condemnation to extend beyond the hallowed precincts of the tomb, without venturing to remind them of the Christian precept, "judge not, that ye be not judged," we may simply ask: is it not the law of England, that every man shall be judged by his peers? The answer is obviously contained in the question: where are Lord Byron's peers? To him, it is true, the publication of these letters can be of no consequence. No,

"—— for the fetter'd Eagle breaks his chain,
And higher worlds than this are his again."

But doubtless it is of consequence; that the subject should be discussed in the spirit of enlightened impartiality; and the letters of Amy Grey prove how highly the noble Poet was estimated by a person, who possessed not only rare and personal talents, but an eminently pious and virtuous soul. It may likewise be useful to show, that on the minds of the young and innocent, (who are not exposed to injudicious comments) the impression that the works in question have made, and which they are most likely to make, is neither dangerous nor unsalutary.

I have never known a more interesting woman, than Amy Grey. I saw her in the spring-tide of her existence, and I can never forget the novel and attractive style of her appearance, at the early age of sixteen. She was not pretty—she was much more. If an elastic form, if a noble line of feature, if soft dark eyes, "lovely in their strength;" if the power of intellect, and the spell of gracefulness are allowed to constitute beauty—Amy Grey was beautiful. I saw her in after-life: when care and suffering, had blended premature grey hairs, with her luxuriant raven tresses, when the lustre of her eye was dimmed, yet not extinguished, when her wan, though still lovely eyelids, told a tale of sorrow, which was concealed from the indifferent spectator, by a smile beaming with playfulness and intelligence, and by a glance still bright, with the inspiration of genius. Her manners, gay, graceful, and fascinating to an unusual degree, were to the last, untainted by provincialism; they would have graced the most polished court. I am incompetent to convey a just idea, of the rare and exquisite conversational powers, of this highly-gifted woman,

Whose humour as gay, as the fire-fly's light
Play'd round every subject, and shone as it play'd,
Whose wit in the combat, as gentle as bright,
Never carried a heart-stain away on its blade.

In France, she would have been the centre of attraction, even to the *élite* of Parisian society; in this country, neglected and unappreciated, she lived and died in seclusion and obscurity. Such was the fate of Amy Grey. The few who really knew and loved her, are eminently qualified to feel and understand the deep and touching pathos of Moore's beautiful lines which are said to have been addressed to the memory of Mrs. H. Tighe:

Though many a gifted mind we meet,
 Though fairest forms we see,
 To live with them is far less sweet
 Than to remember thee, Mary.—

You will not, I am certain, consider these remarks on the talents of Amy Grey, irrelevant to the subject of the publication of her letters.

Your's, &c. &c. &c.

LETTERS OF AMY GREY.—NO. I.

January 2nd, 1824.

Some one somewhere says that egotism is the soul of private correspondence, and as you insist on my adopting this opinion when I address you, I will comply, more at your request than to please myself, in the spirit of those good folks who sing to you a song, however ill-qualified they may be, merely to spare you the trouble of further entreaty. *Sans phrases* then, I will begin by telling you how I am. Better, much better, most kind and dear * * * * . The interest you take in the improvement of my health, and the employment of my hours, inspires me, and I now take care of myself almost as conscientiously as if my life were of moment, and my time of value. Your parting injunctions have been attended to duly, and accordingly my health mends daily. The exertion has brought its reward in the effect upon my spirits, for now, that "the machine that's to me," is in tolerable repair, I have got the command of it, that the artist has over his Automaton, and I wind it up to go through the necessary performances, so as to excite pleasure amongst the few spectators to whom I am exhibited, and so as to gain the approbation of my dear old father. The bright smiles of my young friends also, who are all delighted at my apparent cheerfulness, animate me to fresh efforts.—I am therefore determined upon adhering to that resolute self-command which has already been attended by such desirable effects, and will confine to the solitude of my own heart, sorrows too sacred to be made visible.—

Truth, it was said of old, lies hid in a well; on the surface the sun beam glittered, and the zephyr played, and passers-by perceived not what lay beneath!—You have seen a rose tree over a tomb. I delight in this benevolent attempt of Nature to banish all shadow of gloom from those who

have life and hope before them, and I have taken the hint. Sometimes indeed, when utterly unable to exert myself in the conversational way, I have recourse to my tried and trusty friends, the Poets, and often find that in the sighings of the muse, my own pass unnoticed.

This is as it should be.—

Since you left me, all my dear young neighbours have redoubled their sweetly kind attentions, and spend as much time with me, as their home-duties and occupations permit.—Isabella*, her sisters,—four of my manifold nieces,—(your favourites, Charlotte, Geraldine, Agnes, and little Rose,) and my own Clara, form so charming a group, that sorrow flies before them, like time from the hours—apropos, have you begun your intended copy of *Aurora*? do not omit to tell me;—but to return to my “fair girls,” and I have as many in my train as *Sardanapalus*, they have been unremittingly kind, and banish blue-devils and *ennui* from our remote retreat, most successfully. As my father, during the last week, could grant us but little of his society, being occupied by parish affairs, sermon-writing, &c., and as the rainy weather precludes the girls from their usual rides, rambles, and boating excursions, we have had recourse to my book-shelves more frequently than usual—most of their contents, my fair friends were already well versed in, but Lord Byron, was to them—“the Great Unknown.”

I had deferred making them acquainted with his works, 'till they should be able duly to appreciate them, and had long looked forward wistfully to the day when I should unfold his pages.—It came! and my imagination was not disappointed.

Perhaps it is in these bosom scenes of private life, that the fairest estimate of an author's merits may be formed,—never, for instance, did a much more just, animated, and luminous critique come from the pen of the all-enlightened, and all-enlightening Jeffrey, than might have been read in the soul-fraught countenances of those “young *Ianthe's*,” those beauteous intelligences, replete with intellect, loveliness, and sensibility.—What painter could do justice to such a group? I had only to wish, that I myself could have exemplified a Muse or a Sybil, to complete the picture;—but to say the truth, a short plain little woman of five and thirty, sadly marred the effect.—Our fanciful Isabella, however, having pronounced my voice and manner to be ‘more lyrical’ than those of her young friends, I was unanimously appointed reader. Having said grace devoutly, according to Elia's pious hint to Utopians, when an intellectual repast is in question, I began, not with one of the *chef-d'œuvres*, but with the beginning,—wishing to see what the unprejudiced impression made by the “hours of idleness” would be. Disappointment as to the poetry, but vivid admiration of the noble youthful feelings so naturally expressed, were the consequences; and little Rose, our youngest and loveliest, “wished she could buy that school-boy for a brother!”—this led me to read on the instant, some of the incomparable verses to his sister, which certainly pre-disposed my fair auditors to greet ‘*Childe Harold*’ with acclamation.

Then it was, that his “young *Ianthe*” was almost realized to my delighted gaze,—(but my edition has not this most charming of all introductions),—by the way, what a beauteous anticipation is this of his own “*Ada*!” Imagine her reading her father's works; I have portrayed her to myself, oh, how frequently!—for she is the morning-star of my imagination, and many a dreamy hour have I spent in poetizing her supposed course through

life. Such a theme, was, as you may guess, beyond my powers.—yet, my introductory sketch of her, though ill executed, was not ill-fancied.

If aught could solace Zelmæ's grief-worn hours,
 'Twere the sweet witchery of her peerless child ;—
 Less fair were Peris in their fabled bow'rs,—
 And Oh ! she was so innocently wild,
 Playfully gay, angelically mild,
 That fancy wondered at reality,
 And hope enchanted, on Ianthe smiled—
 While genius kindled into ecstasy,
 Seeing in one so fair, his own bright majesty.

But to turn from this *lucida* to dimmer stars,—my dear young friends,—had you seen them as I read, you would have said in the words of “one Shakespeare,” “where is there any critic in the world, can teach such beauty as a woman's eye?”—In truth and in seriousness, one irrefutable look from those orbs, lit up by Faith, Hope, and Charity, might have persuaded the most incredulous, that ‘the moral of his strain,’ (Lord Byron's,) had the desired effect of raising their souls in awe-struck admiration, to the divine origin of that genius, which, through him, affords such unquestionable proofs of the reality of spirit, and impossibility of annihilation.—Indeed I do not know how to believe that people calling themselves Christians and philosophers, can rank Lord Byron amongst the condemned, or as one of what they so impiously and arrogantly term, ‘the Satanic School.’—It struck me originally, and I find all ingenious young persons under the same impression,—that they who can read Childe Harold, without the conviction that “his grief is but his grandeur in disguise,”—that “discontent is immortality,” must be incorrigible bigots, or hopeless materialists, whose opinions were irreclaimable, “though one rose from the dead.” As for me, I cannot help considering the pilgrim-poet, as an august foreigner from some super-human world, whom the inexplicable designs of Providence have placed in our probationary planet for a season, and whose spirit sickens in this ungenial region—this temporary exile, from a home less remote from light, knowledge, and peace, than is our dim, low, and troubled earth.

Upon every fresh perusal of that wonder-work of genius and poetry, Mr. Southey's application of the word ‘Satanic’ to the noble author, appears to me the most extraordinary misapplication that a man of letters in a Christian country was ever guilty of. May he not be logically refuted by the Scriptural question?—“If Satan be divided against himself, how shall his kingdom stand?”—and that it is allowable to propose that question in the present case, I, who have so often had opportunity to observe the exalting effects of various sublime passages of Lord Byron's, can venture to aver.—But how needless it is, to treat thus seriously such an impotent taunt; especially as Mr. Southey's best friends candidly regret his having had recourse to so wretched a mode of invective, as nick-naming is considered to be. He really reminds me of a poor child in our parish school, who, to revenge himself on a clever, but provoking school-boy that had got first place in his class, wrote the word ‘Devil,’ and silyly pinned it to his back.—This was considered as a heinous misdemeanor on the part of the poor urchin, and the truly Christian lecture read him by our exemplary curate, might certainly have edified his betters. The school-master not satisfied with this mild proceeding, punished the culprit for what he termed his “sooty

stander." by making him wear a sweep's dress for a day or two, to impress him, he sagely said, with "a salutary horror of blackness and bitterness for the rest of his life!"—

I gladly return to our peaceful provincial critics.—My brother Arthur says, that many women pretend to admire the fourth canto, and talk of it in the cant of criticism, who cannot possibly understand it: yet, except that, Rose, who is but fourteen, was occasionally observed to employ herself in producing a few gentle *sôns harmoniques* from the Harp that stood near her, I did not perceive that attention flagged, or that the understanding was at fault amongst my young companions. It seems to me that Lord Byron, even when abstruse and metaphysical subjects are in question, expresses himself with obvious clearness, at least to any one at all conversant with poetical idiom, and that the concatenation of his thoughts is formed by links, imperceptible perhaps, to very imperfect mental vision, but which is as effectually binding as the lesser rings of a skilfully wrought Venetian chain. But the touching regrets of my lovely little Rose at finding that her favourite, the school-boy, 'had grown up to be an unhappy man,' that 'Mary was not good to him,' and that his dear sister did not accompany him on his travels, is worth all that I and the whole community of elderly gentlewomen can say upon the subject of Child Horold.

Good night, my dearest * * *. In my next, I will give you an account of the impression made by the subsequent poems of the Master-Spirit on my fair girls. Indeed, if I did not speak of them and my books, I should keep silence altogether, (which you will not permit,) as the uneventful life we lead here at the back of the world, where "to-day is yesterday returned," quite literally, furnishes no materials for correspondence; but the friendly interest you take in my occupations, and the rise and progress of our dear young friends in every thing intellectual and tasteful, prevents me from ever being at a loss for subjects.—Adieu, and 'write, write, write, if ever thou didst thy dear cousin love.'

AMY GREY.

LETTERS OF AMY GREY.—NO. II.

January 10th, 1824.

As the rain continued to pour in Irish torrents, my fair companions remained with me, in willing captivity however,—and we proceeded to read 'the Giaour,' &c. in series, but where is the critic who would not forget his trade while perusing them? Judge then, if the young and fair were disposed to scan by the rules of the schools, poems too singular in their perfection, to come under the regulation of any scholastic laws and precepts.—Even Blues of the deepest hue, the most purple women of the day, must lose their artificial colours, and be restored to those of truth and

nature as they read. The tendency of them however, as affecting the heart and understanding, I wished fully to ascertain, and while the tear of sensibility still glistened in the eye of that lovely daughter of Niobe, my sculpturally beauteous Clara,—while the beam of kindled genius lit up the intellectual countenance of Charlotte,—and while, white as her emblematic lily, Isabella trembled from emotion, I asked what they thought was ‘the moral’ of those strains? ‘The most obvious,’ said Charlotte, is, that “there is no peace for the wicked!”—and ‘O Amy,’ said my Clara, addressing me with her characteristic piety and sweetness—‘if there be indeed mortals so noble, yet so frail, as these august but guilty passionists, described by Lord Byron, where is the infidel who could think it derogatory to God himself to have descended from heaven to seek and save them, for “such are worth redemption?”’

Oh Southey! learned Southey! why do you let the untutored girl of sixteen, surpass you in perception as in charity? Never did I shed a more balmy tear than while listening to those words coming from one who might have allegorised Urania as she spoke,—Isabella’s speechless emotion having subsided, I now asked what her impression was?—She blushed,—oh how beautifully! and replied—that

“Love indeed is light from heaven ;
 “A spark of that immortal fire
 “With angels shared, by Alla given,
 “To lift from earth our low desire.”

Our classical Elizabeth, the only Greek and Latin girl amongst us, and one who might well reconcile gentlemen and scholars to her class, modestly ventured to say,—‘that it was interesting to see how Lord Byron had contrived to unite the originality of the olden times, with the elegance of the new, and the audacity of the German school, with the blandishment of the Italian,’ Geraldine, who had looked “unutterable things” as I read, and whose spirit-beaming eye excited much of my attention, had resumed her usual nonchalance of manner, and careless gaiety of expression.—‘Have you no comment to make, Geraldine?’ I asked,—‘I have nothing to say,’ she answered pointedly,—“truly the gods did not make me poetical!”—Beppo comes next, does it not, she asked, with one of her Euphrosine smiles,—a tear, large and brilliant as the dew-drop on the morning rose, fell on my hand at the moment;—who shed it I could not ascertain;—for the precious creatures had all encircled me closely:—perhaps it had fallen from the unraised lid of young Agnes, who sat in the innocent stillness of silent sympathy, mourning gently, I should think over Zuleika’s tomb; I then read in a subdued voice, the enchanting Sonnets to Geneva;—Geraldine sighed, and said, ‘I suppose Poets cannot much admire Brunettes?’ I could not refrain from answering, with a bow, as I gazed on her diamond eyes, and Cupidon curls, that ‘Poets can and do admire beauty in all colours, shapes and forms.’—she made me a most graceful inclination *à la Française* in return, but with a sort of *naïve bonne foi* that was very winning. Charlotte however, whose admiration is too exclusively directed to the *gusto grande* to allow her fairly to appreciate minor charms, exclaimed rather indignantly; ‘Geraldine how can you bestow a thought on your little self, after having just had your imagination turned to ‘*le beau idéal*’ in its perfection! Amy, here are stanzas that you have not read yet,’ and she pointed out those to ‘Thyrza,’ which I had passed over, never being able to give voice to verses

fraught with the most intense pathos, as it strikes me, that the whole range of poetry offers;—‘each of you must read those to herself,’ I answered.—They read in silence, and when I raised my head, little Rose said in a low tone, ‘it is quite time to go to prayers now, and let us all pray to God to make Childe Harold happy.’

I need not wish Southey and Co. a more practical reprimand, than to have seen this lovely congregation in their innocent beauty, at their silently fervent orisons!

‘But Lord Byron would be spoiled,’ said Isabella * * , some minutes afterwards, if he was “good and gay,” as a prosy poet, but excellent divine says?

I agreed with her:—“The sunshine of happiness,” I said, might have withered into decay that genius, which the cold and bracing air of mental adversity had reared into such admirable hardihood.

I must bid you adieu, my dear cousin;—morning beams upon me; but I could not sleep after the excitement that our *veillée* had caused, and the exertion I had made in reading, during so many hours. I wished too, while the impressions were vivid, to give you the comments and remarks of our sweet girls, on an author, in whose works we take such earnest interest, and whose writings are too powerful not to influence young minds forcibly. The results in this case, are likely to be, I trust most favourable, and highly creditable, I will venture to say, to the noble bard, who is so often misread and misunderstood, that an appeal to young, candid, and unprejudiced readers had been a matter of serious interest to me. I only gave you however, the opinions of your more special favorites;—but the background figures should not be forgotten, being as well worthy of attention in their way, as the subordinate Greek Girls in Angelica Kauffman’s beauteous groups.—As I draw from life, while she, fair muse of the pencil! designed from imagination, you cannot suspect me of meaning to blend myself in idea with her. No, no, “*Je ne suis pas la Rose!*—*mais j’ai été auprès de la Rose!*”—or in plain English, I have been near beauty, nature, and the fine arts,—’till I have grown grey in their service.

I am most anxious to hear from you, but I am patient and confiding, and fancy myself entitled in one instance to use the words of her “who has said every thing!” (every thing worth saying,) being—Oh how truly! “*une amie sans exigence, mais qui est toujours là.*”

AMY GREY.

LETTERS OF AMY GREY.—NO. III.

January 29th, 1824.

I delayed reading the Tragedies for some days.—rest from emotion so deep and heartfelt, as that described in my last letter being expedient,—and we had recourse to the balmy mildness of Geoffry Crayon, as a restorative.

Indeed the gentle benevolence, beauteous good humour, and unaffected piety of that delightful writer, though not so powerfully impressive to those advanced in life, as the silent moral so effectively conveyed through those poetical personages of Lord Byron, "whose headlong passions, form their proper woes," are better adapted to the young and fair, as no mistake can be made, even by the most inexperienced, where the meaning is so obvious;—and that some of these superlative sketches should be "written on the tablet of the heart," 'ere the earth has profaned what was born for the skies,' every anxious mother and fond aunt will aver. But much as I admire the Utopian traveller alluded to, it must be allowed that the prosaic inmates of Bracebridge Hall did not appear to advantage in contrast with Lord Byron's poetical creations;—which, poetical though they be, are at the same time, less improbable personages than the British Antiques represented by gentle Geoffry, as living, moving, and being in England in the year 1822!—I know of no modern novel that offers so fanciful a fiction, but the execution of the picture is in such high finish, that the faults of the design are passed over by the amateurs of *Crayon-drawing*.—That no one however admires Washington Irving (how I do like his real name,) more lively than I do, you well know, and I closed the *veillée* last night by singing very expressively, as I gazed on the admirable print of him from Newton's portrait,—“Peace be around thee wherever thou rovest! may life be to thee one Summer-day!” &c. By the way, have you got the last number of the National melodies? I delight in the airs and graces of that foreign *mélange*, for Moore has indeed graced those charming little tunes most tastefully. Will mortal ever equal, think you, our own most tuneful poet at a song? Never, I venture to predict; who then can blame the Bard? and that “he was born for much more,” who can doubt?—Indeed though “the curse of Swift is upon him,” he has proved it. The verses from which I quote, are in themselves conclusive as to his high powers, being, I do believe, the most perfect lyrical *chef-d’œuvres*, that ever were sung or said.—“Boast Erin! boast him!” do I not apply the words better than Sir Walter Scott has done? History's Muse, tis true, may record warlike names in her gazettes, and they will have their day; but “long as mercy's soul at war repineth,” long as the heart can feel, and the spirit can suffer, so long, my loved countrymen, shall the imperishable name of Moore live in the bosom-core of an admiring world, in the page of patriotism, and I will venture to add, in the records of heaven.—Nothing that has issued from the treasury of the press for years, has given me more delight than Lord Byron's letter to Mr. Moore; [the dedication to the Corsair]—thus to see the stamp of immortality impressed on our national Bard by the hand of the mighty representative of genius, judgement, and good taste, was a luxury to “the dwellers in the provinces,” that they of the great world know not of.—On what ground can his silly detractors assert that Lord Byron is unwilling to acknowledge merit in others?—no one of their impotent libels is more flagrantly false; for, whom has he ‘heralded to immortality with that trump of which fame has made him master?’—His brothers of the laurel, living and dead?—Scott, Moore, Campbell, Rogers, “all the bright names that shed” light and beauty around us, are rendered still more radiant by the generous warmth of his brilliant panegyrics.

To return to my theme, my inspiration—his poetry.—I am obliged to admit, that in Lyrics, he sometimes passes the singing point in thought

and pathos. I do not find myself able to give voice to many of his songs, but that there are some beautiful exceptions, those who can sing, cannot fail to experience.—“She walks in beauty,” for instance, which, either as a sketch from life, or as an allegory of religion, is not certainly what a Blue Stocking of my acquaintance styled it,—‘a very inappropriate preface to the Hebrew Melodies.’—I should think said Blue knew nothing of Rebecca in Ivanhoe.—Or if she does, perhaps the great unknown himself, on the strength of tea-inspiration, [for she invites her friends to “tea and Bible,” on printed cards,] may be deemed a profane writer—or perhaps a Jew in disguise—a literary soul-broker. At all events, even the society of Saints might allow him to be “an Israelite in whom there is no guile!” I was delighted the other day by a comment of my little nephew upon the celebrated Scottish Novels.—After having gone through several of them with a degree of animated interest that would have charmed you, he observed, ‘that all who read them ought to be brave, good and cheerful for the rest of their lives, as otherwise they would prove that they could not understand, and did not deserve to read them.’—I am mistaken if the benevolent and admirable author would not take pleasure in seeing his drift so well comprehended by a child of ten years old. But ‘where was I?’ as the children say—at the Hebrew Melodies—which one would suppose were Hebrew or Greek to some folks.—I told a lady of my acquaintance that I had got them, and asked if I should send them to her fair daughter,—for I circulate music and poetry diligently—as the best means I can find, in my small way, of doing good, and giving pleasure.—After some hesitation, she said ‘if I chose to lend them, I had her permission, for she could trust Amelia’s principles!’—I requested leave to give her a specimen of the songs;—and I immediately sang—“When coldness wraps this suffering clay”—and “She walks in beauty,” which, to do her justice, had the effect of entirely reassuring her. She has, since, allowed her lovely daughter occasionally to join my group of girls, and I have now the pleasure of ranking her amongst my most intelligent and interesting auditors. I was particularly pleased to have her with me, while we were reading Lord Byron’s works, as they are in a style of writing, better comprehended and appreciated by those who have acquired some of the lights of age, than by the generality of those whose “light is all from within;”—that lovelier light having so much magical illusion, that the lamp of study and the microscope of truth are deemed superfluous, if not held up by the kindly hand of friendship, and I wish to render the homage of the young and fair to the muses, “a reasonable service.”

I commenced the Drama-reading with ‘Manfred,’ on which however, no comments were made.—If not of a very high order, they would have been intolerable, and none of us would venture upon any. In that wonder-work of intellect and sublimity, Genius, “masses itself into intensest splendour,” and Criticism is dazzled into down-cast silence. Did I mean to impress a stranger or foreigner with profound respect for Lord Byron’s supreme intellectual powers, I think I would select Manfred in the first instance.—Indeed it strikes me that *La Martine* was under the fresh impression of its perusal when he wrote—and he speaks of the noble author too exclusively under that impression,—dwelling with a sort of terror upon the vast, the vague, the indefinite, presented to his gaze by the mighty necromancer. We read ‘the Doge of Venice’ the next evening—and its unexceptionable merits and quiet beauty acted as oil upon the trou-

bled waters of enthusiasm.—There the language of virtue and purity is conveyed in the voice of Heaven by the spotless Angiolina, saying unto us—"Peace—be still!"—Why is this work so little spoken of—so seldom read?—Is it because it is unexceptionable?—poor encouragement to the versatile writer to proceed in that strain!—The ensuing evening brought to view 'Sardanapalus'—and from the reception it met with from my fair audience, I have some reason to think I was right in considering it as the most felicitously executed Drama of modern times:—the dignity, elegance, and unity of Tragedy as a fine art, being so admirably blended with the intense interest and heart-striking emotion, which, as a delineation of human nature, it should ever produce.—The grouping, attitudes, and entire *coup-d'œil* too, as I represent them to myself, appear to me fraught with beauty and effect—and the language is so rich, mellow, and harmonious, that I am surprised it has not excited altogether, more loud and unanimous applause. What a rare combination of the poet, scholar, and perfect gentlemen, was necessary to the production of Sardanapalus! I should suppose that it could not fail to succeed on the stage, if indeed, a meet representative for the leading character could be found.—With the box-audience, at all events, it would be likely to have a complete success. I doubt if this could be said with respect to any other of Lord Byron's tragedies—or rather dramatic poems,—though to the imagination,—in the closet, there is a great deal of reality about them;—too much perhaps for scenic representation, which requires a quickness of action and variety of effect, that is seldom to be found in real life.

'The two Foscari,' we did not much admire—it has various merits of course, but they are not very striking or pleasing merits; and it leaves the mind in a state of stern and morose dislike to the world and its woes, that is unsalutary and irksome. I have a sort of pleasure, you must know, in proving to you that I am not blindly partial to my liege-lord, the truth of my allegiance being therefore the more unquestionable. But *à propos des bottes*, or rather of the buskin, as I am on theatrical subjects, tell our friend * * * that I did not 'live and die without seeing a play of Shakspeare's, or an eminent actor;—my dear enthusiastic E * * * came from Dublin in order to escort me to the Cork Theatre, and thereby entitled himself to my everlasting gratitude. Tell * * * then, that I saw—the practical Shakspeare; I saw Othello identified,—I saw Kean! I do think that if the great original could see him, the party-spirited critics of the day would be effectually silenced, for that with a joyful 'Eureka,' he could exclaim—there, there is my Richard!—my Macbeth!—my Othello—there is my representative! * * * was in company with Kean several times, and liked him much. I was greatly pleased with a characteristic trait he recorded of him; * * * happened to mention in the course of conversation, that some ladies of his acquaintance had travelled twenty or thirty miles to attend his (Mr. Kean's) benefit;—'So,' said he, shaking his head indignantly, 'they are come to see me, and they did not come to see Shakspeare!—[he had got up something showy for his benefit.] This sentence I think, gives the clue to his Shaksperian excellence.—No one who did not love our great dramatist better than his own interest, so as to embody himself with his conceptions, and forget his own individuality, could have done him such justice—I liked particularly too, the frank and handsome manner in which Kean spoke of the lively pleasure he takes in applause,—'the public,' he added,—so consciously and proudly,—'are not aware of what

they lose, by not sufficiently applauding a good actor:—but he may be satisfied, for Lord Byron, in the voice of truth, nature, and poetry, has ‘heralded him to immortality,’ and he will, accordingly, ‘live in the records of fame, for ever.’

I have been interrupted by fun and frolic, in the shape of my dear Bell * * *, who has unexpectedly appeared amongst us, fresh from the *beau-monde*, and is likely to banish the poetics while she remains here—I will bid you adieu for her sake.—Though ‘the gods have not made her poetical,’ she has various prosaic charms, that never fail to tell.

Yours extremely—

AMY GREY.

“VERGISS MEIN NICHT.”

The evening sun has shone
Upon the golden vine;
The evening breeze has blown
Upon the lovely Rhine.

The summer air has sigh’d
Upon the soldier’s brow;
On his affianced bride,
Soft as her plighted vow.

The evening sun has set,
The wind rose fresh and high;
An azure coronet
Of flow’rs, came floating by.

“How beautiful they seem!”
“They’d match thy golden hair,”—
He plunged into the stream,
And she stood smiling there.

He won the prize he sought,
He flung it on the shore,—
“My love, forget me not.”—
He never uttered more.

And still in hall and bow’r
In memory of his lot,
They call it, true-love’s flow’r—
The blue ‘forget me not!’

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

BY

GEOFFRY CRAYON, GENT.

[The accompanying memoir was prefixed to an American edition of the poems of Mr. Campbell, printed, ten years ago, at Philadelphia. It comes from the pen of the author of the Sketch-Book, and we have the pleasure of introducing it, for the first time, to the notice of the British reader.

In adverting thus cursorily to his name and his productions, we must be free to admit, that we are too powerfully attracted, and too deliciously spell-bound by their various charms, to resist the temptation of saying just one word,—not in the shape of criticism, for that has been exhausted—nor with the view of paying him misplaced and superfluous homage, for the tribute of judicious and impartial praise has been already offered to his merit, by the highest names in literature,—but simply to express our feeling of pure satisfaction, at seeing so exquisite a writer doing justice to the genius of Campbell: and two names, already deservedly dear to all lovers of fine poetry, and chaste prose, linked together, not only by a similarity of tastes, habits, and talents, but also by the relationship they sustain, on these pages—of biographer, and of subject.

We are willing to give to Geoffry Crayon, even more than “a stranger’s” welcome; though the rude, yet cordial greetings, with which, in our spirit of Irish hospitality, we would fain clasp him to our bosom, and place him by our fire-side, and in the number of our house-hold gods, may perhaps fail of deeply interesting one who has proved, by the length of his sojourn, and the vividness of his descriptions, how well he is able to appreciate the superior cultivation, and the substantial comforts of our more favoured sister-isle. Yet we remember a beautiful and pathetic sketch of one of our lovely mourners,* and we can venture to assure the author, that Ireland has many a tale as touching, and many a heart as true.

We cannot avoid observing, that Mr. Irving’s pellucid and polished style, so honourable to his country, since it gives so favourable an idea of her literary *existence*, and so widely different from Brocden Brown’s undiluted and inartificial vigour and truly republican *raciness*, seems too softly bland, too *courteously* beautiful, to belong to a sturdy American. It may not be improper to hint that a monarchy would be found more congenial to the exercise of his talents. We freely acknowledge this to be a somewhat selfish, and perhaps hazardous insinuation; but it is difficult to subdue every feeling of self-interest where Washington Irving is concerned. It would at once betray superficial observation and unjust criticism, to limit our praise to the mere elegance of his style. The sweet monotony of his rippling sentences, may sometimes tire the ear; but there is a vein of pure

* Miss Curran, attached to the highly gifted, but ill-fated, Robert Emmett.

and precious ore beneath. His words are streams that run o'er golden mines, and we can seldom close his works without perhaps exclaiming, "flow on, thou shining river." We would retain him amongst us, because he has gratified our taste, by the harmonious purity of his language; and, above all, we would retain him, because we never rise from the perusal of his works, without feeling that a portion of the kindness and philanthropy of his spirit has been infused into our own.

It is unnecessary, here, to allude to Mr. Irving's humorous writings, farther than by acknowledging, with all classes of readers, their great merit in that peculiar vein by which they are characterised and enriched, and which has been so correctly analysed by the critical authorities referred to above. It would, therefore, be unfair, and it would be useless, to delay, by any more preliminary remarks of our own, the enjoyment we anticipate for every reader, in perusing the biographical sketch of which the title is placed at the head of the few lines that have been suggested by it.]

MEMOIR, &c.

It has long been deplored by authors, as a lamentable truth, that they seldom receive impartial justice from the world, while living. The grave seems to be the ordeal to which their names must be subjected, and from whence, if worthy of immortality, they rise with pure and imperishable lustre. Here, many who have flourished in unmerited popularity, descend into oblivion, and it may literally be said, that "they rest from their labours and their works do follow them." Here likewise, many an ill-starred author, after struggling with penury and neglect, and starving through a world which he has enriched by his talents, sinks to rest, and becomes a theme of universal admiration and regret. The sneers of the cynical, the detraction of the envious, the scoffings of the ignorant, are silenced at the hallowed precincts of the tomb; and the world awakens to a sense of his value, when he is removed beyond its patronage for ever. Monuments are erected to his memory, books are written in his praise, and thousands will devour with avidity the biography of a man, whose life passed unheeded before their eyes. He is like some canonized saint, at whose shrine treasures are lavished, and clouds of incense offered up, though, while living, the slow hand of charity withheld the pittance that would have soothed his miseries. But this tardiness in awarding merit its due, this preference continually shown to departed over living authors of, perhaps, superior excellence, may be attributed to a more charitable source than that of envy or ill-nature. The latter are continually before our eyes, exposed to the full glare of scrutinizing familiarity. We behold them subject to the same foibles and frailties with ourselves, and from the constitutional delicacy of their minds, and their irritable sensibilities, prone to more than ordinary caprices. The former, on the contrary, are seen only through the magic medium of their works. We form our opinion of the whole flow of their minds, and the tenor of their dispositions from the writings they have left behind. We witness nothing of the mental exhaus-

tion and langour which follow these gushes of genius. We behold the stream only in the fulness of its current, and conclude that it has always been equally profound in its depth, pure in its wave, and majestic in its career.

With respect to the living writers of Europe, however, we may be said on this side of the Atlantic, to be placed in some degree in the situation of posterity. The vast ocean that rolls between us like a space of time, removes us beyond the sphere of personal favour, personal prejudice, or personal familiarity. An European work, therefore, appears before us, depending simply on its intrinsic merits. We have no private friendship, nor party purpose to serve, by magnifying the author's merits; and in sober sadness, the humble state of our national literature places us far below any feeling of national rivalry.

But while our local situation thus enables us to exercise the enviable impartiality of posterity, it is evident, we must share likewise in one of its disadvantages. We are in as complete ignorance respecting the biography of most living authors of celebrity, as though they had existed ages before our time, and indeed, are better informed concerning the character and lives of authors who have long since passed away, than of those who are actually adding to the stores of European literature. A proof of this assertion will be furnished in the following sketch, which, unsatisfactory as it is, contains all the information, we can collect, concerning a British poet, of rare and exquisite endowments.

THOMAS CAMPBELL was born in Glasgow, on the 27th of September, 1777. He is the youngest son of Mr. Alexander Campbell, late merchant of Glasgow; a gentleman of the most unblemished integrity, and amiable manners, who united the scholar and the man of business, and, amidst the corroding cares and sordid habits of trade, cherished a liberal and enthusiastic love of literature. He died at a very advanced age, in the spring of 1801, and the event is mentioned, in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, with high encomiums on his moral and religious character.

It may not be uninteresting to the American reader to know that Mr. Campbell the poet, has very near connexions in this country, and indeed to this circumstance may be in some measure attributed the liberal sentiments he has frequently expressed concerning America. His father resided for many years of his youth at Falmouth in Virginia, but returned to Europe about fifty years since. His uncle, who had accompanied his father, settled permanently in Virginia, where his family has uniformly maintained a highly respectable character. One of his sons was district attorney, under the administration of Washington, and died in 1795. He was a man of uncommon talents, and particularly distinguished for his eloquence. Robert Campbell also, a brother of the poet, settled in Virginia, where he married a daughter of the celebrated Patrick Henry; he died about the year 1808.

The genius of Mr. Campbell showed itself almost in his infancy. At the age of seven, he possessed a vivacity of imagination, and a vigour of mind, surprising in such early youth; a strong inclination for poetry was already discernible in him, and indeed it was not more than two years after this, that we are told "he began to try his wings." These bright dawns of intellect, united to uncommon personal beauty, a winning gentleness and modesty of manners, and a generous sensibility of heart, made him an object of universal favour and admiration.

There is scarcely any obstacle more fatal to the full development and

useful application of talent, than an early display of genius. The extravagant caresses lavished upon it by the light and injudicious, are too apt to beget a self-confidence in the possessor, and render him impatient of the painful discipline of study; without which, genius at best is irregular, ungovernable, and oftentimes splendidly erroneous.

Perhaps there is no country in the world where this error is less frequent than in Scotland. The Scotch are a philosophical, close-thinking people; wary and distrustful of external appearances, and first impressions, stern examiners into the utility of things, and cautious in dealing out the dole of applause; their admiration follows tardily in the rear of their judgment, and even when they admire, they do it with peculiar rigidity of muscles: this spirit of rigorous rationality is peculiarly evident in the management of youthful genius; which, instead of meeting with enervating indulgence, is treated with a Spartan severity of education, tasked to the utmost extent of its powers, and made to undergo a long and laborious probation, before it is permitted to emerge into notoriety. The consequence is, an uncommon degree of skill and vigour in their writers. They are rendered diligent by constant habits of study, powerful by science, graceful by the elegant accomplishments of the scholar, and prompt and adroit in the management of their talents, by the frequent contests and exercises of their schools.

From the foregoing observations may be gathered the kind of system adopted with respect to young Campbell. His early display of genius, in stead of making him the transient wonder of the drawing-room, and the *enfant gaté* of the tea-table, consigned him to the rigid discipline of the academy. At the age of seven he commenced the study of the latin language under the care of the Rev. David Alison, a teacher of distinguished reputation in Scotland. At twelve, he entered the University of Glasgow, and in the following year gained a bursary on Bishop Leighton's foundation, for a translation of one of the comedies of Aristophanes, which he executed in verse. This triumph was the more honorable, from being gained after a hard contest, over a rival candidate of nearly twice his age, who was considered one of the best scholars in the University. His second prize-exercise, was the translation of a tragedy of *Æschylus*, likewise in verse, which he gained without opposition, as none of the students would enter the lists with him. He continued seven years in the University, during which time his talents and application were testified by yearly academical prizes; he was particularly successful in his translation from the Greek, in which language, he took great delight; and on receiving his last prize for one of these performances, the Greek professor publicly pronounced it the best that had ever been produced in the University.

Moral philosophy was likewise a favourite study with Mr. Campbell, and indeed he applied himself to gain an intimate acquaintance with the whole circle of the sciences. But though, in the prosecution of his studies, he attended the academical courses both of law and physic, it was merely as objects of curiosity, and branches of general knowledge, for he never devoted himself to any particular study with a view to prepare himself for a profession. On the contrary, his literary passion, was already so strong, that he could never for a moment endure the idea of confining himself to the dull round of business, or engaging in the absorbing pursuits of common life.

In this, he was most probably confirmed by the indulgence of a fond father, whose ardent love of literature made him regard the promising talents of his son with pride and sanguine anticipation. At one time, it is

true, a part of his family expressed a wish that he should be fitted for the Church, but this was completely overruled by the rest, and he was left, without further opposition, to the impulse of his own genius, and the seduction of the muse.

After leaving the University, he passed some time among the mountains of Argyleshire, at the seat of Colonel Napier, a descendant of Napier Baron Merchiston, the celebrated inventor of logarithms. It is probable that from this gentleman he first imbibed his taste and knowledge of the military art, traces of which are to be seen throughout his poems. From Argyleshire he went to Edinburgh, where the reputation he had acquired at the University, gained him a favourable reception into the distinguished circle of science and literature, for which that city is renowned. Among others, he was particularly honoured by the notice of Professors Stewart and Playfair. Nothing could be more advantageous for a youthful poet, than to commence his career under such auspices. To the expansion of mind, and elevation of thought, produced by the society of such celebrated men, may we ascribe, in a great measure, the philosophic spirit, and moral sublimity, displayed in his first production, the *Pleasures of Hope*, which was written during his residence at Edinburgh. He was not more than twenty, when he wrote this justly celebrated poem, and it was published in the following year.

The popularity of this work, at once introduced the author to the notice and patronage of the first people of Great Britain. At first, indeed, it promised but little pecuniary advantage, as he unfortunately disposed of the copywright, for an inconsiderable sum. This, however, was, in some measure, remedied by the liberality of his publisher, who finding that his book ran through two editions in the course of a few months, permitted him to publish a splendid edition for himself, by which means, he was enabled to participate in the golden harvest of his labours.

About this time the passion for German literature raged in all its violence in Great Britain, and the universal enthusiasm with which it was admired, awakened in the enquiring mind of our author a desire of studying it at the fountain head. This, added to his curiosity to visit foreign parts, induced him to embark for Germany, in the year 1800. He had originally fixed upon the college of Jena for his first place of residence, but, on arriving at Hamburgh, he found, by the public prints, that a victory had been gained by the French near Ulm, and that Munich and the heart of Bavaria were the theatre of an interesting war; "one moment's sensation," he observes, in a letter to a relation in this country, "the single hope of seeing human nature exhibited in its most dreadful attitude, over-turned my past decisions, I got down to the seat of war some weeks before the Summer armistice of 1800, and indulged, in what you will call, the criminal curiosity of witnessing blood and desolation. Never shall time efface from my memory the recollection of that hour of astonishment and suspended breath, when I stood, with the Monks of St. Jacob, to overlook a charge of Klenaw's cavalry upon the French, under Grennier, encamped below us. We saw the fire given and returned, and heard distinctly the sound of the French *pas de charge*, collecting the lines to attack in close column. After three hours awaiting the issue of a severe action, a park of artillery was opened just beneath the walls of the Monastery, and several waggons, that were stationed to convey the wounded in spring waggons, were killed in our sight." This awful spectacle he has described, with all the poet's fire, in

his battle of Hohenlinden; a poem which, perhaps, contains more grandeur and martial sublimity, than is to be found any where else, in the same compass of English poetry.

Mr. Campbell afterwards proceeded to Ratisbon, where he was at the time it was taken possession of by the French, and expected, as an Englishman, to be made prisoner; but he observes, "Moreau's army was under such excellent discipline, and the behaviour both of officers and men, so civil, that I soon mixed among them without hesitation, and formed many agreeable acquaintances at the messes of their brigade, stationed in town, to which their *chef de brigade* often invited me. This worthy man, Colonel Le Fort, whose kindness I shall ever remember with gratitude, gave me a protection to pass through the whole army of Moreau."

After this, he visited different parts of Germany, in the course of which, he paid one of the casual taxes on travelling, being plundered among the Tyrolese mountains, by a Croat, of his clothes, his books, and thirty ducats in gold. About mid-winter, he returned to Hamburgh, where he remained four months, in the expectation of accompanying a young gentleman of Edinburgh, in a tour to Constantinople. His unceasing thirst for knowledge, and his habits of industrious application, prevented these months from passing heavily or unprofitably. His time was chiefly employed in reading German, and making himself acquainted with the principles of Kant's Philosophy; from which however, he seems soon to have turned with distaste, to the richer, and more interesting field of German *belles-lettres*:

While in Germany, an edition of his Pleasures of Hope, was proposed for publication in Vienna, but was forbidden by the court, in consequence of those passages which relate to Kosciusko, and the partition of Poland. Being disappointed in his projected visit to Constantinople, he returned to England in 1801, after nearly a year's absence, which had been passed much to his satisfaction and improvement, and had stored his mind with grand and awful images. "I remember," says he, "how little I valued the art of painting, before I got into the heart of such impressive scenes; but in Germany, I would have given any thing to have possessed an art capable of conveying ideas inaccessible to speech and writing. Some particular scenes, were indeed rather overcharged with that degree of terrific, which oversteps the sublime, and I own, my flesh yet creeps at the recollection of *spring-waggons and hospitals*,—but the sight of Ingolstadt in ruins, or Hohenlinden covered with fire, seven miles in circumference, were spectacles never to be forgotten."

On returning to England, he visited London for the first time, where, though unprovided with a single letter of introduction, the celebrity of his writings procured him the immediate notice and attention of the best society. His recent visit to the Continent, however, had increased, rather than gratified his desire to travel. He now contemplated another tour, for the purpose of improving himself in the knowledge of foreign languages and foreign manners, in the course of which he intended to visit Italy, and pass some time at Rome. From this plan he was diverted, most probably, by an attachment he formed to a Miss Sinclair, a distant relation, whom he married in 1803. This change in his situation, naturally put an end to all his wandering propensities, he removed to Sydenham in Kent, near London, where he has ever since resided, devoting himself to literature, and the calm pleasures of domestic life.

He has been enabled to indulge his love of study and retirement, more comfortably, by the bounty of his Sovereign, who, about three years since, presented him with an annuity of £200. This distinguished mark of royal favour, so gratifying to the pride of the poet, and the loyal affections of the subject, was wholly spontaneous and unconditional. It was neither granted to the importunities of his friends at court, nor given as a *douceur* to secure the services of the author's pen, but merely as a testimony of royal approbation of his popular poem, the *Pleasures of Hope*. Mr. Campbell, both before and since, has uniformly been independent in his opinions and writings.

Though withdrawn from the busy world, in his retirement at Sydenham, yet the genius of Mr. Campbell, like a true brilliant, occasionally flashed upon the public eye, in a number of exquisite little poems, which appeared on the periodical works of the day. Many of these, he has never thought proper to rescue from their perishable repositories. But of those which he has formally acknowledged and re-published, *Hohenlinden*, *Lochiel*, the *Mariners of England*, and the *Battle of the Baltic*, are sufficient of themselves, were other evidence wanting, to establish his title to the sacred name of Poet. The two last mentioned poems, we consider as two of the noblest national songs we ever have seen. They contain sublime imagery, and lofty sentiments, delivered with a "gallant swelling spirit," but totally free from that hyperbole and nationalrodomontade, which generally disgrace this species of poetry. In the beginning of 1809, he published his second volume of poems, containing *Gertrude of Wyoming*, and several smaller effusions; since which time, he has produced nothing of consequence, excepting the uncommonly spirited and affecting little tale of "*O'Connor's Child*, or *Love lies bleeding*."

Of those private and characteristic anecdotes, which display most strikingly the habits and peculiarities of a writer, we have scarcely any to furnish respecting Mr. Campbell. He is generally represented to us, as being extremely studious; but, at the same time, social in his disposition, gentle and endearing in his manners, and extremely prepossessing in his appearance and address. With a delicate, and even nervous sensibility, and a degree of self-diffidence, that at times is almost painful, he shrinks from the glare of notoriety, which his own works have shed around him, and seems ever deprecating criticism, rather than enjoying praise. Though his society is courted by the most polished and enlightened, among whom, he is calculated to shine, yet, his chief delight is in domestic life, in the practice of those gentle virtues and bland affections, which he has so touchingly and eloquently illustrated in various passages of his poems.

That Mr. Campbell has by any means attained to the summit of his fame, we cannot suffer ourselves for a moment to believe. We rather look upon the works he has already produced, as specimens of pure and virgin gold, from a mine, whose treasures are yet to be explored. It is true, the very reputation Mr. Campbell has acquired, may operate as a disadvantage to his future efforts. Public expectation is a pitiless task-master, and exorbitant in its demands. He who has once awakened it, must go on in a progressive ratio, surpassing what he has hitherto done, or the public will be disappointed. Under such circumstances, an author of common sensibility takes up his pen with fear and trembling. A consciousness that much is expected from him, deprives him of that ease of mind, and boldness of imagination, which are necessary to fine writing, and he too often fails,

from a too great anxiety to excel. He is like some youthful soldier, who, having distinguished himself by a gallant and brilliant achievement, is ever fearful of entering on a new enterprise, lest he should tarnish the laurels he has won.

We are satisfied that Mr. Campbell feels this very diffidence and solicitude from the uncommon pains he bestows upon his writings. These are scrupulously revised, modelled, and retouched over and over, before they are suffered to go out of his hands, and even then, are slowly and reluctantly yielded up to the press. This elaborate care may at times be carried to an excess, so as to produce a fastidiousness of style, and an air of too much art and labour. It occasionally imparts to the muse the precise demeanour and studied attire of the prude, rather than the negligent and bewitching graces of the woodland nymph. A too minute attention to finishing, is likewise injurious to the force and sublimity of a poem. The vivid images which are struck off at a single heat, in those glowing moments of inspiration, "when the soul is lifted up to heaven," are too often softened down, and cautiously tamed, in the cold hour of correction. As an instance of the critical severity which Mr. Campbell exercises over his productions, we will mention a fact within our knowledge, concerning his *Battle of the Baltic*. This ode, as published, consists but of five stanzas, these were all that his scrupulous taste permitted him to cull out of about a dozen, which we have seen in manuscript. The rest, though full of poetic fire and imagery, were timidly consigned by him to oblivion.

But though this scrupulous spirit of revision, may chance to refine away some of the bold touches of his pencil, and to injure some of its negligent graces, it is not without its eminent advantages. While it tends to produce a terseness of language and a remarkable delicacy and sweetness of versification, it enables him likewise to impart to his productions a vigorous conciseness of style, a graphical correctness of imagery, and a philosophical condensation of idea, rarely found in the popular poets of the day. Facility of writing seems to have been the bane of many modern poets, who too generally indulge in a ready and abundant versification, which, like a flowering vine, overruns their subject, and expands through many a weedy page. In fact, most of them seem to have mistaken carelessness for ease, and redundancy for luxuriance: they never take pains to condense and invigorate. Hence we have those profuse and loosely written poems, wherein the writers, either too feeble or too careless to seize at once upon their subject, prefer giving it a chase, and hunt it through a labyrinth of verses, until it is fairly run down and overpowered by a multitude of words.

Great therefore as are the intrinsic merits of Mr. Campbell, we are led to estimate them the more highly, when we consider them as beaming forth, like the pure lights of heaven, among the meteoric exhalations and false fires with which our literary atmosphere abounds. In an age when we are overwhelmed by an abundance of eccentric poetry, and when we are confounded by an host of ingenious poets of vitiated tastes and frantic fancies, it is really cheering and consolatory to behold a writer of Mr. Campbell's genius, studiously attentive to please, according to the established laws of criticism, as all our good old orthodox writers have pleased before; without setting up a standard, and endeavouring to establish a new sect, and inculcate some new and lawless doctrine of his own.

Before concluding this sketch, we cannot help pointing to one circum-

stance, which we confess has awakened a feeling of good will towards Mr. Campbell; though in mentioning it we shall do little more, perhaps, than betray our own national egotism. He is, we believe, the only British poet of eminence that has laid the story of a considerable poem, in the bosom of our country. We allude to his *Gertrude of Wyoming*, which describes the pastoral simplicity and innocence, and the subsequent woes of one of our little patriarchal hamlets, during the troubles of our revolution.

We have so long been accustomed to experience little else than contumely, misrepresentation, and very witless ridicule from the British press; and we have had such repeated proofs of the extreme ignorance and absurd errors that prevail in Great Britain respecting our country and its inhabitants, that we confess, we were both surprised and gratified to meet with a poet, sufficiently unprejudiced to conceive an idea of moral excellence and natural beauty on this side of the Atlantic. Indeed even this simple show of liberality has drawn on the poet the censures of many narrow-minded writers, with whom liberality to this country is a crime. We are sorry to see such pitiful manifestations of hostility towards us. Indeed we must say, that we consider the constant acrimony and traduction indulged in, by the British press, towards this country, to be as opposite to the interest, as it is derogatory to the candour and magnanimity of the nation. It is operating to widen the differences between the two nations, which, if left to the impulse of their own feelings, would naturally grow together, and among the sad changes of this disastrous world, be mutual supports and comforts to each other.

Whatever may be the occasional collisions of etiquette and interest which will inevitably take place, between two great commercial nations, whose property and people are spread far and wide on the face of the ocean; whatever may be the clamorous expressions of hostility vented at such times by our unreflecting populace, or rather uttered in their name by a host of hireling scribblers, who pretend to speak the sentiments of the people; it is certain, that the well educated and well informed class of our citizens entertain a deep-rooted goodwill and a rational esteem for Great Britain. It is almost impossible it should be otherwise. Independent of those hereditary affections, which spring up spontaneously for the nation from whence we have descended, the single circumstance of imbibing our ideas from the same author has a powerful effect in causing an attachment.

The writers of Great Britain are the adopted citizens of our country, and though they have no legislative voice, exercise an authority over our opinions and affections, cherished by long habit, and matured by affection. In these works we have British valour, British magnanimity, British might; and British wisdom, continually before our eyes, portrayed in the most captivating colours; and are thus brought up, in constant contemplation of all that is amiable and illustrious in the British character. To these works, likewise, we resort, in every varying mood of mind, or vicissitude of fortune. They are our delight in the hour of relaxation; the solemn monitors and instructors of our closet; our comforters in the gloomy seclusions of life-loathing despondency. In the season of early life, in the strength of manhood, and, still, in the weakness and apathy of age, it is to them we are indebted for our hours of refined and unalloyed enjoyment. When we turn our eyes to England, therefore, from whence this bounteous tide of literature pours in upon us, it is with such feelings as the Egyptian experiences, when he looks towards the sacred source of that stream, which, rising in

a far distant country, flows down upon his own barren soil, diffusing riches, beauty and fertility.*

Surely it cannot be the interest of Great Britain to trifle with such feelings. Surely the good will, thus cherished among the best hearts of a country, rapidly increasing in power and importance, is of too much consequence to be scornfully neglected, or surlily dashed away. It most certainly, therefore, would be both politic and honourable, for those enlightened British writers, who sway the sceptre of criticism, to expose these constant misrepresentations, and discountenance these galling and unworthy insults of the pen, whose effect is to mislead and to irritate, without serving one valuable purpose. They engender gross prejudice in Great Britain, inimical to a proper national understanding, while with us, they wither all those feelings of kindness and consanguinity, that were shooting forth, like so many tendrils, to attach to us our parent country.

While therefore we regard the poem of Mr. Campbell with complacency, as evincing an opposite spirit to this, of which we have just complained, there are other reasons likewise, which interest us in its favour. Among the lesser evils, incident to the infant state of our country, we have to lament its almost total deficiency in those local associations produced by history and moral fiction. These may appear trivial to the common mass of readers; but the mind of taste and sensibility will at once acknowledge them, as constituting a great source of national pride, and love of country. There is an inexpressible charm imparted to every place that has been celebrated by the historian, or immortalized by the poet; a charm that dignifies it in the eyes of the stranger, and endears it to the heart of the native. Of this romantic attraction, we are almost entirely destitute. While every insignificant hill and turbid stream in classic Europe, has been hallowed by the visitations of the muse, and contemplated with fond enthusiasm; our lofty mountains and stupendous cataracts awaken no poetical associations, and our majestic rivers roll their waters unheeded, because unsung.

Thus circumstanced, the sweet strains of Mr. Campbell's muse break upon us as gladly as would the pastoral pipe of the shepherd, amid the savage solitude of one of our trackless wildernesses. We are delighted to witness the air of captivating romance, and rural beauty, our native fields and wild woods can assume, under the plastic pencil of a master; and while wandering with the poet, among the shady groves of Wyoming, or along the banks of the Susquehanna, almost fancy ourselves transported to the side of some classic stream, in the "hollow breast of Appennine." This may assist to convince many, who were before slow to believe, that our own country is capable of inspiring the highest poetic feelings, and furnishing

* Since this Biographical notice was first published, the political relations between the two countries are changed, and we are now at war with Great Britain. The above observations therefore may not be palatable to those who are eager for the hostility of the pen as well as of the sword. The author indeed, was for some time in doubt, whether to expunge them, as he could not prevail on himself to accommodate them to the embittered temper of the times. He determined however to let them remain. However the feelings he has expressed, may be outraged or prostrated by the violence of warfare, they never can be totally eradicated. Besides, it should be the exalted ministry of literature to keep together the family of human nature; to calm, with her "soul subduing voice," the furious passions of warfare, and thus to bind up those ligaments which the sword would cleave asunder. The author may be remiss in the active exercise of this duty, but he will never have to reproach himself, that he has attempted to poison with political virulence, the pure fountains of elegant literature.

abundance of poetic imagery, though destitute of the hackneyed materials of poetry; though its groves are not vocal with the song of the nightingale; though no naiads have ever sported in its streams, nor satyrs and dryads gambled among its forests. Wherever nature—sweet nature—displays herself in simple beauty and wild magnificence, and wherever the human mind appears in new and striking situations, neither the poet nor the philosopher can ever want subjects worthy of his genius.

Having made such particular mention of *Gertrude of Wyoming*, we will barely add one or two circumstances connected with it, strongly illustrative of the literary character of the author. The story of the poem, though extremely simple, is not sufficiently developed; some of the facts, particularly in the first part, are rapidly passed over, and left rather obscure; from which many have inconsiderately pronounced the whole a hasty sketch, without perceiving the elaborate delicacy with which the parts are finished. This defect is to be attributed entirely to the self-diffidence of Mr. Campbell. It is his misfortune that he is too distrustful of himself, and too ready to listen to the opinions of inferior minds, rather than boldly follow the dictates of his own pure taste, and the impulse of his exalted imagination, which, if left to themselves, would never falter or go wrong. Thus we are told, that when his *Gertrude* first came from under his pen, it was full and complete; but in an evil hour he read it to some of his critical friends. Every one knows that when a man's critical judgment is consulted, he feels himself in credit bound to find fault. Various parts of the poem were of course objected to, and various alterations recommended.

With a fatal diffidence, which, while we admire we cannot but lament, Mr. Campbell struck out those parts entirely, and obliterated in a moment, the fruit of hours of inspiration and days of labour. But when he attempted to bind together and new-model the elegant, but mangled limbs of this virgin poem, his shy imagination revolted from the task. The glow of feeling was chilled; the creative powers of invention were exhausted; the parts therefore were slightly and imperfectly thrown together with a spiritless pen, and hence arose that apparent want of developement which occurs in some parts of the story.

Indeed we do not think the unobtrusive and if we may be allowed the word, occult merits of this poem are calculated to strike popular attention, during the present passion for dashing verse and extravagant incident.

It is mortifying to an author to observe, that those accomplishments which it has cost him the greatest pains to acquire, and which he regards with a proud eye, as the exquisite proofs of his skill, are totally lost upon the generality of readers, who are commonly captivated by those glaring qualities to which he attaches but little value. Most people are judges of exhibitions of force and activity of body, but it requires a certain refinement of taste, and a practiced eye, to estimate that gracefulness, which is the achievement of labour, and consummation of art. So in writing, whatever is bold, glowing and garish, strikes the attention of the most careless, and is generally felt and acknowledged; but comparatively few can appreciate that modest delineation of nature, that tenderness of sentiment, propriety of language, and gracefulness of composition, that bespeak the polished and accomplished writer. Such however, as possess this delicacy of taste and feeling, will often return to dwell with cherishing fondness on the *Gertrude* of Mr. Campbell. Like all his other writings, it presents virtue in its most touching and captivating forms: whether gently

exercised in the "bosom scenes of life," or sublimely exerted in its extraordinary and turbulent situations. No writer can surpass Mr. C. in the vestal purity and amiable morality of his muse. While he possesses the power of firing the imagination; and filling it with sublime and awful images; he excels also in those eloquent appeals to the feelings, and those elevated flights of thought, by which, while the fancy is exalted; the heart is made better.

It is now some time since he has produced any poem. Of late, he has been employed in preparing a work for the press, containing critical and biographical notices of British poets, from the reign of Edward 3rd; to the present time. However much we may be gratified by such a work, from so competent a judge, still we cannot but regret that he should stoop from the brilliant track of poetic invention, in which he is so calculated to soar, and descend into the lower regions of literature, to mingle with drouing critics, and mousing commentators. His task should be to produce poetry, not to criticise it; for in our minds he does more for his own fame and for the interests of literature, who furnishes one fine verse, than he who points out a thousand beauties or detects a thousand faults.

We hope therefore, soon to behold Mr. Campbell emerging from those dusty labours, and breaking forth in the full lustre of original genius. He owes it to his own reputation; he owes it to his own talents; he owes it to the literature of his country. Poetry has generally flowed in an abundant stream in Great Britain; but it is too apt to stray among rocks and weeds, to expand into brawling shallows, or waste itself in turbid and ungovernable torrents. We have, however, marked a narrow, but pure and steady channel, continuing down from the earliest ages, through a line of real poets, who seem to have been sent from heaven, to keep the vagrant stream from running at utter waste and random. Of this chosen number, we consider Mr. Campbell, and we are happy at having this opportunity of rendering our feeble tribute of applause to a writer whom we consider as an ornament to the age, an honour to his country, and one whom his country "should delight to honour."

THE ATTORNEY'S CONSOLATION,

OR

COMFORT IN ADVERSITY.

A TALE.

It happened once that at a country fair,
In spite of all the Magistrate's great care,
Some wicked spirits rais'd a dreadful fray;
With pitchforks, spades, huge cudgels and hard stones,
To work they went, and broke each other's bones,
And even drove the brave Police away:

The Attorney's Consolation.

A Justice in red passion's flame
With *Poss Comitatus* came.

Resolved to shew of his great power a sample;
And by the throat a simple rōstic seiz'd,
Who only at an humble distance gas'd,
And swore by G—d he'd make him an example.

In vain before his worship Paddy fell,
Who only pitch'd his lying soul to hell;
And for thus daring to insult the Laws,
Plac'd him within the gloomy Bridewell's jaws;

There for his good behaviour chain'd
Poor PAT, for three long days and nights remain'd:

It happened *luckily* that in the town,
A young Attorney dwelt of great renown;
Who brought home justice to each poor man's door;
Who preach'd up that the laws were made for all,
Alike protected both the great and small,
And taught them points they never knew before.

Ere then poor simple souls! they little thought
That to recover back a *groat*,
An action of *Assumpsit* could be brought;
Or that to spit in a man's face
Was "trespass vi et armis" and not "case";
Or that for lifting either hand up high,
An action of *assault* would lye!
'Till then, they'd rather lose a penny,
Than spend to get it back, a GUINEA!
Nay more, did any quarrel e'er arise,
They ne'er an arbitration would despise,

But left it to be settled by their neighbours,
They would not travel forty miles a journey
To put it in the hands of an Attorney,
And thus prevent their friends officious labours!
No, no, so little spirit
Did they, poor souls! before that time inherit!

Paddy, whose breast with just revenge now burn'd,
To see young Capias bent his way,
Who *luckily* that very day
From term return'd:

He told him all the hardships of his case,
Confin'd in Bridewell! sad disgrace!
Debar'd from sight of any friendly face!
What! was not liberty our greatest blessing?
Without it life would not be worth possessing;
And to preserve it, pray would not the laws
Give him great damages and restitution.
For such an outrage on the Constitution,
As false imprisonment, without a cause.

Young Capias on his soul averr'd,
So great an outrage he had never heard,
That he himself would be a brute,
Not to commence so just a suit;
And as for damages, there were such grounds,
As would ensure a thousand pounds;
And make the Justice sorely smart,
For acting such a vile illegal part!

Poor Pat, delighted beyond measure,
At the sweet prospect of such treasure,
Sold all his horses, cows and sheep,
To fill his kind Attorney's hand,
Who made him daily understand
A golden harvest he would shortly reap!

But stamps and fees to Lawyers were so high,
He needed now and then a small supply.

The suit commenc'd; now Pat elate with hope,
To ev'ry mad idea gave a scope;
Building his lofty castles in the air.
His fir'd imagination knew no bounds,
With houses, equipages, horses, hounds,
Rais'd up at once from poverty and care.

Flush'd with success, his wild bewilder'd brain,
No kind remission, day or night could gain.

At length the day, the happy day drew near,
With all his witnesses prepar'd,
To Court he quick repair'd,
The glorious verdict anxiously to hear:
In ev'ry brighten'd feature of his face,
Glad expectation took her place.
With throbbing heart, impatiently he wait'd;
At length his advocate with look profound,
Hemm'd often, shook his head and gas'd around,
And then the case to Judge and Jury stated:

Oh! 'twas a case, (tho' twenty years and more
Had pass'd since first he enter'd the profession)
He'd vouch for, never was parallel'd before;
For baser treatment, or more gross oppression!
A thousand pounds would scarce repay,
The feelings of his injur'd Client's mind!
Unhappy wretch! for three long days confin'd!
To glut a base, oppressive Tyrant's sway!

In short, so well he stated all the case,
With declamation, action, and grimace;

The Attorney's Consolation.

That had you this great Lawyer seen;
You'd swear in *downright earnest* he had been.

At length both parties clos'd in able charge,
The Court thought proper to *enlarge*;
And tho' by some 'twas reckon'd *clever*,
The Jury all retir'd *as wise as ever*!

After a full half hour's debating,
And keeping all the Court impatient waiting;
The Jury with a verdict in return'd;
Hush'd was each murmur, ev'ry ear,
Listen'd with mark'd anxiety to hear;
While ev'ry heart with expectation burn'd!

But lo! tho' strange it may appear to many,
The Jury gave but damages *one penny*!

With disappointment's rage poor Pat inflam'd,
A volley of abuse at Capias aim'd,
Who only took his money to deceive him!
Did not the rascal say, there were sure grounds
To bring in damages *a thousand pounds*!
While but *one penny* now the Jury gave him!

Believe me, friend, young Capias cried,
I all my best endeavours tried;
The damages, 'tis true, are small,
And tho' in them the Justice will not pay,
I think we'll *scuse* him in another way,
And heartily his worship mawl.

I'll tell you one thing now, my boy,
Which ought to fill your heart with joy;
Tho' thus of his success he boasts,
The penny damages *will carry costs*!*

* In an action for false imprisonment the *smallest* damages will subject the Defendant to the whole Costs.

SIR WALTER SCOTT,

IN IRELAND.

Sir Walter Scott's arrival in Ireland, which took place at the close of the last Summer, is an event that produced a very vivid impression on our minds.—We were pleased to see our venerable soil trodden by the footsteps of him, who, confessedly is at the head of the literature of Europe, and who has won his way, gallantly and nobly, to that intellectual throne, upon which, the suffrages of the world, and his own heroism, have conspired to place him. His, assuredly, is no iron despotism. His empire, while it is more extensive than that which bows the neck before the autocrat of all the Russias, is also more truly glorious, and will probably outlast its duration. It has laid hold on our purest, and best affections; it has entwined itself about the very fibres of our hearts, and it has struck its roots deeply and fixedly into our mind and memory. The country of his birth, and of his predilection, although previously distinguished for its sober, steady, and persevering progress in all the arts, and all the elegancies that indicate a high state of civilization, as well as for the eminent rank it held in the various departments of poetry, history, and the moral and physical sciences, did not, after all, attract any thing like a preponderating share in the attention of the writers and philosophers of the rest of Europe, and no share whatever, in the interest and consideration of the ordinary mass of dissipated wittings and thoughtless authors, and of equally thoughtless and more dissipated readers. Scotland may have had its literary, like its political convulsions, its variations in the form and the aim of its philosophy, as well as of its religion; it may have had its hot rebellions on paper, and its bloodless battles of books; it may have witnessed and applauded the deposition from his high throne, and the exile, and very nearly the decapitation of some luckless and aspiring book-king, who began to encroach on the liberties of subject-scribblers, and forgot, in the hey-day of his intellectual Jacobitism, that licentiousness has its thousands, and dulness its tens of thousands: such things as these, may have been—*ay, actually have been*—in constant operation, and producing their natural and obvious effects on the face, and within the heart of that kingdom, without exciting the apprehensions, and commanding the sympathy of the rest of mankind. These sudden revolutions, and these gradual and imperceptible changes, however important to the people on whom they have been found to exert a beneficial influence, have, with very few exceptions, passed without any notice, and almost without any effect, in the contemporary history of the surrounding nations. They have formed, as far as regards both politics and literature, either a part and parcel of that very history, and of course, have merged in its general features, and its ultimate issues: or, wherever they can be contemplated as distinct from it, they have shrunk into insignificance, and dwindled away into unimportant minuteness. The fame of Scotland reposed in antiquated and dusty magnificence, on piles of monastic legends, and tales of prowess and chivalry; on heaps of interminable and unreadable state-papers; of musty records about faithless promises, and violated treaties; turbulent barons, and honourable free-booters; the reckless gambols of sovereigns, and the disedifying frolics of monks, and the tiny and “*cold-world*” freaks of harmless fays, or of mischievous wizards;—all pro-

served in rude prose, and still ruder verse, with here and there, an intermitting gleam of meaning, and an interrupted and irregular swell of tenderness. Next came attempts at a clumsy species of chronicling and history-telling, very nearly as heavy and as long as its progenitor, but not quite so dark. There was more sense—more *intelligibility* diffused through the dense and dreary bulk of the narrative. As to the value of those old musty memoirs, and the faith to which they are entitled, it may be very fairly gathered from the well-known fact, that they were generally compiled by hot and intemperate partisans, always ready to exaggerate, or to extenuate; as occasion required, and in many instances, unprincipled enough to set down any thing, or every thing in malice. Then too, Scotland abounded in those rude border songs, those rhyming stories about love and robbery, and madness and murder, which certainly, in spite of what some gentle and sighing critics have advanced, were as good as the old French, German, and Italian productions of the same school, and which, with corresponding fidelity, and sympathetic harshness, reflected the predominant sentiments and habits of that period of European Society. After a tedious interval, the sweet and simple strains of Ramsay's pastoral muse, came breathing peace, gentleness, and love, over the mountains, and along the valleys of his country: while the tragic spirit of Home mingled its dark shadows, and its tender and melancholy light—the indistinct voices of the storm and moanings of the forest, with the suffocating anguish, and the wild shrieks of human passion, when they are crushed by an unexpected and overwhelming fate into the dust, or when they are wrought up to acute and searching agony, and to a sort of terrible vitality by the mutual conflict, which oftener prolongs than extinguishes their power of mischief. Then we have the hallowed names of Baillie and of Burns; the one disclosing, with an energy that is not extravagant, and with a natural pathos equally remote from polished coldness and outrageous sentimentalism, the seeds and the growth of all that poisons, and of all that sweetens our existence, arresting our attention, soothing our heart, instructing our reason, in whatever is praiseworthy, and winning us over to what is truly great, by shewing its connexion with what is surpassingly good;—the other, nature's own pupil, without any education from man, with scarcely any aid from art, communing with the most majestic forms, and the softest tints of mountain-scenery; aiming at the faithful and unshackled interpretation of the mysterious movements of the human heart, and of the dark and tempestuous visitations by which its transient and fitful sunshine is so often overcast, transferring to his rich and varied page, with a humour almost unparalleled, the caprices, the peculiarities, the whims, the alternate vanity and meanness that beset our present condition, and the mischances that befall it; never failing to shade and relieve the flaming colours, and the broad and somewhat grotesque strokes of his pleasantry, with some touch of inimitable tenderness that generally closes even his lighter and more airy productions, and communicates to them the interest of a deep and pathetic moral.

There were other names, too, that for a great part of the last century, and at the commencement of the present, shed lustre on the science and the literature of Scotland; and that very appropriately connect, whatever was splendid and substantial in the recent period, with the unbounded exuberance and glory of that in which we now write. Its celebrity in Medicine was sustained by a host of writers, always respectable, and often eminent—that enabled its University, in numberless instances, to emulate

the fame of Leyden and of Padua,—and that it would be an endless task to enumerate. There was no dearth of metaphysical acuteness or of curious researches partly philological, partly philosophical, in the mysteries, the principles and the structure of language; and the progress of man in society, as is evident from the startling but ingenious speculations of Hume, the quaint absurdities of Monboddo and the profound and extensive erudition of Kames, perverted occasionally by the obliquity of some of his views, but always rendered respectable by the honest and simple-hearted sincerity in which he pursued them. In Historical composition there were some who have never been surpassed by any writers either ancient or modern; and Robertson alone may stand as the personification of whatever majestic gravity, gorgeous eloquence; and picturesque description can be consistent with the legitimate style of history. There were besides many others, Stuart and Hume, the graces and unrivalled beauty of whose diction are however but poor compensation, for the want of accuracy, fidelity and candour,—the indispensable qualities that ought to characterise and adorn the office of historian.—We had also the admirable “annals” of Lord Hailes—and, in our own days, the elegant and valuable productions of Tytler’s pen, and (though the Patriarch of this generation—yet the earliest efforts of his genius belong to that what is gone by,) the venerable Henry M’Kenzie, whose essays and novels have won him an imperishable renown—blending all that was unaffected and harmonious in the language of his predecessors, with the gentle warmth of his own conceptions and the deep and unexhausted fountain of his pure and fresh affections: and steeping the heart of the reader, alternately in the most placid joy, and the most melting sorrow. In mental philosophy it is enough to refer merely to the names of such men as Reid and Stewart, and a number of other distinguished writers, who either immediately preceded them, or have trodden in their footsteps. We have thus very summarily touched on one or two epochs, and very faintly characterised a few of those great men to whom Scotland is indebted for that portion of literary eminence she enjoyed about the beginning of the nineteenth century. It is not a connected view of her splendid career, that we have thought of giving,—nor a well arranged series and analysis of the works that have mainly contributed to accelerate it (*now* a superfluous and almost an endless labour;) but we have simply glanced at a few bright links in the chain, and contented ourselves with suggesting, rather than enumerating, the elements of which her intellectual glory was made up. The intervals will be readily supplied by the well-informed reader.

Now, it is certain, that, notwithstanding these powerful claims, which Scotland possessed, on the attention, and perhaps on the gratitude, of the rest of Europe; her influence was after all restricted within very narrow limits. Her sages and her poets, in spite of the depth and value of their speculations and the genuine tenderness and warmth of their enthusiasm, were very imperfectly known, and where they happened to be known, very generally disregarded and undervalued. Her antiquaries were permitted to slumber away in undisturbed obscurity, poking, amidst their congenial dust and cobwebs, their crumbling ruins and their unintelligible and mutilated parchments, with fruitless minuteness and miraculous perseverance; and substituting for the vacuities produced by time or by barbarism, in manuscript and monuments, the bewildering, yet SUBSTANTIAL vacuity of their own conjectural nonsense. Her historians indeed became more

extensively celebrated, and their reputation arose and spread in proportion as the subjects they undertook to illustrate, were interesting and popular, and the style they employed, was graceful and attractive. This class, of course may be said to have formed an exception—but at the utmost, the exception did not reach very far: and we can safely assert that the knowledge, men had of Scottish writers, as well as the interest that men took in Scottish subjects, was trivial and unimportant; unless indeed we bring within our calculation, a few straggling University men, and some dozen or two of *litterateurs*, whom curiosity or accident, their good or their evil genius, their affectation or their taste, may have beckoned aside into this obscure and untravellered path of studies.

It was reserved for Sir Walter Scott not only to work a revolution, in literature, unparalleled both for the splendour of its immediate achievements, and for the utility of its remote effects, but also to shed an unfading beauty and an irresistible charm over the wild, sterile, and unfrequented tracts of the history of his own romantic land. Other causes perhaps may have concurred, some imperceptibly, some prominently, but all in a very slight and partial way, towards the producing of this wonderful change. Some share may be ascribed to the great political revolution that had burst upon the world a short time previously, and had made itself be felt by the terrible agitation into which it threw every, even the most distant province of human thought and human passion. The whole frame of man's moral nature was convulsed. New wants were generated; the old flagging appetite acquired a fresh vigour and sharpness; and the world became nauseated with the old—never-failing—monotonous “manna” of literature, as well as of government. They grew all on a sudden, very difficult to please, and in a paroxysm of insanity, or in the spring and exuberance of their young health; in a fit of revolutionary impiety, or of an interval of dawning reason, they sturdily rejected the “*light food*,” and imperiously demanded a supply of rich, savoury, and exhilarating viands. Their cry was heard, and the supply was abundant and various. Originality and power, were the characteristics principally looked for, in every writer that had any pretension to popular favour; while the eccentricities that sprang from the first, and the grotesque and even excessive exertions of the second, were seen to meet not only lenient censors, but very indulgent advocates and partisans. There was, to be sure, a good deal of sentimentalism, affectation, and waywardness mixt up in compositions, of which the prevailing ingredients were strong delineation of passion, enthusiastic worship of all that is delicately beautiful, and all that is wildly stupendous in the aspect of external nature, and a cordial sympathy with whatever guides, or controuls, whatever drenches in affliction, or warms and brightens up in sunshine, the internal world of the heart. All the staid propriety, sterling good sense, and artificial graces of the ancient standard-works, presented a very feeble barrier to the encroachments of the adventurous, and headlong spirit of ingovation that was abroad. Each new accession of dominion brought, of course, a new encrease of audacity and of enterprize; and the conquests were speedily pushed to the very heart of the old Empire of taste, until it became a question, whether the whole stock of antiquated wisdom and learning should not be denounced as a bulky, and somewhat troublesome incumbrance, that ought to be quietly set apart in appropriate cells, and crypts and niches, to be just gazed at occasionally, as a rare curiosity, or smiled at, as a ludicrous oddity, or, in

some instances, to be reverentially contemplated by a more scrupulous eye, as the venerable relic, and instructive specimen of a world that had perished. When matters had grown to this head, and the revolutionizing torrent (we cannot help recurring, though we know 'tis common-place, to the obvious analogy furnished by the phenomenon of the volcano) had demolished and overlaid the political institutions which stood in its way, on the surface of society; and had, besides, sent its hot and searching principles into the deep recesses, and the subterranean and hallowed retreats of the muses, and of literature, there came to be in the public mind, an extraordinary, but by no means unaccountable aptitude for the reception of the new, the wonderful, the magnificent, the paradoxical, and the mysterious—for whatever, in short, was splendidly extravagant, or irregularly bold, or carelessly intrepid, to the contempt and exclusion of whatever was correctly dull, exquisitely feeble, or most elaborately and scientifically tame.

The genius of Scott, enriched with the treasures that his indefatigable industry, had gathered and gleaned from every province of human learning, saw, in one glance, the dangerous, as well as the advantageous points of such a state of things. Something might be done, both for the legitimate and salutary gratification of the taste that had been produced, and for the restriction and government of its indiscriminate and reckless excess: something also for the redemption and ornament of what was every day, exposed to greater peril, of being either contemptuously flung aside, or utterly lost. He was resolved that the intrinsic worth and beauty that still adhered to the historical records; and the romantic legends in prose and verse, connected with the manners and events of the "elder day," should not perish for want of a champion to espouse their quarrel; and vindicate their claims. He was resolved to convert to his own noble purposes, the mighty spirit that was abroad at its work of alternate ruin and renovation, and of whose inspiration he must himself have drunk deeply, without, however, resigning his own magical power of controlling it. The breath of genius had gone forth, and the fire was enkindled—and all that was truly rich and precious and beautiful in the tradition or monuments of the nearer or more distant periods, the triumphs, the sorrows, the struggles, the tears unavailingly shed, and the glory as unprofitably reaped; of patriotism and love and valour, but shone the more beautifully and softly beneath the radiance of a flame, that when it touched, only purified them. His powerful grasp, and his keen perception, detected and rescued from amidst the rubbish in which they were involved and obscured, many a brilliant gem, of otherwise unhonoured virtue, and unrecorded heroism—and the sterner features, and the rough and more revolting accompaniments of feudal wars and feudal amusements—the more disgusting and repulsive incidents, the more formal and scientific bloodshed; and the more cunning and hypocritical pretexts of comparatively modern warfare and modern policy, were all relieved and redeemed by the matchless skill; and the unrivalled freedom and force with which the mighty wizard interwove his delicious visions of private worth and honour, of generous friendship, of unsullied faith, of gentle and all-confiding love, and of the whole group of domestic charities, with the darker and more tumultuous scenes of his narrative; and actually sealed up, by his enchantments, all our senses and attention from the world in which we live, and wrapt our souls in an undivided interest for that past world into which he had transported us, and which he had created anew, and summoned out of that faint and shadowy outline, which is all that our ordinary recollections of what has

ceased to be, or our common apprehension of what is to be, can amount to in our estimate of either boundary. There we saw, or to speak more properly, grew acquainted with the entire sweeping pageant of human life—in its various details;—and of human society at its various stages—and in different regions. Men were not coldly and correctly described or painted; but we were all on a sudden thrust into their company and concerns; we saw them and felt for them while acting or suffering; we heard them speaking; we became their friends or their foes; we beheld them, in their dwellings, arrayed in the costume of the period, practising their arts, snatching their transient enjoyments, or writhing beneath the torture of their private griefs, or of their public calamities; governed by their prejudices and passions, powerfully swayed by the influence of their national jealousies or antipathies as well as by their religious prepossessions and their individual pursuits.—In short there was made to pass before us, (or rather we ourselves were hurried unresistingly along with it) a bustling, busy, active living crowd of human beings like ourselves—taking their part in some momentous revolution or pursuing their own private schemes of honor, or of selfishness, bodied forth to our conceptions, and almost to our senses, in the palpable fulness of their homely or their more imposing reality. The picture was vivid and warm, and breathed individual energy, and was instinct with life. It possessed all the light and more than the truth, and nothing of the indistinctness and misty generalizations of history. This is true both of the prose and the poetry of Sir Walter Scott. We do not merely allude to the prose compositions that are under the sanction of his illustrious name; but to those anonymous and immortal productions which, laying all the cant of affected delicacy aside, we plainly and in *so many terms*, unhesitatingly ascribe to his genius. It was not therefore surprising, to find all contemporary prose, and very nearly all contemporary poetry, thrown into the shade by his latter works, resting, as they did, in a more popular shape and a more generally attractive name, and with a more complete development; some of those characters, incidents and manners which had been previously the subject of his poems or at least of the interesting notes appended to them; besides the additional merit of bringing new periods and events, together with actors and sufferers of a different stamp, and various countries, and more engrossing historical interest before the delighted reader. He succeeded in shedding a fresh grace over what before was sufficiently important and pleasing; and he carried his triumph to the highest, when he turned the attention, the anxiety, the curiosity, the zeal and the industry of scholars and men of the world, of professional men and merchants, of theologians and of soldiers, of solemn duchesses and pretty milliners, of gay colonels and bookish curates, to the neglected records of his country and of other countries, to the moral and the spirit of their history and to the more striking lineaments even of their physical aspect. The old, grim, repulsive and mummy-like features of antiquarian study, began to look bland, and fresh, and smiling beneath his touch; and faces of youth and beauty and forms of elegance and of majesty, peered forth from the dusty, neglected, and almost forgotten recesses of history; and beneath the veil of what is very incorrectly denominated fiction, began to invite and seduce, into the most serious and useful branches of learning, those classes of readers, who, before this remarkable revolution, had been the sworn enemies of every thing like close application or regular pursuits. There *must be* readers of poetry and devourers of novels, in this imperfect world of ours, and, in spite

of the "saints" of the Evangelical Magazine, and the dogged and grumbling utility-men of the Westminster Review. The sinful and backsliding romancers must be permitted to remain on this earth, being really too numerous and too fair a portion of mankind to be piously exterminated *at one fell swoop*—being unfit for heaven, at least for the heaven of the bigots, and not being as yet so godless and cast-away, as to merit hell-fire. The more humane and charitable line of conduct towards them, in our opinion, would be to convert, not to destroy them: and the most judicious and practicable plan for their conversion and improvement, is to neutralize the poison that lurks, or may lurk in their favourite banquet, and, through the medium of their idolatry, and the responses of their beloved oracles, to win them back, unconsciously it may be, but on that account, the more certainly and safely to the sound and "true faith."

Of this important and valuable mission, Sir Walter is unquestionably the chief apostle; his labours have been more unswerving, his zeal more enthusiastic, his plans better concerted, and his success more brilliant than that of any of his fellow-labourers;—for he has had his fellow-labourers, in this, his high vocation, with fainter or stronger traits of resemblance to himself, with nearer or more remote approaches to his excellence, and, of course, with various and corresponding degrees of effect upon the public mind. The influence of his name and of his writings, has not only spread over the whole of Europe, but has reached the Transatlantic regions, and, besides creating unbounded admiration for what he has himself produced, has also kindled into life and hope and emulation, the kindred genius of some powerful writers in that quarter of the world, who, with scanty materials, and none of the charms and attractions linked with old historical recollections, at their disposal, have absolutely done wonders, and have gone very near rivaling the great parent fountain, out of which they first imbibed the generous inspiration by which they have been sustained and invigorated. His works have been read and admired—they have also been imitated; and the healthful progeny which has grown up, on every soil and under every climate, at the bidding, and by the genial and fostering care of the master-spirit, are stamped with his image, and are fast springing into the towering elevation and the gigantic dimensions of his frame. In Ireland, and for Ireland, little or nothing had been done, at least in that peculiar walk of literature. that the great writer we are speaking of, has chosen to tread, and to illuminate. It was not a dearth, but a squandering and misapplication of native genius that we laboured under. We had a plentiful stock of impassioned declamation, of splendid bar-eloquence, of exquisite dramatic productions (the most fascinating, witty, and sparkling comic writers in the English language, we know to have been Irishmen;) of history, we had what was very poor and very objectionable, we had the miracles and dreams and drivelling of old rhyming satanists, succeeded and replaced by the petulence and calumnies, and the hot and acrimonious recriminations of conflicting zealots and fiery partisans, whose industry was mischievous, and whose indolence was full of malice; who searched no question to the bottom, lest they should stumble on the truth that lay *there*, and that they instinctively recoiled from; who fumbled amongst manuscripts and memoirs, not to investigate facts, but to vindicate party, and to support theory; who battled for victory, not for virtue, and who practiced to perfection, the important artifice of *remembering to forget*, whenever occasion should require. The names of Currie, Leland and Plowden, furnish the only exception worth noticing, to the above state-

ment; and even these have a great many literary imperfections on their head, and are tolerated, simply because we have no better. In poetry, the only author deserving of attention, is Moore; who, though he has accomplished to this hour no one *great* national work that we had a right to expect from his rich and brilliant fancy,—his copious knowledge, and his unquestioned and disinterested patriotism, has made a temporary, but inadequate compensation, by publishing his Irish melodies, in which he has “married the beautiful and affecting airs of his country, to his own immortal verse.” Most of what he has already written, is exquisite in its kind—but it contains not enough of what is Irish; and this is not the place to pen fruitless lamentations, or utter unavailing censure on the caprice, the wantonness, or the supineness of his muse. Shiel, to be sure, idolizes Ireland and liberty, but he has not yet done any thing of consequence in their behalf, but uttered a number of fervidly-eloquent and poetically-garnished harangues. He has toyed and dallied with the Tragic drama—but it is not Irish, and it will live no longer than the equally-beautiful and highly-finished and richly embellished trifling of his contemporaries—Bowles, and Haynes, and Milman, and Croly and Hemans—all very fine and declamatory, and descriptive and poetical; but displaying none of the power and bustle and variety and life of the genuine drama, destined of course, to enjoy a frail and fluctuating reputation, and, to outlive it. We have lost Maturin, whose astonishing genius created an atmosphere of poetry around him, which he breathed in the midst of the stale and heartless realities of every-day life, and the distressing vicissitudes of his humble and unprotected condition; his eccentricities, though great, were studiously exaggerated by meanness and by malice; his pride still greater, was not soothed, but repelled by vulgarity, and by the superciliousness of those whom accident had placed above him; it was often goaded into madness by the dependant condition in which his young and helpless family, and his amiable wife were sunk, and the terrible disappointments that, from time to time, quashed his endeavours to extricate them from it; his talents greater than either his pride or his eccentricities, were exerted by fits and starts, and were perpetually straightened and cramped, and awkwardly recalled from their free-born and natural impulses and aim, by the demure and pharisaical trammels of professional prejudices and etiquette. Yet he exhibited marvellous power, even in his earliest efforts. The great passions were those he excelled in delineating, and the incidents by which they came to be more fully developed, and more searchingly analyzed, events of great magnitude, and situations of extraordinary interest, peril, and delicacy, when the passions are made to conflict with each other, and to wreak their storm of blight and death upon the victim who endures them. The hurricane of the soul, which rushes along, and sweeps whatever is most flourishing and stately, down into dismantled wrecks, and scattered and shrivelled fragments; or the whirlpool which boils and foams, and devours all that is beautiful, and all that is happy, and leaves not even a vestige, or floating emblem of what is gone down for ever into the dark and fathomless waste; the tremendous extremities of all consuming sorrow, as well as of intoxicating pleasure, were the themes he was fondest, and best qualified to paint—because he felt the prototype within his own agonized spirit. It would be difficult to point out in the whole range of first-rate romances, any thing half so *powerful* and *impassioned* as his “Milesian chief,” his “Montorio,” his “Melmoth,” and his “*Pour et contre* ;” notwithstanding the tasteless extravagance and unrestrained exuberance of some parts of the imagery, and the swollen and unchastised.

Orientalism of his diction in some passages; notwithstanding, also, the recent political animosities and heart-burnings on which he touched in one of those fictions, and the fanaticism he so pungently ridiculed in another.

We had once great hopes of Lady Morgan, but those hopes have been nearly extinguished. We know full well that she can never cease to love Ireland; but latterly, the singleness of her attachment to it has been divided, and its strength has been diluted by her wide-spreading *cosmopolitism*, and all-embracing Theophilanthropy, since she has taken it into her head to lord it over Austria, to preach to the Pope, write about Italy and painting, concoct crude constitutions, digest precious *morceaux* of deism, assume at once, and manfully, the philosophical breeches, and become a she-Cloots, the orator of the human race. She has performed nothing for her country equal to her "Wild Irish Girl," which, spite of its undeniable faults, had many excellencies of a high order, and breathed a patriotism at once delicate, enthusiastic, and tender. "Florence M'Carthy" is a flat concern altogether; though it pretends to a more emphatic, and imposing character. The feeling that, here and there, gleams through its weary pages, always ends in sentimentalism, and is dashed over by a tide of languid declamation. She is frequently striking and even picturesque in the descriptive parts; but she fails most deplorably, while essaying any thing like a sample of humour: it being in fact, a feeble and pitiable transcript of the vulgar slang of Dublin wittlings, or else a broad and exaggerated version of rustic blunders, and hackney-men's drollery. If, in truth, as we anxiously desire, she were converted, then she would live in the undying memory and gratitude of the Island that has given her birth! If her fine talents were won back to more legitimate, and more truly glorious purposes than she has recently kept in view; then, our beautiful legends, our traditional lore, our innumerable historical incidents, (full of thrilling interest, and bearing the impress of a high moral grandeur, which the meagre and trivial and impoverished channels that have conveyed them down to our times, have been unable to degrade, though they have made them obscure) would be presented to us in some becoming dress, and with their appropriate ornaments, by the genius of Lady Morgan—for she has the gift, though it is perverted. But in order to bring about the above desirable consummation, she, or whoever else is destined by heaven, to break the spell that enchains us, and to accomplish the prophecy of our intellectual ascendancy, must devote to this paramount emprise, the individual and unwearied earnestness of constant labour, the patient accumulation of rich materials, and above all, a heart-felt and generous sympathy.

Of Miss Edgworth, it is unnecessary to say any thing: her meritorious exertions, having placed her far above our censure or our praise. In the department of fiction that she has chosen to adorn, she has stood, and will stand, without a compeer. She has resisted the temptation, so readily yielded to by inferior writers, of earning a splendid but transient popularity, by catering for the prevailing taste, and falling in with the fashionable current of perplexed intrigues, sentimental amours, hair-breath escapes, enchanting and angelic heroines, most accomplished swains, and sighing heroes. She has disciplined her acute and powerful mind, to the humble but noble task of making fictitious narrative the vehicle of the most substantial and useful instruction; for the correction of the inveterate prejudices, the silly pride, the ruinous folly, or laughable affectations that beset every class of Irish society, and proved so formidable an obstacle to the improvement

and happiness of private life. She is entitled for this important service, to the gratitude of every citizen in the community, and of every lover of mankind. But we must be free to say, that the bias—useful, important and invaluable, though it is—that her genius has been necessarily subjected to, in the discharge of her vocation as our great moral teacher, must, in so far, disqualify her from executing with success and vigour, that particular branch of literary labour to which we referred above, and which has not as yet met in Ireland, a truly competent artist. Miss Edgeworth is too deeply and exclusively busied—and profitably and laudably busied—in present interests and necessities, and in the removal of existing defects, and the exploding of absurdities that have been long and fatally incorporated in the tissue of ordinary life, to be able to go back into past scenes, and bring before her own conceptions, and the delighted attention of her readers, forms and manners, costumes and opinions, discussions and revolutions, that belonged to periods now enveloped in the dim and indistinct shadows of remote history.

It was in the company of this admirable writer and accomplished woman, that Sir Walter Scott, together with his son and daughter, and his son-in-law, Mr. Lockhart, so justly distinguished for the beauty, and strength, and originality of his writings, made their rapid summer excursion throughout Ireland; touching of course at the principal points of attraction; but staying at no place long enough, either to become acquainted with the more interesting localities, and the moral and historical associations linked with them, or to enjoy the alternate softness and grandeur of the scenery, which, at every step, must have gratified their view. He had scarcely time to glance, even superficially, at so many objects that courted his attention—and were worthy of it. But labouring, as he was reported to do, under certain restrictions as to time, he could not indeed have done better, than to take as the companion of his journey, the respected individual, who was able and willing to supply every broken or missing link, in the train of his observations or of his reflections, and to correct, by the genuine wit, the profound discernment, the correct and classic taste, and the truly philosophical impartiality of the first of Irishwomen, whatever degree of misconception, undue prepossession, imperfect knowledge, misinformation, or hasty induction, may still be supposed to cleave to the character and the genius of the greatest writer of Scotland. We hope that he will not long defer the period of revisiting our Island, and of proving that his first hasty interview, only engendered a stronger wish to be on a more intimate and friendly footing with us. As we have already trespassed so far, in this article, on the patience of our readers, we willingly defer to a future occasion, the discussion of the question, whether the great Scottish poet and novelist, may be equally qualified to illustrate the history, the traditions, superstitions, and the fluctuating destinies of Ireland.

ATTEMPTED FROM THE ITALIAN OF PETRARCH.

Soft lightnings played within her eyes
 On me so sweetly glanced,
 And from her heart in murmuring sighs
 Such eloquence appeared to rise—
 I gazed like one entranced.

And still my bosom inly burns
 Whene'er the memory returns,
 Of that beloved and blissful day,
 When my glad spirit died away,
 Before the unaccustomed ray.

The child of sorrow ! I had borne
 Better perchance her chilling scorn,
 [That misery and woe
 Alas, too well I know—]
 But such a look and tone
 To me so long unknown
 Thrilled thro' my weak heart with the gush
 Of trembling hope and terrors rush,—
 So rapid that my fainting breath,
 Had nearly sought relief in death.—

SONG.

Air—"Gramachree."

The rose he gave is wither'd now,
 The song he lov'd is mute ;
 He left me but a perjur'd vow,
 A broken heart and lute.
 I flung away the lute he gave,—
 I sang of slighted truth—
 My last low dirge above the grave
 Of love, and hope, and youth.

I tore the rose with heartless mirth,
 Like his, who mock'd my pain,
 I dash'd the lute against the earth—
 It never spoke again.
 The night winds o'er one tuneless string
 Make their unearthly moan,
 As if the buried dead could sing
 Of hearts that break alone.

THE PROTEGÉ.

CHAPTER—I.

Although I have since enjoyed much polished society, and it has been my good fortune, among brilliant men of wit and letters—yet, I have never known such evenings as those on which I now look back, passed with a few individuals, in an obscure coffee-room, in an obscure part of London. Perhaps it was that a little learning found where it is scarcely expected, is a feast of more relish, than a banquet of it, to which one is invited; its homeliness gave the zest; at all events, there was not that nominal pleasure and real trouble, which the obligations and customs of society generally give to it. How often has the inclemency of the weather,—that barrier to social enjoyments—the whistling storm, been to our little crew, the boat-swain's pipe that called all hands to trim the fire, and with debates and tales, show it defiance, quaffing tea and coffee, until “frequent cups prolonged the rich repast.” Often tracking my way home at night, through snow, preserving the last glowing heat of the fire on my clothes, and some amusing anecdote in my head, I have been reminded of my musings, by walking beyond my lodgings, and having to retrace my steps.

The men I used to meet there, I believe are all now dead, and though I may boast of troops of friends, whose talents and acquirements far exceeded theirs, and for whom I entertain more affection, such is the waywardness of the human heart, as my eye reverts, it fills almost with tears, and I dwell on the past, as an irreparable loss.

Economy induced me to frequent the place where I casually met the subject of this paper, my means were then limited, and to save fire and candle light during the long winter evenings, I took a book with me to fill up the time. I was a sober sort of man, and there I met others like myself, except one little old gentleman, who took brandy in his tea, and always slept after it; he was advanced in life, and occupied a corner that was privileged, and considered as his own; he generally snuffed the candle with his fingers before he settled himself to rest; and always obtained from the waiter, or some one near him a pinch of snuff when he awoke. If it was not to be procured, he soon after left the room. The evening papers generally kept the company in silence, or caused a debate, particularly if a lively, loquacious, bustling, short thick-set gentleman happened to be there, who was an Etonian, a graduate of * * * College, Cambridge, and, consequently, school-fellow, and intimate with all the leading men in power. Politics were his bane, and often ours, for it prevented his rising in the world, and our conversing on any other subject. Political economy was a favourite theme, that shallow puddle in philosophy, where men have sufficient water to drown themselves, but never enough to swim in. He was then in opposition, a Foxite, and continually writing letters in the shape of pamphlets to ministers, the secretary of state or his Majesty, which he often distributed in the room, and bade us read at our leisure. This gentleman and the little man in the corner, who always talked of Lord North's administration, and what he knew of the American War, were continually engaged with men and measures, corruption and influence. The little man with his pinch of snuff in his fingers, the other hand disengaged for the purpose of demonstrating and invigorating his logic,

whose fluency was then an overpowering argument, compelled admissions from his antagonist, and drove arguments out of his head, who forgot what he had said, and what he was going to say.

It was under favour of one of these uproars after the news-paper had been dispatched, there glided into the room a gentleman and lady, both young. They remained long unobserved at the other end of it, in a retired box; had taken their tea, and were about to leave the room, when the gentleman was recognized and saluted—The unusual sight of a Lady attracted notice. When gone—what new scheme is this? said the Cantab to a young man who had spoken to the gentleman before he left the room. They are going to the play, this is the third night of his interlude being played—What? is he an author too? Yes and a successful one—He has promised us all orders, but his female friend is prouder of his talents than he seems himself—She is very handsome—a fine countenance—yes, both intelligent and accomplished, far beyond her situation in life. But he is so wild, said the little gentleman, having finished his snuff in the late argument; he was now more asleep than awake. I'll see the interlude, said the Cantab, before I get the order, I like that young man, and went out—deep sleep came upon the little man in the corner, and I fell into conversation with the young author's friend. I had heard these two frequently engaged in conversation, but never before ventured to join either of them; I had exchanged ordinary civilities and no more. Struck by their low murmuring conversations, rising frequently to the animated sounds of controversy, until I became a judge from the tones of their voice of the subject of them—the lively treble in which they told their love affairs, the graver tones on money matters, the deep diapason tones of metaphysics, and still more unaccountable and mysterious changes of the voice, which I learnt soon after were belonging to the occult sciences.

Before this evening I had considered this young man morose and repulsive, or one of those difficult men we meet in society, who say little and pass for knowing much—diagrams that puzzle us without inducing us to demonstrate them, not much observed or relished. However I thought I had an opportunity and I'd try him. It was no pleasant encounter, for I am much influenced by the turn of a face, from which I contract prejudices, and his hepatic complexion, protruding cheek bone, silent deep set eye, with scattered eye brows, scarcely won me—But he had a falling under lip, that I have known sometimes to indicate a talker. He gave some account of the author who interested me much more, or rather painter, as he proved to be in the sequel of his Story.

His father was an Irish gentleman, ruined by getting a prize in the lottery, he used to say that God was very good to him, and he, in return, would be very good to God. He therefore applied himself to eating and drinking, got into luxurious habits, gout and other disorders, the fruits of dissipation; neglected his business, contracted an immortal law-suit, and died a beggar. His son, then young, was tolerably educated, but excelled in drawing, a circumstance to which he was indebted afterwards for his livelihood. About three years ago, he found a picture in a garret, which in his sanguine opinion, was a valuable Titian, and brought it to this country to make his fortune, and enable him to prosecute his studies. About twelve months ago, he sold it much under its value to some picture dealer, and he has been enjoying himself on the price of it, I fear it has had no better effect on him, than the prize in the lottery had on his father.

He is the most melancholy and the most lifeless man, unaccountably freakish, sober, and extravagant, full of contradictions, sensible and absurd, but always impelled by his feeling and imagination. His money was nearly exhausted some time ago, by lending to hangers on, and partly by curious inventions, when he suddenly took a new turn—He applied as a scene painter, and got the situation at one of the Theatres, his occupation gave him free access to the house, and the amusement working on his pre-disposition to scribble, (his was not quite “an unlettered muse,”) he formed a little story of * * *, the Blacksmith of Antwerp, into an interlude, it was accepted and will be in all probability frequently played, but with so little profit to himself, that he will be scarcely encouraged to make another attempt. It has only served to give him some distinction among his employers, and I fear among the ladies—what, you do not imagine that lady who was here with him an actress?—Indeed I do, for I saw her perform the principal part in his piece—a ruinous connexion then I fear it is for him,—yes, for it has already made him so idle and so poor, and I never like to see a young man growing smart in his appearance, and getting in debt, particularly when it used to be the reverse; still he has a high sense of honour.

I had been sitting at the end of the room where this pair had secluded themselves, and as my powers of abstraction are always overcome by music and women, my attention was unavoidably drawn towards them. There is a tone of voice, like Cordilia’s, “ever low, gentle, and soft,” with somewhat of imploring in it, that fascinates the ear, “an excellent quality in women,” I always envy the man to whom it is addressed. This lady had in addition to her beauty, this quality. She had to entreat for something, and her friend drew out these sweet tones by a playful obstinacy as he said smiling, to teach her both patience and perseverance, two excellent virtues, rarely acquired without sacrifices, and which young gentlemen only undertake to teach. I heard no more, they were preparing to go, (I could perceive before I was told,) to the Theatre, for it is always a brisk moment of expectation to a female; for it recalls to them some past enjoyment, it is generally the representation of their favourite passion; but on this occasion, it was the actress about to display the genuine operation of that passion on her own feelings—to increase the reputation of her real lover—to give all the charms of truth to fiction, and win the sweet praise that made her lover doubly dear.

It was an extraordinary occasion which brought this lady to the coffee-house, she never again made her appearance there.

CHAPTER—II.

Beattie has, in his *Minstrel*, traced the interesting progress of genius, led from the admiration of the works of nature, to that of intellectual beauty and truth, advancing in knowledge and virtue. This in poetry, or in a better state is natural, easy and possible; but the reverse too frequently falls under our observation:—the degradation of genius, as it sinks through each.

opprobrious stage, from enthusiasm to remorse, that false ambition, vice or weakness, expose him to, when his endowments are ill directed.

In a profession like that of painting, the life of an artist is one of observation, his contemplative existence is the history rather of thought than of action, yet, he must unite with it the laborious patience of the mechanic. The vagrant indulgence of a volatile temper, must carry off with it the very necessary power of application and thinking, and the crowd that enter the art with slight education, limited means, unsettled habits, no imagination, and less enthusiasm, have their love of action and talents turned into the bustling love of gain, or some fatal flaw in their characters gives way under the pressure of benefits, that a little sagacity or ordinary prudence might have secured.

Mr. Morris was eager in whatever pursuit he adopted for a time, and much influenced by his feelings, which were early indulged amidst the wild scenery of his country. His associates, and reading, contributed to give him a romantic turn. While his countenance frequently betrayed a melancholy character, he has declared the world too tame for him, and desired to feel the rapid motion attributed to it by philosophers. He has often declared the happiest moments of his life, were those passed alone, but particularly on the rocky coast, where his father used to reside; there, drenched with the spray, he used to visit the light-house, delight in the tremulous motion given to it by the storm, as if the thunders imparted a nervous sensation, as it is said to do to animals; or leaving this place, to find his uncertain path over rocks and furze and heath, an "uncouth way" at night, when heaven lent its lightnings to direct him home, and the tumultuous storm bid him hasten on. But it was not the sublimity of the storm alone, that led him to the wild promontory, nor the splendour of the setting sun, nor the serene aspect of the rising moon, peeping over the distant head-land, rendering invisible to the observant mariner, the pale light of the revolving lamp: no, "'twas something more exquisite still." The officer at the Martello tower, which stood near the light-house, had a lovely daughter. She was Morris's first love, and until he left the country, she was his entire love, but his father's good or ill fortune drew him from his farming to the city, and the lady, unequal to the severity of winters in so exposed a situation, declined in her health, and died. I possess a poem, addressed to her about this time, in the sequel of this story, the reader will, perhaps, learn how it was procured, and judge of his susceptibility at that period.

Like others, it was in the city he first babbled of green fields, before he had intercourse with the genius of the garret. It was his solitary walks amidst rocks, sequestered dingles, and pastoral glens, taught him where he passed the early and best period of his life,—but it passed too swiftly away. He has since said he acquired more knowledge with a little reading—for he could even then reflect and observe,—than years of experience with greater application could bestow.

The accidents in life, which put men in possession of advantages, also try them, as they operate either on good sense or passion, and their effect may be known long before the result has shown it more clearly. Passion wastes and dissipates whatever it obtains, while more cool, but no less ardent sense, amasses power, and boards every advantage, profits by every acquisition, until it accumulates a beneficial stock, on which it can draw; but I retard my story by anticipating its moral.

I might have long gone on, observing the various visitors to this room, without forming an acquaintance with any of them, had not important news of a victory in Spain arrived, the account of which, was expected on the evening's paper. The night was wet, and the room filled with strangers—a general conversation was going on, while all showed a great anxiety to see the news-paper, and all were very willing to oblige his neighbour, when he was done with it. The little gentleman in the corner had a sleepless night, waiting for his turn, and looking now and again to a long neglected notice, posted over the mantle-piece, “that no gentleman would keep the paper, above five minutes.” At length his time came, not until he had taken in his impatience several pinches of snuff more than ordinary, and at least twice as much brandy. He leered with delight as he received the paper, and bowing with an excess of politeness, did not perceive his upsetting some tea into the waiter's snuff-box which stood near his elbow. The gentleman who handed the paper to him made some objection to a latin quotation which was applied to the Duke of Wellington, and remarked an error in it, the old gentleman said the application was forced. The parties could not agree about the mode of correcting it, and a very learned dispute was about to ensue, when the old gentleman applied to the box, and impasted a knob of snuff under his nose, in such a manner as to disturb the gravity of his opponent, as well as the whole audience. In the midst of a burst of laughter entered our Protégé. I had hinted at the reading of the passage, and the possibility of an error in printing. Mr. Morris drew from his pocket a small Virgil, and read the passage, which happened to be, as I predicted, a mistake. I never before interfered or gave an opinion, my reserve kept me a stranger, but this single circumstance was the commencement of my acquaintance with Mr. Morris. The affairs on the Peninsula absorbed all other conversation, and the evening passed away without further interest.

Feeling inclined to cultivate the acquaintance of Mr. Morris, I lost no opportunity of so doing,—and one day passing near that most intricate place, the Seven dials, I overtook him near a lane, difficult to find, but not to be forgot. Exacting from him the fulfilment of a promise he made to shew me his works, I grew importunate as he appeared unwilling to comply. He said, “the truth is I am ashamed to ask you to my lodging, it is a place where I only roost, as I am continually out upon the wing, and I believe too, I can show you as many out of doors as within,—come with me to a shop window, there are three of mine in it.” He described those which I had been admiring a few minutes before I insisted on seeing his room, and entering a court by a half door made with ballusters, and swinging imperfectly on creaking hinges, I found myself in a yard with a gallery round it, where various parts of ladies' habilaments were availing themselves of the bright sunshine to dry themselves, while the sun was maliciously exposing the poverty of their owners. Under various pretexts Mr. Morris would still dissuade me from going into his lodgings, but when we arrived at the door, we were met by the very young lady who accompanied him to the coffee-room, and, after a hasty presentation, she said she had left a note for him, and calling him aside, eagerly told him what appeared to make him at the time very indignant.—He returned to me, said he had important business at the Theatre, bade me a good morning, and went off with Miss James. I lamented my loss doubly, as it appeared to be a disagreeable circumstance which deprived me of the pleasure of seeing his pictures.

Weeks had elapsed since we had thus casually met, and as usual, I went to the coffee-room, but Mr. Morris never made his appearance. Sitting one evening looking into the fire, solving the riddles there, as they explained themselves away, and melted into smoke; seeing clearly all the events, the uncertain events of my life, under the most agreeable circumstances, and lecturing myself very wisely on the advantages of a good sea-coal fire,—I was interrupted in my pursuit after truth and knowledge, by the philosophical visage of Mr. Morris's profound friend, the enigmatical Mr. Mum. After a due salem, we spoke again of our mutual acquaintance, Morris. He lamented the intimacy of his friend with Miss James, the attachment had cost him already his situation at the Theatre; for one of the managers, jealous of the cordial manner between the parties, which interfered with his own views, found it convenient to remove the cause of it; and the mysterious interview that took place near his lodgings with Miss James, was now accounted for. What next is to become of him? said Mr. Mum, as Morris entered the room. "Ha! my friend, contrivance is better than hard labour, what do you think in my exigency I have met with?—A Patron."

STANZAS.

Bright girl! thy love hath been to me
Like sun-beams on the cold dark sea,
Like music in some lonely grove,
Oh, such to me hath been thy love!

Some spirits borrow half their light
From something near them, warm and bright,
That gives its lustre, radiant—clear,
To all the lovely creatures near,
As diamond stars to dark blue skies,
And rich aigrettes to brilliant eyes.

'Tis thus on me thy splendors play,
And I but sparkle in their ray,
Thou shinest on me from afar,
My lucida!—my beauty-star!
Thy glancing eye has taught me more
Than years of cold pedantic lore;
That azure beam, so pure and bright,
Shed on me fragrance, life; and light;
As flowers, that smiling in the sun,
Grow bright with being looked upon!

SONG.

"Say have you seen a little boy,
 "Wandering up and down,
 "With every feature beaming joy,
 "Light wings, and rosy crown?"
 Yes, I have seen just such a youth,
 With each exterior charm
 Of beauty, innocence, and truth,
 Within—deceit and harm!

I saw the little urchin smile,
 And pressed him to my heart,
 But ah! beware his face of guile,
 Beware his venom'd dart,
 The poison that his kiss convey'd,
 Was fraught with magic spells,
 But I'll revenge the trick he play'd,
 I'll tell you where he dwells!

He dwells—on Bessy's coral lip,
 In Cloe's beaming eye;
 Perhaps in Fanny's sprightly trip,
 And oft in Mary's sigh,
 In Helen's gay bewitching air,
 In Belle's majestic mien,
 And in Rosina's auburn hair,
 Will sometimes sport unseen.

Some say he lurks in Sally's eye,
 In Jeany's winning smile,
 Or, caught by gay variety,
 With Kitty dwells the while;
 His ramblings you may often trace,
 On Laura's graceful arm,
 In Harriet's sweet expressive face,
 In Julia's ev'ry charm!

But some there are who smiling say,
 "That I mistake the boy,
 "That true love ne'er was known to stray,
 "In search of idle joy;"
 "'Twas fairy-fancy," they exclaim,
 "Assumed the arch disguise;
 "In Angel-love's fair form and name,
 "She cheats all heedless eyes."

But if you wish to know love's home,
 The haunt to him most dear,
 Oh, cease amongst the crowd to roam,
 You will not find him there!—
 As sparkling eye, and cheek of rose,
 But fleeting joys impart,
 He seeks for bliss, and sweet repose,
 In Clara's constant heart.

DANTE AND MILTON.

There are few points of assimilation in the poetical characters of Milton and Dante, but the merits of an author may be more fully elicited by contrast, than by analysis, and however wide the difference between the subject of *Paradise Lost*, and that of the *Divina Commedia*, the characters and scenes of the respective poems, furnish sufficient data for comparison. Milton's work, is a regularly built epic: its object is defined and legitimate. Dante's on the contrary, is the wild, irregular and fantastic structure of a gloomy and misanthropic mind. Milton recorded the feats of his immortal spirits, as one commissioned from above. He himself is pure and passionless, and apparently unaffected by the struggles, the triumphs, or the sufferings he describes. Notwithstanding the explanation Dante gives of the manner of his introduction to the infernal regions, we are inclined to suspect that his knowledge has been surreptitiously obtained. He appears like one who conversed with "guilty spirits on the midnight heath," and then, who read "the trembling world, the tales of Hell." He exhibits nothing of the serenity and self-possession which contributed so much to the solemn grandeur, and imposing majesty of Milton; on the contrary, his rapid and impetuous movements are indicative of violent passion, his song is evidently the out-pouring of a throbbing heart and troubled brain. The luminous characters of Milton's lofty record, appear as if they had been traced by a sun-beam, but Dante wrote from the very intensity of his feelings, and every word appears as if it had been engraved with a diamond's point. Milton's figures are disposed with the grace and propriety of a finished picture. Dante's characters, whether "spirits of light," or "goblins damned," pass before our eyes with all the startling animation and rapidity of a Phantasmagoria. In the one there is more regular grouping; in the other, there is more dramatic effect.

The judgment and the power which Milton has displayed in his description of the regions to which he consigned the rebellious spirits, must be obvious to the most ordinary reader. His Hell is thrown into dim perspective. We can form no definite idea either of its extent or horror—every thing is vague, limitless and unmeasured; clouds and darkness rest upon its sulphurous lakes and fiery alps, as well as upon the gloomy world on its confines. It is the *chiaro oscuro* of poet, and would appear to have been traced by the shadowy pencil of Rembrandt. The Inferno of the Italian poet, however vast and interminable it may appear at the first glance, is divided into regular circles and abysses—the degree of punishment is meted out according to the guilt of the individual, and the different compartments are numbered and marked with minute precision. Each is excellent in its way. No description could convey to us, the extent of endurance in a fallen angel, or the measure of his punishment, nor is this by any means necessary; but it is essentially necessary to present the sufferings of our fellow creatures in a tangible state, in order to entitle them to our sympathy: but if Milton's Hell surpasses Dante's in grandeur and sublimity, the latter excites deeper sensations of horror: if the view of the one fills us with awe and admiration, the other affects us with terror and affright. There is scarcely any imaginable variety of pain

mental or corporeal, which can wring the spirit or agonize the frame of man, that the Italian Poet has not brought into terrible requisition, and he details the despair, the frenzy, the pangs, the writhing and contritions of the damned, not in the cold language of second-hand narrative, but in the hurried and energetic tones of one whose eyes had ached at the spectacle, and whose heart had been riven by the horrors he describes. It is not to be supposed however, that Dante's sympathy extended to all the inmates of his horrible prison. It is a melancholy fact, that he stooped to the degradation of making his genius subservient to his passions. He represents his personal and political enemies amongst the most prominent sufferers in his *Inferno*, and he occasionally addresses them in a mingled tone of sarcastic levity, and gloomy vindictiveness. To reconcile this unamiable ferocity with the gentleness and the feeling of his ordinary moods, is a matter of no small difficulty. With the wrongs and the sufferings which bowed the lofty mind of Dante to the dust, we are well acquainted, but the humiliating circumstances which compelled him to extend the hand for bread (as he intimates in a passage of deep and bitter feeling) never lowered him so much in our opinion, as the moral degradation he has been guilty of in this respect. His conduct however, is by no means un instructive. It affords an awful illustration of the power of those passions which are generating by political and party feuds, in debasing the noblest mind, and turning the milk of human kindness into gall.

Milton's hell, it must be allowed, is not so original as Dante's. The English bard has been indebted to Tasso for many of its horrors, and in some places he has improved on Dante himself. The often quoted and beautiful sentence, in which he describes the irrevocable doom of the damned, "Hope never comes that comes to all," differs very little from the "*Laserate ogni speranza*" of the inscription over the *Inferno*. Of this inscription it would be impossible to speak in adequate terms. It would seem to have been written by the mysterious hand that traced the burning words in Balthassar's hall. Whoever has read it can scarcely succeed in effacing from his mind the impression it has made. The introduction of "*Il primo amore*" by Dante, in the formation of the infernal regions, has produced the usual display of literary trifling and microscopic subtilty from his commentators. We are quite ready to allow that Dante has been misled in some instances, by the dogmatic theology (as it has been termed) of the age in which he lived, and that he committed some grievous sins against good taste, in consequence of this gloomy enthusiasm; but it is a vulgar error to suppose that there is any thing injudicious in the introduction of this attribute of the Deity, in the formation of the infernal regions. To us it appears a stroke of inimitable beauty. The mind of the reader would be overwhelmed by the horrors of the scene, were it not prepared to acknowledge the justice of the punishment, and what vindication of the Deity can be at once so sublime and convincing, as that which is conveyed by the simple introduction of this redeeming image—" *Il primo amore*"—It affords the same beautiful relief to the horrors of that doleful region, that the moonlight over the still waters, in the celebrated Italian night scene, affords to the gloom, the thunders, and the ghastly flames of Vesuvius. There is an idea of a different character, but of similar sweetness and beauty in one of the Psalms, where the royal minstrel prays to be delivered from the number of those who go down into hell, "O Lord they do not praise thee there." We are the more confirm-

ed in this opinion, from observing the many traits of delicacy and feeling, which Dante exhibits. Indeed there is scarcely any other author, ancient or modern, who affords so many proofs of deep sensibility, through all the gradations of the pathetic, from the soft melancholy of Paulo and Francesco da Rimini, to the soul harrowing woes of Count Ugolino. This characteristic pathos, may also be traced in the sympathy with which he describes the departed souls to feel for the objects they had cherished in this world. Neither the intense sufferings, nor the accumulated horrors of hell, are sufficient to extinguish those kindly sentiments in the breasts of the damned; and the air of heaven, instead of chilling the affections of the blessed, seems to have had the most genial influence on them;—their bosoms appear to respond more warmly than ever, to the feelings of those they loved on earth, and suspending their enjoyment, they turn with fond anxiety to the poet, to enquire about the friends and the companions they left in tears after them in this world. Who that has ever read the passage, can forget that fearful description in the *Inferno*, where Dante relates his entrance into a dreary plain, filled with burning sepulchres, and where a father is represented as slowly raising his head from the tomb in which he is consuming, to enquire about the fate of a beloved son who had survived him on earth, and, on learning the melancholy fate of his child, sinks abruptly into the flames, overwhelmed with despondence. Indeed the superiority of the Italian poet to Milton, in portraying intensity of feeling, or violence of passion, is unquestionable. There is considerable tenderness and sentiment, in many parts of *Paradise Lost*, but very little of deep pathos; possibly the subject did not admit of it, but even if we examine the nature, and observe the tendency of Milton's genius, it will not be found very favourable to this species of excellence; it was too unearthly, too passionless; it delighted only in the abstract and supernatural; it loved to dive amid the gloomy depths of the bottomless abyss, and skim along the Stygian pool, or to visit some lonely and secluded spot of earth, and view creation in the freshness of its primal bloom, or, to soar amid the solitude of the highest heaven; but it shrunk with fastidious sensitiveness from the busy haunts of men, and exhibiting an indifference, amounting to apathy, for the objects of their toils, and of their passions. In fact, we look upon this poem, as the transcript of some celestial record,—like the prophet of old, he appears to draw his knowledge and his inspiration from some mysterious volume, presented to him in a glorious vision. Dante, on the contrary, wrote like one who had staked his hopes and his happiness on the promises of the world, and whose heart was crushed by its treachery. He appears to have consulted only the feelings of his own breast, and he may be said to have drawn his inspiration from his misfortunes. He elevated the objects of his love, to regions of never fading joy and light, and consigned the objects of his hatred, to bottomless perdition.

The description of those rebel spirits, who, retired apart from the rest, sung "with notes angelical," their own heroic deeds, and hapless fall; Satan's address to the sun, in the commencement of the fourth book; the allusion to his own blindness, which the poet makes in his inimitable apostrophe to the Holy Light; some of the scenes between Adam and Eve, but particularly the farewell to Paradise, are about the most affecting passages of *Paradise Lost*. The latter indeed, is of more frequent quotation than the others, and ranks very high, as an instance of the pathetic, in the routine of school declamation; but the fact is, that no one ever has been deeply affected

by this passage. It demands the unqualified admiration of every lover of poetry, for its eloquence.—It is glittering with the hues of the sunny arch, and redolent with all the sweets of the muse's bower; but it bears the character of some of Milton's elegiac pieces. It is too eloquent and ornate, and the consequence is, that it draws down but few tributary tears. Besides, at the time of perusal, we cannot sufficiently estimate the magnitude of the evil. The eye of the reader cannot pervade the dim vista of futurity, nor can the mind enter into any theological calculations on the extent of the calamity which was then inflicted on mankind. Even were this possible, the universality of the misfortune would only tend perhaps to render its claim on individual sympathy more precarious. For our own parts, we look upon Satan's magnificent address to the sun, as the most affecting part of the poem, and yet, who can say, that he will rise from the perusal of it, with the same feeling that he would from the reading of *Lear* or *Othello*?

The distinction between Dante's pathos, and that of Milton, must be apparent to the most superficial reader. Milton's sorrow flows in a pensive and shaded stream, but they are the bright and transparent waters of an untroubled fountain. The current of Dante's grief, is dark and troubled, it flows amid wailing and gnashing of teeth, and resembles that mournful river that winds through his own Hell, and whose source is fed by the tears of the miserable in this world. The devils of Milton's creation, are infinitely superior to those which Dante has presented us with. The latter, it must be allowed, are introduced for the most part, in a subordinate capacity, as guides or executioners, whilst the former are about the leading characters of the poem. The consequence has been, that the Italian fiends are very ordinary personages, mere common-place devils, sufficiently cruel, spiteful, and malicious, but without the intellect, the energy, or the hauteur of Milton's fallen spirits. However loud and declamatory, the latter may be, in war and council, they are, for the most part, sullen and uncomplaining in their sufferings. Their silent endurance, forms a strong contrast with the shrieks of agonizing pain, the shouts of despair, and the hissing blasphemies which rise in wild tumult, from the centre of Dante's Hell.

Milton's arch-field is universally allowed to be a *chef d'œuvre*. To institute a comparison between him and the three-headed monster, which Dante has drawn, would be ludicrous. The latter is puerile and unmeaning. Like an Indian idol, a mere thing of grimace and deformity, whilst at every point, and in every situation, we view the former, he is nothing less, than Arch-angel ruined, whether like the destroying angel, with outstretched arm, threatening universal ruin, and arrested only by the might of Omnipotence,—or, “hurled down headlong from the precipice of Heaven,” pursued by “sulphurous hail and thunder, winged with red lightning,” or “chained upon the burning lake, overwhelmed with floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,”—or, like the eclipsed sun, shedding disastrous twilight; or, in his wrathful mood, like the boding comet, shaking war and pestilence from its horrid hair;—or, after defeat, scowling amid the gloom of hell, with faded brow, and face entrenched with thunder-scars; his looks, his gestures, and his attitudes, are those of excessive daring, indomitable energy, or supernatural endurance. Much of the mannerism of the respective poets may be discovered in the monsters they have introduced. Milton's Sin and Death, however they may have shocked the classic taste of the French literary dandies, are certainly *chef-d'œuvres* of mon-

stocity, the beau ideal of the horrible and atrocious;—in sublimity and power, they are much beyond the infernal caricatures of Dante; the latter are hideous figures, and on the whole, too fantastic and disgusting.

We have no state in Dante, analogous to Milton's paradise of fools. It appears to have been suggested to the English Bard, by Ariosto's moon. But Milton's Eden, and Dante's Purgatorio, display a kindred style of painting. In each, we have the same delicate touches and harmonious colouring. The Purgatorio appears to be, "that genial clime, not unvisited by heaven's light," which was sought for in vain, by Satan and his associates. It is true, that with the exception of its highest grade, the *Paradiso terrestre*, it is by no means a state of enjoyment; but there is very little of actual suffering, and the prevailing sentiment on which the Poet dwells, and which he turns to such account, is the regret which the exiled spirits feel at the length of their banishment from the mansions of their father's house. Nothing indeed can be more beautiful or spirit-stirring, than the commencement of the canto in which he describes his entrance into the Purgatorio. The lyric burst with which he announces the transition, the bright images and allusions which he introduces, the kindly flow of his feelings, and the modulation of the voice, announce to us at once, that we have entered the regions of Hope, and the heart of the reader bounds with sympathetic emotion at his first exclamation "*O dolce color della oiental zaffir.a*" After passing through the valley of the shadow of death, where the mind was bowed down and oppressed by the most overwhelming horrors, the effect of the transition is perfectly electrical. Instead of the writhing and contorsions of the damned souls, suffering under the extremity of pain, and giving expression to their feelings in the language of despair and blasphemy,—we have groups of pensive spirits singing the '*agnus Dei*' and '*salve regina*,' and looking with fond anticipation towards those blissful regions, where the tears are wiped from every eye.

Although we prefer the Inferno and Purgatorio to the Paradiso, we consider Dante's Heaven a much more spiritual and intellectual abode than Milton's. Raphael remarked with great truth, that the latter had little to boast over Eden. It is a beautiful landscape, and on the whole, somewhat bolder and more picturesque than the earthly Paradise; but the outlines and colourings of the two, are perfectly similar. The inhabitants of the celestial sphere, are also very little removed from creatures of clay. The angels go to lunch and sleep, with the prosaic regularity of the drowsy children of earth. Even Raphael himself, who is a character of eminent grace and beauty, and whose account of the creation is of the highest order of poetical excellence, in order to justify the keen dispatch with which he partook of Adam's meal, has been compelled to introduce as wild, fanciful, and hopeless a theory on the nature of "Angelic digestion," as ever crossed the visionary brain of a German metaphysician. How much more sublime and impressive is "the still small voice" of the Scripture, than all the speeches which Milton has assigned to the Deity. The cause of his failure in this respect, is pretty evident. In attempting to give us definite ideas of the enjoyments of a higher sphere, he has become too material; and in endeavouring to adapt the aspect of his celestial spirits, for the weakness and imperfection of mortal vision, he has robbed them of all the glory of their immortal brows. Every thing in Dante's Heaven, is of a spiritual and intellectual nature, and his making the bliss of Paradise consist in the Beatific vision, is in much better taste than Milton's

nectar and ambrosial fruits. The English bard, it is very evident, drew his ideas of celestial enjoyment from the resources of Heathen Mythology. The use which Dante has made of the planetary system is very ingenious. It has enabled him to represent the enjoyments of Paradise on the same graduate scale, as the punishments of hell; according as he ascends, every thing becomes mellowed by distance, the scene fades into beautiful perspective, and mystery and allegory veil the distant objects, like the bright mists of a summer sky. Whether Beatrice was intended as the spirit of his departed mistress, or a fanciful personification of Theology, is a manner of little consequence. We are the more inclined to adopt the latter opinion, from seeing the many symptoms of his enthusiasm for this sombre science. If this opinion be correct, it is certain that he must have looked upon his mistress with a poet's eye. The radiant creature he has presented to us, has neither the gloom nor the wrinkles of controversial lore upon her brow, nor the pedantry of the schools on her charmed accents. The mode in which she conducts Dante to the mansions of the blessed, is also perfectly spiritual, and corresponds with the general tenor of his design. He is attracted from sphere to sphere, by the divine emanations of her countenance, which, at every grade, shines with a brighter and a lovelier illumination, until at length it becomes too resplendant for mortal eye to look upon, and too blissful for mortal heart to bear. What a sweet and affecting image he introduces to illustrate the tenderness of those anxious looks—

"Come l'angelo intra l'amate fronde
 Posato al nido de' suoi dolci nati,
 La notte, che le cose ci nasconde
 Che per veder gli aspetti desiate
 E per trovar lo cibo onde gli pasca
 In che gravi labore gli son grati
 Previene 'l tempo in su l' aperta frasca
 E con ardente affetto il sole aspetta
 Fiso guardando, pur che l'alba pasca :
 Così la donna," &c. &c.

In estimating the average of their respective merits, it is difficult to decide in whose favour the balance inclines. With respect to originality, Dante has certainly the advantage. His character in this respect stands almost unimpeached, whilst some very grave charges have been preferred against Milton. The English bard has been accused of stealing his Eden from a Latin poem, in considerable repute, at the time he wrote—his paradise of fools from Ariosto—his hell from Tasso, and his Devils from Pulci. That some of these charges originated in prejudice and error, we are satisfied to think, and that any use he has made of the foregoing authors, can detract very little from the merits of his poetical character, we are ready to allow. But as Dante wrote at a period of comparative ignorance, as he had fewer resources to apply to, and as he drew more immediately from the depths of his own mind, it is but fair to concede to him the higher praise in this point. There were many luminaries in the horizon when Milton appeared; but Dante arose in the wane of the gothic night, and flamed like the day-star in the pale twilight of literature.

There is less analogy between the style, than between the matter of the

two poems. Dante's style is condensed and sententious to an extraordinary degree; his robe does not exhibit those ample folds, which are so well adapted to the gigantic stature of Milton, and which trail in sweeping majesty after his footsteps. It is barely sufficient to cover the colossal figure, whose muscles and sinew appear to infinite advantage through the texture.

The same distinction which marks the general tenor of their composition, holds good as to the construction of their sentences. The flow of Milton's sonorous periods, may be compared to the notes of some Cathedral organ—It is a brave and swelling tide of song, which bears up its subject in triumphant majesty. Dante's cadences resemble the rapid measure of a harp, whose chords are shaken by the emotions of its master. Dante moves with perfect facility and grace, under the fetters of rhyme; but had Milton been encumbered by these gothic shackles, he could never have raised himself to the eminence on which he stands, nor could his eye have glanced from "earth to heaven," from "heaven to earth," with the boldness and the freedom which characterise his inspiration. In his enthusiastic greeting of Virgil "*O degli attri poeti onore elte ume,*" &c. the Italian bard professes himself his debtor, for the beauty of his style, and declares himself to be his humble disciple and follower. Making every allowance for the honorable enthusiasm which dictated this avowal, we are by no means disposed to grant the extent of the admission." He may have chosen Virgil for his model; but if we except the mere plan of his poem, which was probably suggested by the 6th book of the *Eneid*, some of the minor deputies of the *Inferno*, and those very awkward mythological allusions, with which he, as well as Milton, has embarrassed himself, there is very little in the matter, and nothing at all in the style of the *Divina Commedia*, to remind the reader of the Mantuan Bard. He not only excells Virgil in energy, but he distances, in this respect, every profane writer of prose or poetry in ancient or modern literature.—He is more nervous than Demosthenes, and, without being so epigrammatic, he is more sententious than Junius. It is indeed a matter of profound astonishment to us, how he could have woven the silken language of his country to a texture of such strength and durability.

In tracing up whatever is peculiar in each poet to its primary source, we find the line of distinction become more clear and palpable. The unearthly grandeur and sublimity of the one, and the intense feeling and energy of the other, form their most striking characteristics. Milton's genius may be compared to the illuminated fountain of Mordechai's vision. Dante's to the sacred fire, whose flame never languished. Milton towered above the world like that shadowy figure which is represented by the Latin Poet, to walk the earth with its head buried amid the clouds. He conversed not only with the good and the bad spirits, but was familiar with all the monstrous sights and forms which existed before creation, and the tablet on which he recorded his immortal thoughts was composed of the four elements. But whether in the depths of the *Inferno* or rejoicing among the children of light, Dante's breast always throbbd with the feelings of this world. For the most part, he appears to have been conversant with "that sorrowful spirit which drieth up the bones," and to have contended with the phantoms of his own mind, from which issued a deeper darkness, and more frightful shapes, than from the Hell of the Apocalypse. The wreath which adorns the forehead of the one is composed of the leaves of the tree of life. That which binds the brow of the

other was taken from the lonely plant which grows amid the withering airs of the desert. Milton might literally be said to ride the storm, serene and contemplative in the most agitating scenes, whilst the lightening flashes around him, and the thunder rolls at his feet. The uniform expression of his countenance, like that of the archangel, is solemn and sublime. But Dante is borne impetuously forward, by the living energy of his own emotions,—his countenance appears to darken and brighten under the influence of passion, like the changing firmament,—and the springs of his genius, like the wheels of Ezekiel's chariot, are instinct with life.

TIME AND SONG.

Time thought his own to slow, they say,
 And stole the wings of Song one day,
 Deeming her pinions soft and light,
 Could best assist him in his flight.
 But Song, of her gay plumes bereft,
 Call'd Cupid to revenge the theft;
 And bade him all his malice play,
 To make Time rue that vent'rous day.

The laughing urchin gaily bound
 The flying feet with chain-work round;
 Strange rapid circles made him trace,
 And flapped his pinions in his face.
 "Oh, when to bear myself along,
 "I steal the wings of magic Song,
 "Why must I, wheresoe'er I rove
 "Be thus perplex'd, enslaved by Love?"

"I'll tell thee,—in a deadly strife,"
 Said Love, "once Music saved my life;
 "And I am sworn her bosom-friend,
 "Old man, though thy dull life should end.
 "No marvel, if to please my fair
 "I send thee waltzing through the air;—
 "Aye, shake thy sand into my eyes!
 "I've won more doubtful victories."

Song clapped her hands;—the sage himself,
 Smiled at the dear malicious elf,
 And vow'd he'd let his feet be bound,
 If he would cease to spin him round.
 Weary at last of sport and pain
 Time spread his own dull wings again.—
 Too late! the merry elves in spite
 Ne'er cess'd 'till he was kill'd outright.

A December evening was falling fast, when a traveller left the Inn of Kilworth, to pursue his journey by moonlight over the solitary mountains which divide the Counties of Cork and Tipperary. He was a man of middle age, of an athletic frame, silent and reserved in his manner, and of a singularly stern and forbidding aspect. He was apparently a stranger in the country, and his whole appearance bespoke him a traveller, rather for business, than for pleasure.—He was wrapped in a large horseman's cloak, well mounted on a powerful black horse, and carried pistols in his holsters.

As he was leaving the village, his horse cast a shoe, which compelled him to halt at a neighbouring forge. The smith was a man little liked by his neighbours, and many strange reports respecting his former avocations were afloat in the country.—The traveller and he took but little notice of each other until the horse was shod; but when the smith was receiving payment, a large scar on the stranger's right hand attracted his attention.—He raised his eyes to his face with an expression of surprise, but the instant he caught the dark stern visage of the traveller, bronzed by the ruddy light of the forge, the blood fled from his cheek, and, with a half smothered cry of horror, he dropped the money on the ground.—The eyes of the stranger literally flashed fire, and his dusky form half seen by the flickering light, seemed to dilate with very rage.—Hush! said he, in a deep voice, that the smith recognized right well,—and there was dead silence.—The smith looked fearfully round as if he thought the very walls had ears.—“Oh! blessed Virgin” said he, in a low voice, wiping his forehead with the back of his hand, “are you come for me at last,”—“ogh and its little them that's watching for you in the mountains, know who the're waiting for,”—“and must I go wid you?”—“Is not the hour come!” said the stranger sternly. “Sure enough,” said the smith with a groan,—“you'll be met on the road” added he, in a lower voice, “for as I tould you, there's them waiting that thinks to stop you—and the loading of your pistols is drawn—and the road over the mountain is set.”—The brow of the stranger grew dark as midnight, but he spoke not a word. He drew the pistols from the holsters. The smith had told him truth, the charge was gone but the priming was untouched. The smith watched him with an anxious eye as he turned towards the fire, and loaded them again. A faint and ghastly smile curled his lip for a moment, contrasting strangely with the deep gloom of his brow. The very heart of the smith died within him. The stranger replaced his pistols, and walking slowly to the door of the hut, looked forth into the night. It was dark and gloomy—the moon had not yet arisen—the clouds were gathering in shapeless and heavy masses, above the tops of the lofty mountains, and the wind came along, with that moaning, melancholy sound, which forebodes a coming storm. “In an hour” said he, the moon will rise; “till then I will remain here, and at twelve to-night, you will see me again.”—So saying he closed the door, fastened his horse to the wall, and wrapping himself in his cloak, sat down on a stone bench opposite the fire.—The smith took his seat at some distance, and both relapsed into perfect silence.

At length the moon appeared struggling with the huge and shadowy

masses of clouds, that racked along the sky. The stranger again looked forth into the night. Then turning his horse, drew the girths, and led him to the door. The smith watched him in silence. The stranger, before he mounted again, slowly turned towards him, fixing his eyes upon him with the strange expression I have already noticed. The wretched smith hid his face with his hands, nor did he stir until the sound of the horse-tramp, as it rang hollowly on the frosty ground, assured him that the stranger was gone. He watched him as long as he was in sight,—his tall dark figure still taller and darker in the moonlight, as his horse strode at a rapid pace up the mountain road. At length he disappeared in the distance, and the smith returned to his hut. He closed and barred the door, accumulating every possible fastening, with the quick and nervous haste of one under the influence of overpowering fear; but suddenly stopping—"ogh its all no use," said he, "its all no use, and sure I know it," "I might as well strive and keep out the wind;" and with that, he sat, or rather sank down on the seat he had left.

The traveller was pursuing his road, and had reached the top of the mountain. He reined his horse, and cast his eyes around. The prospect was dreary and wild to the last degree. A wide extent of barren and uninhabited bog, lay on either side of the road, its monotonous uniformity, only broken by patches of snow, or piles of rocks. Lofty mountains of the same cheerless and dreary character occupied the distance, and the only vestige of human habitation, was a ruined and roofless cabin, which stood by the roadside, at a short distance; its low black walls scarcely distinguishable, even in the moonlight, from the bog, of which they once had been a part. The traveller drew his right-hand pistol from his holster, cocked it, and gathering up the reins, proceeded at a slow pace, keeping a watchful eye on the ruined hut, yet not so as to attract attention. As he passed the door, a man sprang into the road. He had a blunderbuss in his hand, but while he was actually in the spring, the traveller laid him dead at his feet. He replaced his pistol, and deliberately alighted from his horse.—The moon had broken from the clouds, and was shining bright and clear.—He turned the dead man on his back—the pale clear light fell full upon his face.—His eyes were fixed and staring, and though he had passed without a groan, the parting pang had left an horrible expression on his livid features.—The stranger bent over his victim,—his dusky form and sorrowful brow, yet darker in the shade.—He gazed on him intently; and as he looked, he laughed, until the very rocks rang back the echo of his ghastly mirth. He left the dead man where he lay, and remounting his horse returned to Kilworth. It was almost twelve when he reached the inn.—He rapped loudly and long.—At length the door opened—"Where is your master?" said he to the waiter. "In bed, sir, these two hours."—"Call him" said the stranger, "I must see him immediately."—There was something of working in his tone, as he spoke.—"I durst not, sir," said the waiter, evidently disconcerted—"I could not rouse him now for any one."—"You are right, friend," said the stranger, "it will take a louder voice than your's to waken him now, but if you have a mind to try your skill, you will find him on the top of yonder mountain." "So saying, he turned his horse from the door, leaving the waiter rooted to the spot.—Of the rest of that fatal night, nothing is known. In the morning the body was found, and a warrant was issued for the apprehension of the smith. But his forge was closed, his cabin deserted, and he was heard of in that country no more.—I, myself have seen that

ill-omened forge. It is in ruins. Its situation is wild and solitary in the extreme:—The grey-headed peasant who pointed it out, told me the singular story I have just related.—He remembered well the very night. When he had done, he lowered his voice, and swore by the Holy Cross, that he himself had often heard, when passing that spot, in the deep gloom of a Winter night, the clang of sledge and anvil sounding from the ruined forge.

LE BOUQUET.

Come to my bowers—I'll cull for thee,
The fairest things that eye can see,
All those whose beauty charms the fair,
And those whose sweetness scents the air;
First, from my fragrant myrtle-grove
The leaves of truth, and flowers of love—
The Hyacinth in sculptured pride,
And that which crowns the youthful bride;
The orange-bud, whose breath exhales
A perfume rich as Indian gales;
Auriculas, both rich and rare,
And golden globes, and snowdrops fair;
And dark bright flowers of foreign dye
Glowing in nature's revelry.—
The sunflower, to her lover true,
Convolvulus with robe of blue;
And finging round her young perfume
Richly to solitude and gloom,
The tender "beauty of the night,"
And all that's young and sweet and bright.—
And violets with their deep blue eyes,
And she, the queen of all the flowers,
Who wreathes our brows, and decks our bowers,
Whose odour never dies:—
And lilies in their silver light,
Like royal maids with bosoms white;
And that young meek one of the vale,
That droops its bells so slight and pale,
And shrinks within the leaves' dark green,
As some fair girl, who pines unseen.—
And drooping flowers that look like grief;
The sweet briar with its wilding leaf,
And mignonette, whose odours fly
As sweet and pure as fairy's sigh;
And tulips with their thousand dyes,
Anemonies, like evening skies,
Blue, crimson, purple, richly drest,
Looking like butterflies at rest,—
Oh, come then to my gay parterre,
For Spring has flung her riches there;
It looks as if the King of flowers
Had slept some night within my bowers.

JEPHTAS' DAUGHTER.

The tears upon her cheek were dried,
 Her song of mourning ceased to swell,
 And its last cadence gently died,
 In that dark word of grief—farewell ;
 The virgin clung in fond embrace,
 But on her calm and saintly brow,
 No earthly feeling left a trace,
 For all was sacred triumph now.

Like some sweet flower, on whose pale bloom,
 The shadowing rain-drops lightly fade,
 When trembling from the tempest's gloom,
 It smiles in Summer-pride arrayed.
 'Twas thus the victim, on whose head,
 The garland shone,—each grief beguiled,
 As brighter hopes their glory shed,—
 In her pale beauty, sweetly smiled.

She kissed her father's hand, which shook
 With pain above her bosom's swell ;
 She fixed above her steadfast look,
 And like the wounded dove she fell.
 'Twere vain to tell the joy disclosed,
 In her dark eye ;—the triumph sweat,
 Ere yet the trembling lid had closed,
 And her young heart had ceased to beat.

Then rose a wild and deep lament,
 From those who clasped her hands in death,
 But *he* who madly o'er her bent,
 Could *he* lament—could *he* forget ?
 They wailed by Galilee's dark strand,
 O'er Sion's hill, and Jordan's water,
 And many a year thro' Judah's land,
 They mourned the fate of Jephtha's daughter.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

Thou lov'st another—and we part,
 Another passion lights thy heart—
 Oh, speak not,—look not such a tale again,
 Yet let me doubt that I must love in vain.
 Though anxious fears may wear away
 My sinking form by slow decay,
 Still I can live,—and dread the worst :
 In certainty,—my heart would burst.

RECOLLECTIONS.

BIRTH DAYS—SWIFT—MATURIN.

I love old wine, old songs, old books, and one or two old women; but am choice in my old favourites. My songs must be heart-stirring, bold and chivalric, full of fire and spirit—no matter be the subject right joyous or pathetic—still reviving the scenes, the fantasies, the bright imaginings of past days. I have more than an antiquary's reverence and love for old holiday-sports, and am curious in anniversaries. Pliny tells of a Roman poet, who held the birth-day of Virgil sacred, and paid an annual visit to his tomb. I revere the memory of the poet-worshipper, and would accompany him to the shrine, and stand, full of awe, or kneel, in silent and entrancing worship, with the living bard, over the grave of the departed. I respect the birth-day, both of the living and the dead, and have many registered in my calendar, but like Pliny's friend, hold all more sacred than my own.—“Once upon a time.”—How deliciously that fine old exordium falls on the ear of the school-boy, conveying more rapture, and begetting more expectation in the youthful listener, by its shadowy, old-world, indefinite, suggestions, than all the “*beginnings*,” polished or abrupt, oratorical or epic, that are subsequently presented to the more matured, and more fastidious taste of his manhood.—“Once upon a time,” it was a day of pleasure. I remember it was a holiday, which, for many months past, I had looked forward to, with eager and restless anticipation. I rose earlier than usual on the wished-for morn, having slept but little, dreaming and musing on it, and planning what I should do, and thinking what a terrible thing it would be, if it rained. But my birth-days then, were ever fine, and the sun always shone bright, and the heavens looked clear on those days. Now, the seasons of childhood and school-time gone, they put on a more sober garb, and the heavens are sometimes clouded, and the sun is not always glorious and glowing. Formerly the days were slow in their approach. Now, they revolve almost too rapidly to be either noted or remembered.

I have a passion for Cathedrals, Abbies, old Gothic ruins, and the round towers of Ireland; and if, as Hazlitt says, there is nothing in heaven or earth but poetry, that fire and water, wood and stone, are all poetry, the very highest order of the art, is, to my imagination, a fine old Cathedral, such as my favourite, St. Patrick's;—

whose branching roof
Self-poised, and scoped into ten thousand cells,
Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
Lingering—and wandering on as loth to die,
Like thoughts, whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality!

Independently of the grandeur and beauty of this fine Gothic building, its nave, its aisles, and its monuments, it possesses the honorable distinction of being the church of Swift. The library attached to it, was his favourite resort, and “Swift's corner,” is the name of a recess in a remote part of the room. From the window of this classic spot, may be seen an interesting view of the Cathedral. The library was founded by Primat

Marsh, for the use of the good citizens of Dublin. It contains some curious books and manuscripts, and is the depository of a part of the collections of Stillingfleet and Sterne.

Old libraries afford a species of pleasure peculiar to themselves. In treading the boards of the Bodleian, you never imagine yourself to be the person that an hour before lounged in High-Street—you breathe a different atmosphere, and allow your imagination to run riot and revel in literary luxury. You sit where Milton sat, and open the volume he was wont to read. A stillness is preserved in the place, as if you feared to disturb the spirits of the past ages, who repose in its recesses. Busts of illustrious members occupy each side of the room, placed on pedestals of marble. They are the tutelary guardians of the hallowed place,—the very household gods of the University. A bust, in my mind, possesses a vast superiority (no matter how originating, as I am not now in a mood for dissertation, suppose it were from the *palpable fulness* with which it meets, and satisfies the eye and the touch,) over the finest portrait; a superiority which amply atones for the want of colour. Chantry's Scott, is an illustration in point,—this noble work, is as superior to Raeburn's picture, as the living original is to inanimate marble.

It was at Marsh's library I first saw Maturin. He was reading near Swift's window. His countenance betrayed an expression of melancholy that was distressing to look upon. But now and then a change—a fitful change, like the alternate gleaming and darkness of the conflicting passions of his own heroes—spread its transient lustre over his face. His looks brightened up into a tearful April sun-shine; his eyes beamed with that light which could only be quenched by death; and the poor curate became, for a few moments, the poet of Bertram, and of Eva. He soon again relapsed into that habitual gloom, which was too deep and settled to be ever completely dispelled. Genius in repose, and genius in action, appear as dissimilar as light and shade. Look at M * * * * hastening through Bond-Street, and who could recognize, what Sheridan compared to “a particle of fire separated from the sun, ever fluttering to get back to the source of light and heat?”

The story of Maturin is as romantic as some of his own fictions. He loved in boy-hood, and was wedded to his first-love. He entered the University at fifteen, and obtained college-honours and a scholarship, and was distinguished for his eloquence in the Historical Society, at that period, the nursery of Irish talent. From real affluence and luxury, his family were suddenly reduced to absolute poverty, and young Maturin became tutor to a few college students, who attended him, daily, at his house. At this time, he was curate of St. Peter's, and besides his other struggling exertions, was of course obliged to devote himself to the arduous duties which belonged to that humble situation. He fulfilled the trust reposed in him, and his memory will ever be held in honour in this country. It is, after all, a disheartening reflection, that, with the exception of a very few instances on record, that are remarkable for their very singularity, the vast debt which the world owes to its greatest and best benefactors,—the men of genius who have illumined, delighted, and adorned it,—should be paid in the cold and profitless oblations of posthumous renown. This sort of tribute, good for nothing, but testifying the unavailing reverence, the tardy regret of the survivors, must be gathered in mere anticipation, by the living philosopher and poet, whose mental second-sight may reveal the orient glory beginning to tinge the bo-

rizon in the distance, but it also describes the death-shroud wrapped and wreathed about his own spectral form, interposed between the *seer* and his visionary triumph. The prophet must perish before that glory is realized. These however, are the hard conditions, generally speaking, on which genius is content to pursue its own proud and solitary walk, through this dark and selfish world, towards the home of its rest, and the pure and eternal fountains of its inspirations. For the present, my recollections have borrowed a sad and sober colouring from the subject on which they have fallen, not very analogous to the buoyant spirit in which they set out at the commencement. They are however, not unlike a section of human existence itself—beginning in reckless gaiety and infantine frolic, and ending in bitter tears, and withered hopes, with an interminable and dreary waste spread out before it.

ON A PICTURE OF NAPOLEON IN HIS ROBES.

Written in 1823.

I frankly own that gilded state
Improves an old legitimate;
That in "the good old times" the Kings
Dress'd in their robes were pretty things.
For glittering crowns, and garments flowing,
Make loyal faces look more knowing;
And Majesty's a gorgeous word,
Tho' sometimes it may seem absurd,
For, sans externals, at the best
'Tis [with due reverence] but a jest.

Then let the diamond's lustre try
To light the dull unmeaning eye,
Let crimson folds and ermine screen
What's wisely kept from being seen.
They're right—the very fools and knaves,
Aye, ev'n the sycophants and slaves,
Altho' 'twould not be quite, polite,
Would laugh and sneer at such a sight.—
Oh leave then this caparison'd state,
To deck the idly, meanly, great;
Give to the pamper'd King a chance
Of homage from his warlike France,
And teach the Spaniard and the Moor
To worship Ferdinand's tambour!
To Austria's feeble Lord impart
Something in place of brains and heart;
Let suits of rich brocade bestow
A mantle for Italian woe.

But it would take up too much time,
To mention all these Kings in rhyme;
I'll just [en passant] name the Czar,
His rude Cossacks and gemm'd tiar—
A royal knave, who keenly rules
The councils of those royal fools,
Who set rights, justice, at defiance
To seal the most Holy Alliance!

The judging painter! would'st thou bind
Such trappings round the splendid mind

Trust me, the purple ill supplies
 Napoleon's living energies—
 Not all the gems of Russia's Czar,
 Could match his blazing earth-born Star—
 Not all the crowns of all the Kings
 That crouch'd beneath his eagle wings,
 No, tho' they burn'd like Afric's sky,
 Were worth one sparkle of his eye!
 Paint him, when gazing on the might
 Of Egypt's art before the fight—
 "Soldiers, from those high pyramids,
 "Ages contemplate heroes' deeds!"

Or paint that young and daring chief
 Who scal'd the Alpine snow-clad reef,
 When springing on the giant height,
 He pointed to the vallies bright,
 With ardent brow and flashing eye
 Exclaiming, "there lies Italy!"
 Dashing along the dangerous ice,
 Down many a fearful precipice,
 The foremost of th' impetuous brave
 Who rushed to glory or the grave.—
 Or he, who from his saddle-bow,
 Gave laws to half the world below.
 Paint him before or since his fall
 Hero, or captive—great in all—

Let the proud charger paw the ground,
 He brooks not to be harness'd round
 With trappings, meeter for the share
 Of horses at a country fair,
 To make the gaping rabble stare.
 I'd rather see that flashing eye
 Like his own eagle's, soaring,—high,—
 Bending its piercing glances o'er
 Enraged Passiello's score—
 See his capricious fondness tease
 The lovely child upon his knees,
 Than view him deck'd in purple state,
 Like some poor weak legitimate!
 His was that native lofty power,
 That sunk not in affliction's hour:
 He left the world a name behind,
 To prove the mastery of mind;
 A spirit grief could not enthral,
 Great in his fortunes—greater in his fall.—

The captive exile's mighty woes
 Have stain'd the annals of his foes,
 He fell—like him of ancient story,[†]
 And shook the pillars of their glory.
 England! when reel'd thy island-rock,
 All Europe felt the moral shock—
 And, doubting honor's holiest ties,
 Nations looked into nations' eyes.—
 Though conquests hang upon thy breath,
 Thy banners far and wide unfurl'd,
 Can they restore the unsullied faith
 That made thee conscience of the world?

* Napoleon's own words. "*Allez et songez que du haut de ces monumens quarante siecles vous contemplent.*"

† And Samson said "Suffer me that I may feel the pillars whereupon the house standeth that I may lean upon them," &c.—Judges. Chap. xvi.

THE CONSPIRACY OF PLAUTIAN.

[The following specimen of a translation of a very remarkable passage in Herodian, was communicated to us by a very respectable person in this city, distinguished no less by his acquirements as a scholar, than by his manners and liberality as a gentleman. To be candid, however with, him, we must avow the greater satisfaction with which an original paper from his pen, and on some subject congenial to his taste and power, would be received by us, and we venture to predict, by the public. The hint thus publicly suggested, will not, it is hoped, be lost on our worthy contributor. In the present ample supply of translations, paraphrases and imitations of the ancients,—most of them decently—and some of them admirably executed*,—a species of wealth, by which our literature is oftener enfeebled than invigorated, oftener gorged than enriched; it must be an extremely rare and beautiful passage, descriptive of a most uncommon and striking event, or illustrative of some recondite curiosity, selected out of some very rare and exquisite author, and above all, translated in a masterly and finished style—not “*done into English*.” It must be an union of all these requisites, that can justify the editor of this Magazine, to tempt the patience, and provoke the fastidiousness of his readers, by submitting to their perusal any writings of this nature. At the same time, it is obvious, that when such a production is distinguished by the qualities just stated, the public taste must be inclining somewhat to a morbid and irritable condition, if it chose to reject or disdain so fine a repast, on the mere ground of its not being a luxury of our own growth. At all events, we shall ourselves take care to recollect that our duty lies mainly in sometimes guiding, sometimes correcting, always catering for the taste of the public; laying ourselves out, fearlessly, yet respectfully, to gratify, to the utmost of our poor abilities, its craving, when it is healthy; and in gentleness and good feeling, to rectify its occasional deviations, and its little periodical irregularities. We aspire simply to the honourable and friendly cares of a physician,—not to the unenviable and questionable supremacy of a dictator. From the public—we mean the enlightened, liberal and accomplished part of it—we shall always be as willing to receive an admonition, as to give one: because with that public we are anxious to be identified, rather than sustain a separate and isolated function. As for the pert, the foppish, the ill-bred, or the humbugging set of people, who sometimes arrogate to themselves the name of “The public,” when their provocations are petty, when their guilt is diminutive like themselves, we shall allow them just to pass by for their very insignificance; but when they attempt to erect from the dust, along which they are condemned to wriggle and crawl, their hissing head and poisonous tongue, what have we more to do, than to lash down

* On the subject of translation, and on the qualifications and duties of a good translator—of one who neither enfeebles, nor vulgarizes, nor caricatures, nor traduces the original; who present to his country, in his own language, the whole unaltered *spirit*, and unshrivelled *body* of a foreign or an ancient writer; the reader is referred to Alexander Fraser Tytler's elegant and judicious essay: while, as a specimen of splendid and finished translation, comprising in itself, all that we deem requisite to give perfection to such a work, and standing unrivalled by every attempt of equal difficulty in the departments of either prose or poetry in our language. The works of Sallust, by Henry Stuart, of Allarton, are recommended to the perusal of the classic scholar.

the reptiles into their own shame, and then, if they be not quiet, to crush out their venom and their life together. We mean, of course, their *life* in a moral and literary sense, where indeed, "killing is no murder," and where the creatures have earned their extinction. But it is time to see what our translating friend has to say for himself.]

THE CONSPIRACY OF PLAUTION AGAINST SEVERUS AND CARACALLA.

*From Herodian.**

Plantian the captain of the Prætorian guards, had passed his early youth in a very obscure station, and had been banished for various crimes of which he had been proved guilty. Yet, the circumstance of having been born in Africa, the birth-place of the Emperor Severus, and still more, according to some writers, the tie of a distant relationship to the Emperor's family, linked his hopes and his fortunes to the imperial court, notwithstanding the public delinquency which ought to have clouded his prospects in that quarter. He was rapidly advanced to the highest degree of the Prince's favour, and enriched with the spoils of those unhappy persons who daily fell victims to the cruelty of the despot. No private individual could be more wealthy and powerful than this man became; but that wealth and power obtained by disgraceful and iniquitous means, he shamefully abused; for he allowed his impetuous passions and bad propensities to hurry him into such acts of violence and oppression, that his well-known character, and his detested name, were soon found to inspire as much terror as that of the most formidable tyrants. The daughter of this flagitious favourite, was however, selected by the indiscretion, or the partiality of Severus, as a wife for his son Antonious Caracalla. With such a matrimonial connexion, the arrogant and self-willed young Prince could be but little pleased; particularly as he had been driven into it by necessity, not guided by the dictates of his own choice. He alike bitterly hated the father and the daughter; and he did not affect to conceal his wishes and his intention of putting them both to death, as soon as he should be able to assume the imperial purple.

* Herodian was the son of a rhetorician of Alexandria, named Apollonius, and followed the honorable profession of his father. He flourished from the reign of the infamous and cruel Commodus, to that of the third Gordian; that is, from the 180th, to the 240th year of the Christian era. He appears to have passed his life principally at Rome, engaged in various public employments, with which, as he himself says, he was invested by the prince and the state. The history of the Roman empire, written by him, embracing the important period that elapsed between the death of Marcus Aurelius, and that of Maximus and Balbinus, is highly esteemed, for the honest boldness and fidelity of the narrative. His style is natural and pleasing, although he does not appear in some instances, to be sufficiently judicious and master, in the use of rhetorical ornaments, his declamatory profession having probably interfered, as it always does, with the graver and more majestic graces, and the rich, yet unostentatious and untried splendour that belong to legitimate historical composition. His Greek, indeed, is rather florid than pure, and may be regarded as holding nearly the same rank, as the Latin of Quintus Curtius. He displays no great elevation of mind, no extent of erudition, no great depth of penetration, yet, he may be justly considered, an agreeable writer, and an amusing, if not an instructive, narrator of facts.

Being informed by his daughter, of the hatred and menaces of her indignant husband, Plautian was enraged even to madness. When he reflected that the Emperor was now an old man, and frequently subject to attacks of dangerous maladies, and that Caracalla was a fierce and headstrong youth, he became seriously alarmed at the threats he had heard, and resolved upon striking a bold and decisive stroke, before he should be crushed by the impending ruin.

It was not, however, by fear alone, that he was urged to so daring and rash an enterprise; ambition, also prompted, and various favourable circumstances emboldened his design. Riches, such as fell to the lot of no other subject; the supposed devotedness of the *Pretorian guards*; the implicit deference yielded universally throughout the empire to the man, whoever he might be, that was in possession of the avenues to power and the places of trust, at Rome; the attention and respect so easily excited among the common people, by the gorgeous ornaments he wore, while in proud state, he appeared in the streets of the Imperial city—the purple *Laticlave* of the senatorial order, the sword, and other insignia of supreme authority; the servile dread which his overbearing deportment produced; the voice of the slaves who preceded him, calling aloud to the citizens to make way;—these superficial, yet dazzling, these trivial, yet attractive adjuncts of his elevated condition, swelled his vanity, fed his pride, and inflamed his thirst for the sceptre and the throne. On being made acquainted with these symptoms of inordinate ambition in his favourite, Severus thought it high time to abridge his assumed authority in some respects, and to induce the man, by that means, to make a proportional abatement of his insolence.

Unable to endure such restraint, Plautian no longer kept any bounds either of decency or of prudence, but went so far as to conspire against the Emperor himself. There was a certain Tribune under his command, named Saturninus, who exceeded the other herd of sycophants, by his superior art in adulation and baseness, and manifested an anticipating and spontaneous readiness to comply with any mandate, and perform any service that his patron might enjoin. Plautian imagined that he might rely with full confidence, on the secrecy and fidelity of this man, and therefore, regarded him as a fitting instrument for the accomplishment of his treasonable design. Summoning him, then to his presence, he thus addressed him. “An opportunity is now afforded you of proving the sincerity of all the professions of zeal and attachment to my interest, which you have constantly made, and the time is at length come, when it will be in my power to reward your past services as they merit, and as I wish. You have now to choose, whether you will, this day, be invested with all the honours and authority that I now enjoy, or perish instantly, if you refuse to obey me. Be not confounded at the magnitude or peril of the proposal I am about to make, and dread not the empty titles of Emperor and of Prince. As you have the command of the night-guard, it will be easy for you to enter the chambers of Severus and Antonius; and in silence and obscurity, to execute my will. There is no reward too great for your expectation and your choice, when once the sovereign power is lodged in my hands. Lose no time, therefore; repair to the palace immediately; declare yourself the bearer of high and important secrets from me; evince the courage of a brave warrior, and fear not to slay an old man, and an effeminate boy. If you share with me the hazard

of this bold attempt, you shall also share the immense recompense that awaits its success."

The atrocity of this proposal, astonished and startled the Tribune; yet it did not so far confuse him, as to prevent him from adopting on the spot, the line of conduct he was determined to pursue. Well knowing the determined and ferocious temper of Plautian, he did not venture to dispute his purpose, lest he might thereby expose himself to instant destruction, but prostrating himself in presence of the traitor, as if he were already Emperor, he expressed his readiness to comply with his orders; demanding of him, however, a written commission, such as the Emperors are accustomed to give, whenever they command a citizen to be put to death, without the usual forms of public trial, in order to secure indemnity for the executioner of so despotic and summary a sentence. Blinded by excessive ambition, and the desire of revenge, Plautian wrote out the necessary commission, and delivered it to Saurinus, directing him to send for himself, as soon as the Prince should be slain, that he might be able in due time to shew himself in the palace, before the deed could be divulged, or any rival aspirant could come forward. The Tribune, promising a punctual and instant compliance, immediately departed, and hastening to the palace, gains admittance to the Emperor, by asserting that he was bearer of intelligence, involving nothing less than the safety of the state, and the life of the Sovereign.

He throws himself hastily at the feet of Severus, exclaiming, "were I to execute the commission entrusted to me, I should at this moment be the murderer of my master and lord. But behold me actuated by far other intentions—I am come to save, not to extinguish thy precious life; Plautian, aiming at the empire, has employed me to assassinate thee, my Prince, and thy son. He has given me the traitorous order, not by word of mouth, but in his own hand-writing,—witness this execrable scroll."

A flood of tears accompanied his passionate exclamation, and evinced his sincerity and truth. The Emperor still hesitated in confusion and alarm. His attachment to Plautian, suggesting to his mind, the probability of this plot being an artifice of Caracalla, to ruin the favourite, whom he was known to detest. He commanded forthwith, the attendance of the Prince, and reproached him with his base and unworthy machinations against a relative and a friend. Alarmed lest Severus should listen rather to the dictates of his affection for the unfaithful minister, than to the vehement asseverations of his son, who loudly disclaimed any consciousness of such a preceding, the Tribune eagerly cries out, "since even this billet, written by the traitor's own hand, fails to convince, permit me only to send to Plautian, by some faithful messenger, the single sentence,—*all is done*, and you will see how speedily he will come to take possession of the palace, and the empty throne. But let perfect tranquility prevail throughout the court, that no unusual commotion may warn him of the disclosure I have made, and induce him to make his escape." This request was complied with; and a trusty messenger despatched to summon Plautian to the scene of action, in the words he had agreed upon with Saturninus. The evening was far advanced, and Plautian, trusting to these false tidings, was elevated with the most intoxicating visions of hope. He put on a breast-plate under his tunic, and mounting his chariot, he hurried to the palace, accompanied by a few persons, that happened to be with him, and that supposed he was sent for by the Emperor, on some urgent business.

Having arrived at the Imperial residence, he alighted, and entered without the least opposition from the guards. The Tribune running to meet him, saluted him as Emperor, and taking him by the hand, threw open the door of the chamber, upon the floor of which, Plautian expected to see the Emperor and his son, stretched lifeless before him. Within the fatal apartment Severus had taken care to station some of his body-guard, with orders to seize the traitor, the instant he should enter. What was the overwhelming terror and dismay of Plautian, when, on advancing into the room, he felt his arms suddenly pinioned, and beheld the appalling spectacle of the Emperor and Caracalla, erect, full of life, and gazing sternly upon him! For a moment he stood horror-stricken, and weak and speechless, beneath this great and unforeseen danger. Then pouring out an intermingled torrent of tears and supplications for mercy, he protested that what was alledged against him, was mere calumny, invented to blacken his character, and to deprive him of his royal master's favour: and, on Severus reproaching him with the ungrateful return he had made for all the favours showered on his unworthy head, the culprit reminded his Sovereign of the many and irrefragable proofs he had given of zeal and fidelity in his service.

The impression produced by his agony of grief, and his loud and earnest professions of innocence, was so powerful, that the convictions and anger of the Emperor were beginning to waver and give way, when, through an accidental opening of his robe, Caracalla discerned the glittering of the breastplate. Enraged at this sight, the impetuous and violent young Prince called upon him furiously, to answer two questions; first, for what purpose he had come to the Emperor's apartment at that unseasonable hour, and unsent for?—and then, what he could mean by having his breast cased in the glittering cuirass? Who was ever known to come in arms, to a supper or a banquet? So saying, and without waiting for a reply, he ordered the Tribune and the other soldiers in attendance, to fall upon him, and put him to death on the spot, and instantly, as a manifest enemy, and a convicted traitor. The command of the Prince was unhesitatingly obeyed. The miserable wretch was cut to pieces, and his dead body thrown from the window, to be exposed to the insults, and to be trampled beneath the feet of the people, whose hatred he had incurred by his insupportable arrogance, and his tyrannical oppression. Such was the end of unrestrained and unprincipled ambition,

FROM THE ITALIAN.

Though anger clouds that beauteous brow,
 Loveliest! in vain the cause I seek;
 I deem'd not that a lover's vow
 Could tinge with wrath a lady's cheek!

My soul upon thy beauty hung,
 And thine the crime, if crime it be,
 That daring freedom nerr'd my tongue,
 While droop'd my soul in slavery.

STANZAS, WRITTEN AT TWILIGHT,

AND COMPOSED DURING A PERIOD, WHEN IRELAND WAS THE SCENE OF MUCH
POLITICAL DISSENTION.

'Tis now the hour, when parting day
Sheds her last beams of light,
And pours a soft expiring ray
Upon the brow of night.

The orb of Heav'n, above the deep,
Her trembling radiance throws ;
As if to cradle nature's sleep
In moonlight's bright repose.

There's balm in every breath that sighs,
And plays along the bow'rs ;
There's music in the breeze that dies
In fragrance 'midst the flowers.

So precious, and so exquisite
In such an hour as this,
That hope, love, glory,—all that's sweet
Entrance the soul in bliss,

And wake a guiltless heav'nly dream
Of pleasures bright and pure ;
So bright, alas! the visions seem
Too lovely to endure.

For oh! the heart can ne'er forget
How fleeting is the bloom
Of joy,—whose brilliant sun may set
In darkness, and in gloom.

Yet, moments such as these do cast
A transient lustre o'er
The stream of life, e'er it has past
To flow again no more!

But see! the sky's rich, glowing hue,
In dimness fades away ;
Oh Erin! shall thy glories too,
Thus sink into decay?

My country! no!—tho' dark the night
Which shades thy present doom ;
The day will come, when freedom's light
Shall rise, and burst the gloom!

APPLE PIE.

" And when the pie was opened,
 " The birds began to sing,
 " And wasn't that a dainty dish
 " To lay before the King?"

'Dainty' as the dish may have seemed to the uncivilized natives of the olden time, its daintiness is far surpassed by the refined delicacies of the present. Among the improvements which modern science has caused, and modern civilization has promoted, there is one subject on which the *taste* of the present day has been admirably displayed, and on which several of the first musicians have exerted their powers of *execution*.—Something which fixes the attention of the painter on his *pal-ate*, and hushes for a time, the clamour of the demagogue. Something which all admire. In short, an *Apple Pie*. An APPLE PIE! What music in the very name! It must have been this, the poet meant, by "concord of *sweet* sounds." Delicious PIE! the very thoughts of thee, bring (in the delicate phraseology of Dr. Kitchener,) "tears upon my lips."—But I must endeavour to moderate my enthusiasm, and discuss my subject with the importance it deserves.

Philosophers have agreed that the design manifested in the works of man, is the best proof of the superiority of reason over instinct. The powerful Steam Engine does not display more manifest proofs of design, than a well compounded Apple Pie. Water, in a certain state, acting upon iron, constitutes the one. How superior is the composition of the other! I will, in pity to the ignorant, explain the long operations necessary to form an Apple Pie.—First, shall

Gentle Spring, ethereal mildness come,

wakening the respectable inhabitants of the orchard, from their winter naps, and decking with white, the upper part of their bodies. Sometimes only scattered particles of white appear—like a snow-ball broken on the cap of a chimney sweeper. Sometimes the whiteness appears in patches—as a slovenly servant girl, surmounts a black stuff petticoat, with a dimity bedgown. Next, "child of the Sun, refulgent Summer comes."—

He comes attended by the sultry hours,

and soon, as if overcome with the heat, the trees throw off the aforesaid white bedgown, and display their ARMS—not covered, like those of the aforesaid servant girl, with unblushing redness; but with "gay green."

—where the sight dwells

With growing strength, and ever new delight.

Another season approaches, and we, now, see what Nature has been about for so long a period. She has been getting ready the *apples* for the PIE. Ripe, rosy cheeked apples, as ready to drop into the arms of their lover, as a boarding-school girl, from a two-story window.

Nature does not, however, confine herself to the cultivation of one ingredient, however necessary.—"Her labours serve to second too some other use."—While she has been preparing the apples for the Pie, she has not neglected the flour for the paste.—Winter, Spring, and Summer have succeeded each other, for its formation; until at length, Autumn,

"crowned with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf," brings all their labours to perfection. While the reaping, the threshing, and the grinding of the wheat, are going on at home, Africa sends her tawney sons to raise the sugar, our merchant-men are busily employed in bringing it home, and our noblest ships are pursuing their "foamy track," through the Indian ocean, to procure the cloves. The apples and the flour, are the productions of Europe; the cloves, the offspring of Asia; the sugar raised by the labour of Africa, from the soil of America. How wonderful! The four quarters of the "Great Globe itself," must unite their labours to form an APPLE PIE! How gratifying to the philanthropist must be the consideration, that while he is enjoying the closest possible connexion with some charming Apple Pie, he is, at the same time, giving employment to thousands of his fellow creatures. If he who promotes the industry of a few individuals, does well,—how great a benefactor of the human race, is the devourer of an APPLE PIE!!!

Having considered the materials of an Apple Pie, the next topic, naturally, is the manner in which those materials are compounded. Our grand-mothers gave this subject a proper degree of attention, and studied as an art, the composition of Pies. But alas! "*tempora mutantur.*" In plain English, the times are sadly changed. Many a young lady, now a days, can caricature Nature in her drawings, annoy us with her piano, or glide listlessly through a quadrille, who neglects the study of the Pie, and what is still worse, wishes to pass for a person of *taste*. Wonderful perversion of terms, when even the very phrase she employs, demonstrates the importance of that sense, to which the mouth is subservient, and which the Pie is formed to gratify! To such, I speak not. Falstaff says, "Had I a thousand sons, I would teach them to abjure all their potations, and addict themselves to Sack."—Had I a thousand daughters, I would teach them to abjure all such frivolities, and addict themselves to Pie. It is a study peculiarly becoming to young females—"Sweets to the sweet"—Oh! that the gentle sex may benefit by these lucubrations.

Mrs. Glass's directions to dress a hare, commence with, "first catch a hare." My first precept in Pie-making is,—collect your materials. This is not easily done, for it is absolutely necessary they should be of the choicest kind. You choose a necklace with care. Your admirers overlook the ornament, in contemplating where it reposes. You should be doubly careful in choosing the ingredients of a Pie. From it, attention cannot be diverted. Each person forms his opinion of its merits, and, if he finds it "curtailed of its fair proportions," transfers his dislike to the unfortunate maker of it. Here therefore, you "have need all circumspection."—Should any lady not wish to undertake a task so replete with difficulty, without receiving more minute instructions, let her but call on my daughters, and they will elucidate my theory, by their practice.

There is a philosophical enquiry connected with this part of the subject, which it would be improper to pass over. Why does all the syrup in the Pie collect under the cup? "The why, is plain as way to parish church." When the heat of the oven acts upon the bottom of the dish, in which the Apples are deposited, it gradually communicates, through them, to the air above. The air enclosed in the cup, comes into direct contact with the bottom of the dish, and the edges of the cup receive a considerable degree of warmth, from the same source. From both these causes, the air in the cup soon becomes heated, expands, and forces itself out under

the edges. Hence, so great a degree of rarefaction is produced, that the interior of the cup may be regarded as a vacuum. The other air undergoes less change, both because it does not come into direct contact with the heated bottom of the dish, and because it keeps up some imperfect communication with the external air, by the edges of the dish and the pores of the paste. While the syrup forms, it is forced by the superincumbent air, to that part where there is least pressure, that is, into the cup. While the syrup enters, it must raise slightly the edges of the cup, but as it is a heavier fluid than air, the air still remains excluded, and the cup fills with syrup.

Of the composition of the paste, I shall say nothing. In a town which boasts of a *Linden*,* I must pause, until this topic "is touched by some hand less unworthy than mine." The experience he has had, and the excellence he has consequently acquired, shall make me, without regret, yield the laurels to him. "He won them nobly—may he wear them long."

As the eye passes instantaneous judgment on every object, the appearance of the Pie is no small importance.—Some are perfectly plain in their covering. Others embellished with a frost work, which surpasses in attraction the beauty of a hoar frost on the windows of a bedchamber. The former reminds me of some charming girl in a morning undress. The latter of the same lady, armed for ball-room conquest. The one seems to disregard admiration. The other to demand universal homage as her right. Each have their admirers, and I shall be generous enough to allow them to retain their respective merits. I pass on, "to metal more attractive."—How I do reverence an Apple Pie! With what dignity it advances to the post of honor at the supper table! How conscious it seems of its own importance, remaining apart from the common tribe of puffs and pastry! It has been said, "if women be but young and fair, they have the gift to know it." Now the Apple Pie may well say with *Shylock*, "If we are like you in the seat, we will resemble you in that also."—Hence the undisturbed serenity with which it bears the glances of a longing circle of admirers. How different from the trembling bashfulness of the jelly! How like to some reigning star in the dress circle of a theatre! But alas!—

All that's fair must fade,
The fairest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made,
But to be lost when sweetest.

The moment in which its charms are most attractive, is the very moment in which they are destroyed for ever. "*Frailty thy name is Pie.*"—But

"Hence loathed melancholy."

Far different are the ideas of him, who, armed with a knife and fork, and supported by a massive silver spoon, advances to the attack.—What delight sparkles in his eyes. What animation beams on his countenance! He applies the point of the knife to the paste,—it resists his entrance—his ardour increases—his strength is applied—and his purpose is effected. Thus in my youthful days, I have seen a blooming milkmaid resist a kiss at first, to enhance the value of the down she gave afterwards. But suppose a puncture made. Now is the time for a well-bred man to evince his

* The Confectioner of Belfast.

politeness. Let him not, as Hotspur says, "come cranking in, and cut me here a huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out."—No, let him direct the knife from the point of incision, which should be the centre of the paste, towards his right shoulder, and urge it forward until it encounters the dish. Then let him return to the same place, and aim the next cut towards his left shoulder, taking care that those two cuts are of equal length, or as a mathematician would express it, that they form the two sides of an isosceles triangle. Let him now place the knife at one of the angles of the base, and draw it horizontally towards the opposite angle.—Remove the triangle thus formed. All is dark within. "No light, but rather darkness visible." Let the carver raise the cup, and all is overflowed with a most delicious liquid. If the Pie be hot,—its "breath is balm," and its "ocean spreads," not over "coral rocks and amber beds," but over sweets, to which the nectar of the Gods was but as wormwood.—"Their's was a fiction, but this is reality."—Its fragrance is however, too blissful to last—"Tis odour fled, as soon as shed." Never can I forget the delicious sensation my first-carved-pie produced. Its perfume is still fresh in my imagination.

Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot on memory's waste.

Let no person envy the carver. Look at him one moment after the first spoonful of apples is removed. Examine him narrowly, and you will perceive, amid the affected hilarity with which he 'does the honours' of the table, that his apparently hospitable enquiries are merely "lip-honour-breath, which the poor wretch would fain deny, but dare not." Read the expression of his eyes, and observe the tears on his lips, and you will be convinced there is some "perilous stuff which weighs upon the heart." Why does his joy vanish, like "morning's winged dream?" Why does he so soon become, like "patience on a monument, smiling at grief?" The stomach becomes at that moment the seat of thought. He yearns towards the dainties he is obliged to distribute, and "discontent sits heavy on his heart."

It is said "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," and none will confess themselves so ignorant as not to know how to eat an Apple Pie. Yet, by how few is the proper method understood! Observe the child—he loads the apples with sugar, shovels them with every possible exertion into his mouth, and then attacks the paste. "Men are but children of a larger growth." The Pie should be made, as all in my house are, so as not to require at table any addition of sugar. Let some rich cream be poured over the quantity on the plate.—Do not hash all together into one heterogeneous mass—yet take care at the same time, that every spoonful contains apples, syrup, cream, and paste. By thus judiciously intermixing the several ingredients, you will increase wonderfully your own enjoyment, and give to the uninitiated, the best proof of your refinement. As the cream may vie in colour with the fair necks of many who encircle it, and the fragrance of the Pie, emulate their sweet breathings, I hope all my young lovely friends will treasure up these instructions, and "place them in their bosom's core." Yea, "in their heart of hearts."

The love which I bear to Pies is no sudden whim—no transient affection—It was planted with my childhood—It grew with my growth, and my constancy may show, that

"The heart that has truly loved, never forgets."

Yet this passion caused the greatest misfortune my schoolboy recollections display. My grand-papa gave me a Pie—a diminutive Pie indeed—but then it was the first I could call mine. I was enchanted with its beauties, and when I returned to my boarding school, placed it on the highest shelf of my cupboard, with the same care that might be lavished on an idol. I thought of it, going to bed.—I dreamt of it during the night.—My fancy presented it in a thousand alluring forms.—I regaled my eyes with it, the moment I awoke. That very evening, I resolved to enjoy it. My imagination feasted on it, during the tedious hours of school.—At length the bell rung, and I flew on wings of rapture, to my hidden treasure. How shall I describe the horror which froze my “young blood.”—The PIE was gone! I was struck powerless.—Then became, “like Niobe, all tears.”—I was not apt to give way to misfortune.—My top was stolen, I bore the loss with patience. My ball was lost, and I repined not. My marbles disappeared, and I was unmoved.—“But, there, where I had treasured up my heart.”—

“I could not but remember such things were, and are most dear to me.”

As the lover is unwilling to cease from the praises of his mistress, but dwells both on the pleasures and the sorrows she has excited; so I still love to linger upon thoughts of thee, Oh Pie! You ravish with delight, the smell, the touch, the taste, and the sight, and even the work of thy destruction, causes sounds, which are gratifying to the ear of *taste*! What other object can delight the five senses at one moment?—can please the child and the man, the clown and the sage? But the bell rings, and I am to have an Apple Pie at dinner.

BELFAST.

P.

THE STEAM BOAT.

CANTO—I.

*I tell the Steam Boat; for to say I sing
Is nonsense, having scarcely any voice;
Yet every wretched scribbler, who can bring
Two lines to rhyme, conceits he may rejoice
In being thought a Poet;—but the thing
Lies not like a profession, in our choice.
Man is not made a poet,—but is born,
Like Roderic O'Connor, or Romaine Joe Thorne!*

*But tho' I can't attempt the eagle's flight,
Nor soar into the regions of sublime;
Tho' my weak pinions to so great a height
Can never hope to elevate, yet I'm
Resolv'd to try—and think ye not I'm right!
If poetry I can't—I'll give you rhyme—
Not without reason—as I hope my tale
Will have, deservedly, a rapid sale,*

I don't expect for every line a crown,
 As Me re, they say, obtain'd for Lalla Bookh ;
 Nor think I, Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme and Brown
 Will condescend on such a work to look ;
 Yet there are Publishers of good renown
 Who wout refuse to print and sell my book.
 A CONSTABLE and Co. I'd best avoid,
 If Scotch—I'll trest with " Gaivsa and Bern."

MURRAY to print me need not be afraid,
 No pirate printer will perjoin his profit,
 Tho' here Don Juan's metre I've display'd,
 I war with his morality, and scoff it;
 Virtue's fair portrait I've before me laid,
 And my mind's eye shall never wander off it.
 Let me come out in *Quarto*, at a high rate—
 Who'll dare in *Duodecimo* to pirate?

But to my subject—how shall I begin ?
 Sing heavenly muse—no, that will never please,
 'Tis Milton's, and to pilfer is a sin ;
 Some other invocation I must raise ;
 Better, perhaps, not mind it, but plunge in,
 Unostentatiously,—“ in *medias res*,”
 Like Horace, or Lord Byron,—we remark
 Homer too did it ;—see first note by Clarke.

'Tis fair, however, to apprise the reader,
 The subject of my poem is erratic,
 A short excursion, not on Liffey, Tweed, or
 Thames, nor American nor Asiatic ;
 Nor will I on parch'd Afric's sands proceed, or
 On ocean launch. I'll make a tour (aquatic),
 Not like Munchausen's, fill'd with the burlesque,
 Nor, Syntax-like, in search of Picturesque.

But on the peaceful bosom of the Lee,
 Seated in Steam Boat cabin, or on deck,
 Where men and manners I may safely see,
 Fearless of tempest and secure from wreck ;
 No mail-coach overthrow need dreaded be,
 Cracking a leg, or breaking a man's neck.
 But to proceed, and put an end to my
 Muse's epistle introductory.—

'Twas Sunday morning, and the chapel bell
 Of Brunswick-street awoke me before seven ;
 While that of Christ-church, with its sober swell,
 Toll'd out its accents, solemn, slow, and even,
 Telling, as plainly as a bell could tell,
 'Twas time to rise, and make our peace with heav'n.
 Such invitation thus the soul to save, is his
 Who lodges on the Grand Parade, at Davies's.

The morn was splendid, and the glorious sun
 Obliquely darted his enliv'ning rays,
 Tho' few hours only since his course begun,
 He fill'd my chamber with a burning blaze
 So bright, so brilliant, I was sure 'twas one,
 And woke with disappointment and amaze,
 Having resolv'd that day to idly rove,
 On board O'Brien's Steam Boat, down to Cove.

But gladly, by my oracle, perceiving
 'Twas early, I arose, and set in motion
 All apparatus fit for dressing, shaving,
 Resolving to proceed to my devotion
 Before my breakfast.—I can't help believing
 That public prayer on sunday, is a notion
 Highly becoming in a mind religious,
 Tho' some, perhaps, may think me too fastidious.

But if there be Omnipotence divine,
 And that there is, "all nature cries aloud
 "Thro' all her works," then why should man decline,—
 The only being in creation's crowd,—
 His grateful homage joyful to combine
 Each sabbath day, ere death's appalling shroud
 Inclose him sudden in its icy fold,
 And ——? but the rest had better not be told!

Being at length in sunday-suit attir'd
 I sallied forth, on holy purpose bent,
 But whither, or what form I most admired,
 To tell the reader is not my intent;
 Altho' I know a matter most desir'd
 By those who love religious argument.
 But as I court admirers in all nations,
 I'll be, Napoleon-like, of all persuasions!

For seriously, I cannot be persuaded
 One sect stands nearer heaven than another,
 Or is by holier inspiration aided,
 As if we were not the offspring of one mother!
 I know for this, by some I'll be upbraided,
 But as I view each mortal as my brother,
 I think our Father will his aid afford,
 Whether address'd, "Jehovah, Jove, or Lord."

For who can think the spirit of Lee Boo
 Dwells not within the mansions of the blest?
 Who can suppose thy children, O Loo Choo,
 Repose not in a state of blissful rest?
 What man that Kenny, Callanan, Abell, knew,
 Can have conviction on his mind impress'd
 That two of these can never see God's throne,
 Because their *manual* differ'd from his own?

The Steam Boat.

Ah! wherefore then this head-like hellish strife,
 Where love and peace and harmony should dwell?
 Can the fir'd faggot, and the bloody knife
 Exalt to heaven, precipitate to hell?
 Why aims the Christian at the Christian's life,
 A different form of worship to compel?
 As if the gates of everlasting glory
 Clos'd on all else!—but to resume my story:

Hungry I enter'd the Commercial room
 To breakfast,—but was scarcely seated, when
 A waiter, with a look portending gloom,
 Approach'd, (ye gods! avert such pests from men!)
 And whisper'd, "you're of the army, I presume,
 "Or navy, sir?" "I'm neither, sir, what then?"
 "None else can breakfast here, such my instruction,
 "Save a subscriber, or by introduction."

Indignant at such treatment, I exclaim'd,
 "Is this the boasted liberality
 "Of this great modern Tyre,—this city fam'd
 "Once for its trade and hospitality?
 "Alas! how few can now be "Merchants" nam'd—
 "Where is their "Change?" none in reality—
 "Yes, but there is—from Merchants into Factors,
 "Brokers, Assurance Agents and Contractors.

"O shade of Gresham!" but the pinching squeeze
 Of hunger, check'd apostrophising more;
 So bounding off—like "bark before the"—breeze,
 I quickly gain'd the "Chamber's" open door,
 Where eggs, and toast, and coffee, by degrees,
 Fail'd not my sweet good humour to restore.
 Hunger should ne'er be suffered in a nation,
 For nothing's so rebellious as starvation.

Sated—down Patrick-Street I bent my way,
 Call'd at the Post-Office, and got my letters,
 Which somewhat cool'd the ardour of the day,
 Two having come from ruin'd bankrupt debtors,
 Foreboding scarcely any thing to pay.
 But as much grieving ne'er misfortune betters,
 These tales of woe, I plung'd into my pockets,
 Resolving to forget both debts and dockets.

This is a happy philosophic state
 Of mind, for any mortal to be bless'd with,
 But men of business bear these strokes of fate
 With pious patience; we're so often press'd with
 Our fellow-traders' sufferings, that we hate
 To appear angry; nay, we often jest with
 Each other on our losses—nor seem vex'd:
 Blanks we draw one day—prizes on the next.

That is, provided in trade's lottery wheel,
 We several chances have. Tho' now and then
 A slight misfortune, we perchance may feel,
 All is not lost ;—we still have many men
 Solvent and prosperous debtors, and who deal
 With certainty of payment,—and again,
 When the ship rides by many anchors moor'd,
 Tho' one give way, she's by the rest secur'd.

But frantic he, who in commercial pride,
 Or rather desperation, sinks his all
 In one sole venture, or who dares confide
 That all to one, unknown what may befall
 The freighted vessel on the stormy tide
 Of commerce, tho' the risk appear but small,
 She sometimes founders ;—headlong then she's hurl'd,
 Condemn'd, despis'd, and laugh'd at by the world !

Onward proceeding towards Merchants' Quay,
 The bugle's merry sounds salute the ear,
 Some folks conceive these tunes profane the day,
 And certainly, 'twere better far to hear
 More sober music than they sometimes play.
 "Music's the food of love." I therefore fear
 We must beware what dishes we supply,
 Lest "surfeiting," he "sicken," and so die."

"The roast beef of old England," is a dish
 By Love's young tender palate ne'er enjoy'd ;
 Tho' "peas—upon a trencher" he may wish,
 Hence, hence away, if tasted, he's destroy'd,
 And "drops of brandy," tho' good after fish,
 Must never in his banquet be employ'd,—
 Give him "a heart," he'll carve it with his arrow,—
 And sip "the streamlet," and the "braes of Yarrow."

Lo ! on the wheel, O'Brien takes his stand,
 Courteous alike to gentleman and lady,
 Giving to all around the loud command,
 "Make fast that rope there, let the plank be ready,
 "Here, Jack, why don't you take that lady's hand ?
 "Don't be afraid ma'am, ev'ry thing is steady,"
 While now and then, exulting in his glory,
 He sidelong eyes the "Waterloo" and "Story !"

Now throng the hurrying passengers aboard,
 Old age advancing cautious and secure :
 Wild giddy youth—disdaining to afford
 Attention to advice for footing sure.
 Next comes the hamper with provisions stor'd,
 Cold beef, ham, chicken, porter, wine, liqueur,
 While, crowding in, come servant-girls, and fellows
 Laden with baskets, jars, great coats, umbrellas.

The Steam Boat.

Close to the plank, an anxious parent stands,
 Bidding her chubby boy and nurse "good bye,"
 The little urchin stretches forth his hands
 Asking to go,—refus'd, begins to cry,
 He little heeds his mother's mild commands,
 She, sweetly soothing, wipes each streaming eye,
 "Don't weep my darling, where's oor pretty laughy?
 "Tiss poor mamma, here's money to buy Taffy."

'Tis half-past ten, the tide is ebbing fast,
 The murmur of delay is buzzing round,
 The Captain asks "five minutes, 'tis the last,"
 And bids the bugle blow a parting sound,
 "Come, hurry, gentlemen, our time is pass'd,
 "Quick, quick, for God's sake, or we'll take the ground,"
 Thrice shook the plank, as *seeming* to move in,
 But thrice a ten-penny steadied it again!

On deck, beneath the awning's grateful shade,
 Protected by a mother's guardian power,
 Fair Ellen sits, a sweet angelic maid,
 The opening rose-bud by its parent flower,
 Each day some new-born lustre she display'd,
 And bloom'd with brighter beauty ev'ry hour,
 Health's glowing radiance o'er her brow was seen
 With youth transcendent,—she was just sixteen!

Just at that age when love's enchanting smile
 Wins easy entrance to the virgin's breast;
 How strange at first! unconscious for awhile
 Why throbs the heart—it must not be confess'd;
 But ah! how vain thus longer to beguile
 The once lov'd object on the soul impress'd;
 So thought fair Ellen, when a sigh betray'd
 Young Edward, idol of the blue-eyed maid.

Edward had enter'd on his twentieth year,
 Each manly grace his youthful form combin'd;
 He told his love—but to fair Ellen's ear
 The tender secret was alone confin'd;
 And oft at evening, when no parent near,
 To one lov'd spot their mutual steps inclin'd.—
 There, breath'd a passion,—so refin'd, so pure,
 It must have pleased even Mistress Hannah More!

Why sends the maid her hurrying glances round?
 Alas! no glance responsive meets her eye!
 "Haul in the plank, go on," lo! at the sound
 Her pale lip quivers, and the roses fly
 Her cheek; a thousand bitter thoughts confound
 Her brain, as hope and expectation die!
 Some ill! some accident! some maid more dear!
 And her heart sickens from a rivals' fear!

"Stop, Tom," the ever watchful Captain cries,
 The Engineer obeys the known commands;
 Who comes? 'tis Edward, see, he runs, he flies,
 Bounds o'er the side, and "on the deck he stands!"
 The lovely Ellen sits with downcast eyes—
 While thro' each vein the crimson tide expands,
 Joy from her heart, thro' every fibre rushes,
 And on her cheek, love flings his burning blushes.

Buoyant, again the vessel leaves the quay.
 O happy passengers! O blest O'Brien!
 Now is the moment of thy mighty sway,
 A lamb in temper—tho' in voice a lion,
 Loud roaring "starboard, starboard, John, I say,
 "Look, look ahead, why don't you keep your eye on
 "That brig?" John answers "starboard, aye I do,
 "Damme, I sees her just as well as you."

"Stop Tom," again is heard—again the wheel
 Stops!—'tis a boat, one passenger, that's all,
 He's soon aboard—"go on" again we feel
 The quivering motion from the lever fall;
 All move on rapidly—and smiles reveal
 Our pleasure; when, at the end of the new wall
 "Stop Tom" again,—'tis stopp'd—we stare—and lo!
 Four board us, and a boat is taken in tow.

Now safe from danger, o'er the glassy tide
 The crowded barque her steady way pursues,
 Dress'd in each ornament of Sunday pride,
 Streamer, and flag with city arms, let loose.
 While ev'ry comfort's carefully supplied
 For morning's pleasure, and for evening's use—
 Cakes, fruit, spruce, soda, porter, here are sold,
 With cheap salt water-baths, both hot and cold.

Bright was each countenance, the day was bright,
 On ev'ry cheek a brilliant sunbeam play'd,
 The smiling prospect of the day's delight
 Brightened each eye, and ev'ry face portray'd
 A happy heart; 'twas a delicious sight
 To see so many mortals all array'd
 In pleasing garb, on such a heavenly day,
 Driving dull care and *ennui* away.

Now let me sit in some exalted place,
 And with attentive scrutiny peruse
 Each person's soul depicted in his face;
 I'm skill'd in physiognomy, and use
 My art—and seldom without fail—to trace
 The passions in the countenance. I chuse
 This mode, in preference to one taught later,
 Spurzheim can't hold a candle to Lavater.

I'll take my station near my old friend John,
 He is a pleasant merry kind of fellow,
 And may assist me while proceeding on,
 As 'tis too early for him to get mellow;
 I like to hear his droll remarks upon
 The Captain's "starboard" and loud "larboard" bellow.
 Next him, I'll view and tell each maid and man too—
 But pause, like Homer, 'till my second Canto!

FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTE BOOK.

During the last year, twelve new editions of Shakspeare have appeared in London.—The First Annual Exhibition of the Royal Hibernian Academy opens on the 23rd of April.—Moore is engaged on memoirs of the life of Lord Byron, and Sir Walter Scott is preparing memoirs of Napoleon.—Washington Irving is at Paris, editing a series of English classics.—Miss Crumpe is about to publish an Historical Novel, embracing a most interesting period of Irish History.—The long lost locket, containing Swift's portrait, which belonged to Stella, has been discovered, and is in the possession of a gentleman in Dublin. Anster's translation of the Faust of Goethe is preparing for publication.—The authors of "Tale by the O'Hara Family," "To-day in Ireland," "Sayings and Doings," and "Highways and Byways," are all preparing to come again before the public.—The Rev. Mortimer O'Sullivan, the Rev. Mr. Phelan, and Mr. John O'Driscoll, are each preparing a Review of the late evidence on Ireland, given before committees of both Houses of Parliament.—A new edition, in one volume, of the remains of the Rev. Charles Wolfe, the highly gifted author of "Lines on the death of Sir John Moore," is about to appear in London. It will be embellished with a Portrait, &c.—

Constable's Miscellany—In weekly numbers, for *one shilling* each week, and in volumes, for *three shillings and six pence* each volume, there is about to be published, the most interesting and valuable books in the English language, in all the various departments of literature, science and art. This undertaking has been commenced by Mr. Constable, the eminent bookseller of Edinburgh, the founder of the Edinburgh Review, and the publisher of the Waverly Novels. A catalogue of some of the books intended for this purpose has been circulated. In this list, there are thirty-six original publications. The titles of a few of them will be sufficient to show the importance of this spirited undertaking:—viz.—Memoirs of Burns, by Mr. Lockhart, the son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott, and the Editor of the Quarterly Review—History of Van Dieman's Land, New Holland and Australasia, by Hugh Murray, F. R. S. E.—Memoirs of the late War—Life of Nelson—Life of Wellington—Life of Hofer—Life of Mary Queen of Scots—History of America—History of the Earth and Animated Nature, by James Wilson—History of England. These are all original works that would have an extensive sale in any form of publication, but which will now make their first appearance, in *one*

shilling numbers, and *three shilling and six-penny* volumes. We consider Constable's Miscellany to be one of the most important publications ever announced in Britain, and one that must command great and extended patronage. Mr. Constable has purchased several valuable copy-rights, to encrease the value of his work.—It will commence with Captain Basil Hall's interesting Voyages to South America and Loo Choo; to which Captain Hall has made some valuable additions expressly for this publication.

JOHN NICHOLS.—We have received the following letter, addressed "To the Editor, &c."—"There is a valuable work, little known, except to a few old fellows like ourselves,—It is the *Literary Anecdotes, History and Biography of the 18th Century*, by that famous octagenarian, John Nichols. One reason for this interesting book not being in general circulation, is, the simple fact, of the cost of a good copy coated in plain Russia, being twenty-four guineas. It occupies 13 portly volumes, closely printed on plain paper and is illustrated with portraits and autographs.—Each volume contains about 800 pages, that is, each volume possesses as much matter as eighteen fashionable tomes.—But however unfashionable it may be, I consider this work, as my friend Dibdin says, "*one of the pleasantest and most instructive books of Literary Anecdote in the world.*" There is no description of information respecting the wits and witlings of the last century, that you cannot find in its ample pages. You are introduced to Horace Walpole at Strawberry, with his guests, his printers, and his picture dealers;—to George Hardinge, on circuit, and in love;—to Sir Isaac Newton, in his study, and during his holiday-hours from school;—and to Pope, Hurd, and Warburton, at Ralph Allen's hospitable mansion. If the evening looks dull, and your spirits are restless, you may join the Kit-Cat Club, at Jacob Tonson's,—or Great Sam, at the Essex Head,—or Miss Winny, at the Devil Tavern. I consider the possession of these volumes to be a certain preventive of *ennui* and the vapours. Enjoying those benefits, I think it would be an act of good nature in us to impart a portion of our treasure to other people, and I know not how a page or two of the *Quarterly Magazine* could be better employed, than in exhibiting a few such extracts as * * * " [Our worthy correspondent has furnished us with several most interesting extracts from his favourite volumes, of which we will probably avail ourselves in some future number.]

Reviewing by Steam.—The poet Akenside invented a plan for estimating the value of Modern Poetry. It is an excellent invention, and only requires to be known, to be generally adopted.—It is a sort of literary Steam engine.—In place of devoting volumes to the discussion of the merits and character of respective persons, *one page* will answer every necessary purpose, and decide every subject of criticism with mathematical correctness. It would be unwise in us to develop this wonderful invention in the first number of our Journal, as the general adoption of this system of criticism must eventually banish Reviews and Magazines for ever! As however all great discoveries require time to bring them even near perfection, we may perhaps explain this subject more fully in another number.

The father of late Mr. Windham had an utter abhorrence of restraint, which made him love to associate with those that put him under none at all. He would throw his legs against the chimney, round himself into a hoop in his elbow chair, and at the same time, read one subject, and converse on another, a method he constantly practised, and with what success the following instance will illustrate. One day in our common

room at *Geneva*, (which for an hour or two after dinner was the resort of every odd genius of every country) two sets at the same time were talking on different subjects; one in *English*, the other in *Italian*. Windham was between them reading as usual, yet, occasionally joining with each, in the language which that party was speaking, and in a manner that would have made you think him solely attentive to one single subject. I remarked this, made another do so likewise, and we both of us watched him for some time, when our surprise was increased by his shutting his book, (which was old *Brantome* in French) and telling us an excellent story which he had been reading at the very time he had been keeping up the double conversation.

Brady, one of the composers of the authorised version of the Psalms of David, was born in the town of Bandon, in the county of Cork, in 1659. He graduated in Dublin, and obtained a Prebend in the Cathedral of Cork.—He was a popular preacher, and became Chaplain to William and Mary. During the rebellion of 1690, he, *three times*, preserved his native town from being destroyed.

D'ISRAELLI relates the following anecdotes, in his chapter on "the Enthusiasm of Genius."—"When GRAY wished to compose the Installation Ode, for a considerable time he felt himself without the power to begin it. A friend calling on him, Gray flung open his door hastily, and in a hurried voice and tone, exclaimed, in the first verse of that ode,—

Hence, avaunt! 'tis holy ground!

His friend started at the disordered appearance of the bard, whose organs had disturbed his very air and countenance.

"VERNET was on board a ship, in the midst of a raging tempest, and all hope was given up. The astonished Captain beheld the artist of genius, his pencil in his hand, in calm enthusiasm, sketching the terrible world of waters—studying the wave that was rising to devour him."

BYRON AND SCOTT.

Count Gamba states, that "Lord Byron's favourite reading, consisted of Greek History, of Memoirs, and of Romances. Never a day passed without his reading some pages of the Scotch Novels. His admiration of Sir Walter Scott, both as a writer and a companion, was unbounded. Speaking of him to his English friends, he used to say, you should know Scott; you would like him so much; he is the most delightful man in a room,—no affectation, no nonsense, and what I like above all things, nothing of the author about him."

ENIGMA, BY PROFESSOR PORSON.

My first, though your house, nay, your life he defends,
 You ungratefully call him the wretch you despise;
 My second, I tell it with shame, comprehends
 All the great, and the good, and the learned, and the wise;
 Of my *toute*, I have little or nothing to say,
 Except that it marks the departure of day.

BOLSTER'S QUARTERLY MAGAZINE,

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Vol. I.

THE UNIVERSITY OF DUBLIN.

It is no longer the fashion of the reading world to reproach the University of Dublin with an abuse of her literary opportunities. The reproach of silence, so often and so unfairly thrown upon her, is now generally considered inapplicable. Her silence—if indeed taciturnity can be charged upon one who has spoken frequently, and well,—her *relative* silence is now understood to be not a fault, but a peculiarity, arising out of the nature of her constitution, and not occasioned by the indolence or inability of her members. Universities are generally esteemed to be not merely schools for the instruction of youth, but also retreats for men of learning. Of the members of *such* corporations, some addict themselves to the invention of truth, and the improvement of knowledge, some are employed in communicating it; and while by the one class the labours of the schools are undertaken, the charge of sustaining the reputation of a scientific and learned body is mainly committed to the other:—hence expectations are formed respecting *all* Universities, which, however reasonable in general, will be found very deceitful if not qualified by circumstances, and which may be considered unreasonable when entertained with respect to the University of Dublin. The Constitution of that University proves that it has been instituted solely for the education of youth. The Corporation consists of seventy Scholars, who are receiving instruction, and twenty-five Fellows, with the Provost, to whose care the affairs of the University and the education of not less than seventeen hundred Students is altogether committed.

The Fellows are divided into two classes,—to the *Senior* Fellows are committed the more important examinations,—those for Fellowships and Scholarships,—judgment on all compositions sent in for various prizes,—the entire direction and government of the Corporation, and all its affairs or '*Negotia*.'—It is to seventeen *Junior* Fellows, besides the Junior Bursar, that the more immediate controul and instruction, or the '*Tuition*' of these 1700

young men is entrusted,—and obviously, without superadding the anxieties and labours of *authorship*, they have *enough to do*, for beside *teaching*, their business is to advise and admonish their pupils, to give them, on every subject, and in all the little details affecting their interests, the benefits of counsel and prudence; and indeed any of that numerous body of students wanting advice or information, or any of the offices of friendship, may *calculate* upon the interest, sympathy, or when they are necessary, the active aid and assistance of his College tutor;—but besides these matters, the Junior Fellows have to sustain the weight of troublesome situations, such as Junior Dean, Junior Proctor, and of divers scholastic exercises, professorships and lectureships; of these many may be known by reference to the common Almanack, but perhaps something of the detail of a Tutor's occupation may convey this knowledge more completely to our readers. For this purpose, we state, on the authority of one of the Fellows, that the *Lectures* of a day *alone*, have often employed him during Term, above seven hours,—thus: morning Lecture at 6, Greek at 9, Lectures to Pupils, from 11 to 2 o'Clock, and for these, a *preparation* of above two hours. He has often written in a day a dozen letters to the Students, besides answering the inquiries of his pupils and their friends. It is not rare too, for a Fellow to attend *chapel* in the year, above 200 times, and the labour of *Examining* may be guessed, when it is known that of Quarterly Examinations, there are 32 days in the year, and of Entrance 12, if Sizarship be included, not to speak of Catechetical, nor of Scholarship and Fellowship Examinations, which belong to the *Senior* Fellows.

Such then being the necessary occupations of a Tutor, the remark is not unaccountable of one, whose learning and labour yet, were said to be “of other centuries, when there were giants in the land,” that after a day spent in the harassing duties of tuition, he found during the evening, amusement and renovation even in the most abstract studies; nor is it a wonder that the author of a valuable treatise on Mechanics, lately published should state in his preface, that “for the year during which he composed the work, he was engaged from 7 to 8 hours daily, in academical duties.”

Is it not then unfair to compare this with more favoured establishments, and an University thus constituted, having but 26 permanent members, actively employed and *overmatched* with duty, with these of England, in which jointly are near 800 Fellows free from the task of Tuition, and enjoying every literary advantage in the way of opportunity and incitement? and is it not vain to expect many literary productions of value, so long as the arrangements of the University require that *all* its higher members should be *devoted* to collegiate instruction, or government and management. None can indeed deny that pre-eminent talent and industry may vanquish *these* or greater difficulties, and here *they have done so in many splendid instances*; but the majority of a literary corporation will never possess such commanding energy and natural endowment, and therefore, in the main, the Fellows, though men of high qualification and attainment, *must yield to the necessity of their situation*.

Is there then—it may naturally be asked—*no remedy?*—None plainly unless it be the establishment of some situation connected with the University, *free from the cure of souls, or the duties of tuition*. Retirements of this description would afford opportunity of mental advancement to men, who seem able and willing to exert themselves creditably—and if *leisure alone*, be not a sufficient security for the honest employment of time and

its successful application, it may be aided and guarded by other principles, such for instance as that of *selection* among the Fellows, in respect of zeal and competency, and perhaps of *obligation*, imposed on the retiring Fellow, to present *at stated intervals to the public* the result of his labours.

From ten to twenty of such situations would probably in a time incredibly short, raise Dublin College in point of *authorship at least* to the literary rank of either English University, and would certainly insure a rapid increase to her fame and usefulness. As a seminary for *instruction* indeed, the Dublin University is perhaps unequalled, and in this respect it would not be easy to raise her character.—Pensioners have during their Undergraduate service, to attend eleven quarterly examinations, and Fellow Commoners nine, and at each of these, sound information, such at least as may be expected from common talent and common industry, is indispensibly required—nor have these wholesome regulations been unproductive of valuable effect, and it is not prejudice to assert that the average rate of learning, secured to her pupils by our University, and witnessed by her degrees, declines not a severe comparison, with the Collegiate acquirement of the great body of English students. Of this the nation seem to entertain some general impression of acknowledgment, and indeed every part of the country participates in the benefit and the obligation, for every *parish* sends up in turn its students, from the mass of which gradually spring up Senators, Preachers, Pleaders, the learned and professional men of the kingdom, or—characters equally important—its educated country gentlemen—it is thus, that the circulation of useful knowledge proceeding from the University, like the circulation of the blood, renders assistance to every member of the nation, however minute and however remote, and like it too, though so useful and so necessary to the body politic, it is in a great degree *insensible*. In fact information conveyed *viva voce* can never be definitely or precisely known; all can indeed witness improvement in the lads who have received the benefit of Collegiate education, but *improvement* is not a thing capable of exact appreciation or measurement, and as its phenomena are complicated and (not immediate or absolute but) relative and successive, it can only be nearly ascertained by great memory and observation and judgment.—It may however with much probability be guessed that the instruction of able men, their fair comparisons of merit, and distribution of reward or punishment, must almost insure *great general* improvement—cases of exception will no doubt arise when opportunities are neglected, and time and talent are misapplied,—yet even to the inert and idle, the very exercise of ingloriously *walking over* the College course is salutary. If then it be asked of what use to the generality in the practice of life, is an education in Dublin College.—The answer is easy, that by all good education the manners are polished, and tempers are humanised, and a sound and delicate perception is imparted to the taste, and the whole mind acquires vigor and beauty; but specially in this University the mass of students will be sure to learn habits of diligence and discipline,—they will learn how to read books, and how to extract from them what is important, and how to communicate the information thus acquired,—and if nature has presented them with a good understanding, how valuable in guiding and stimulating their future exertions, may be the spur and confidence derived from fair trials of skill and laudable emulation. These advantages being quite independent of the informa-

tion actually imparted by the books which form the subject of undergraduate study and examination, will in some measure afford an answer to the trite objection of ignorance, that scientific and classical acquirement are useless in life, as we neither work problems, or talk Greek and Latin,—at the same time, the information more directly proceeding from College studies is not to be dispised.—Of this perhaps a simple reference to the list of books read in the University, may afford abundant testimony, however, for the advantage of all who are but little acquainted with such matters, we shall append a very brief outline of the Dublin system of instruction.

From Logics, and indeed in a degree from every science—the Student learns that, in spite of contradictory opinions and obstinate disputations, there is such a thing as truth, and how to find it—he is taught the principles of all legitimate and all fallacious augmentation, the properties and affections of terms and propositions, how to define any term and how to divide any subject.—The human understanding itself is it as were laid open before him—he sees all its faculties at work, all the materials and inlets of knowledge—the introduction of ideas, by external and internal sensation,—their subsequent manufacture by divers natural powers comparing, compounding, generalising, naming them; by the latter operation which belongs to the more general head of associating ideas, language is constructed, and when its abuses and imperfections are discovered—is amended—finally the certainty, evidence and extent of knowledge, is exhibited, and an accurate estimate laid before him of the degrees of probability and the ground of opinion.

In mathematics, he lays the foundation of the whole structure of science, and proceeds by infallible steps, from principles unquestionable and self-evident, to the abstrusest properties and most beautiful and most perplexed relation of *number* and *figure*. Illumined next by the revelation of Astronomy, he looks with wonder on the face of the heavens, learns how to make observations, and what discoveries have disclosed themselves to preceding observers, for instance, the daily and annual motions of the earth, its figure and magnitude; the propositions of chief advantage to the geographer, the traveller, and the navigator; the rotations and revolutions of all the planets; the chief phenomena of the Solar system and their irregularities, with the causes of them,—he marks the arrangement of all the luminous bodies, measures the distances and magnitude of the planets, discovers the laws which govern them, and the motives which either result from these laws, or are impressed by the arm of Omnipotence,

In natural philosophy, he investigates all the forces existing, whether the productions of nature or of art, and connects them with the phenomena, and thus explains or anticipates all the mutual effects and operations of bodies—he is taught the true mode of philosophising; the laws of motion and of equilibrium; the nature, properties and mechanic management of fluids, such as air, water, light; the phenomena of sound and vision; the various mechanic powers and instruments, by which all his organs and powers are magnified; and the principles of those inventions, or applications, which exercise so much influence on our lives and comforts, which have indeed changed the whole face of human affairs, our lives, habits, opinions, manners, customs, and the form of the literary, military, political, domestic, and commercial world. From Ethics, he learns the principles of natural Law or Religion, all the rights and obligations belonging to man, either absolutely as a rational animal, or as related to God, and to the

members of political society.—He ascertains the extent to which reason can go, when comparatively unassisted and when illumined by revelation. The evidences of the Christian Religion are laid before him, and the analogy shown which exists between the principles of natural or of revealed Religion, and the constitution and whole course of nature.

Nor is this University inattentive to *classical* literature—its Students have the opportunity, and the necessity of studying the most finished models of ancient composition, of becoming critically acquainted with the *literati* of brighter days, and of exploring all the classic treasures of philosophy, poetry, history and oratory.

The best classical scholar in each class is after a severe examination, rewarded with a *gold medal*; the same encouragement is given to Science—and how laborious a preparation is required for the latter, may be learned from the Dublin problems, and a comparison may be instituted between them, and the questions proposed by the most scientific of the English Universities to her favorite Students, the candidates for Wranglerships and other Graduate honors.

Such is the course of education in the University of Dublin.—Such are the labors of its leading members, and is it reasonable to expect, that to all their necessary employments, the labors of authorship shall be superadded? It may be said, that they know but little of the duties of an instructor, and can badly enter into the feelings of an author who entertain such an expectation. The man who hopes to produce a work such as may prove a lasting benefit to the world, must be in a great measure disengaged from the ordinary cares of life, much more from the perpetual and annoying recurrence of those anxieties by which a conscientious tutor is embarrassed. Let the University of Dublin have the power of granting that desirable tranquillity which literature loves, and to say that it will make a judicious and honorable use of its power, is only to express the inference which may be fairly drawn from what it has already done; for passing from its *intellectual* to its *moral* character, it is probable that no public body or individual, ever yet exercised privileges and dispensed patronage more equitably than that University. Indeed the term “patronage” appears peculiarly ill adapted to designate the system, according to which, the University of Dublin distributes its benefits and rewards. No man in that institution hopes to attain honor or emolument by any indirect proceeding—By his own merit and his own open honest exertions he hopes to win for himself distinction, and what his own efforts are insufficient to achieve, he despairs of attaining by any less honorable mode of advancement.

Among the various characteristics by which the University of Dublin has been described, it is remarkable that its inflexible justice has not been noticed as it deserved. That an individual shall be of unsullied integrity in the transactions of life, is perhaps not so rare as desponding spirits are ready to believe; but that a corporation consisting of men subject to all the frailties of nature, and liable to those influences which cause men so frequently to swerve from strict impartiality, shall conduct themselves with the purity which characterises the proceedings of the Senior and Junior Fellows of Dublin College, is a circumstance worthy of remark, and it appears somewhat extraordinary, that such a circumstance should not have been noticed as it deserved. But the truth is, that the justice, which is so valuable an attribute of the corporation of our University, has not been especially noticed, *because it has not been interrupted*. If instances frequently occurred

by which suspicion was cast upon their proceedings, public attention would be directed towards the subject, and the unfrequent deviations from strict propriety, would make the general impartiality become known and appreciated; but now, a man is no more sensible of this, than he is of atmospheric pressure, for this reason, that justice may in some sort be considered as the pure element which pervades the Collegiate institutions, and sustains as it were, the principle of Academic life. The effect of this atmosphere upon the character of Students cannot but prove extremely beneficial. A young man at his entrance into College, feels as if the laws of the University were general and constant as those of nature. If he be greedy of praise, he comprehends that honors are distributed according to principles, incapable of change, and that they are to be won, as the gifts of nature, by ability and application. If he be so circumstanced as to desire College emolument, he is taught that this is not the reward of servility or adulation, that it is not the meed of those who can claim the private friendship of the men by whom the University is administered, but that habits of diligence and correctness are sure to procure friends for the stranger, and that talents and industry invariably obtain as a right, the advantages which he who relied upon personal and private regards would aspire after in vain.

The fellowship examination may be considered as calculated at the same time to illustrate and to sustain the spirit of justice on which the University of Dublin may boast itself. A station is contended for, not less honorable perhaps than any to which a man may be called, and the qualifications of Candidates are investigated under the public eye, and the judgment of the Examiners is thus submitted to the censorship of the learned men of the nation. Men admitted after such a scrutiny, naturally proud of a station to which they have been so honorably raised, will not in their conduct, violate engagements to the observance of which on the part of others, they are themselves indebted. They in their turn become impartial examiners, and thus through all the *grades* of Academic life a spirit is diffused and recognized under the influence of which, habits of independence and moral elevation, and virtuous industry are sure to flourish, and the ascendancy of mental worth above all adventitious distinctions fully established. Hence the vigor of the principle which animates the discipline of the Dublin University, and hence the power with which members of its body break through the encumbrances which surround them, and encrease their reputation in the world. But let these incumbrances be removed, and give to the energies of a fine institution a wider sphere, and the appellation "silent sister" will soon be forgotten, or remembered only as a title which ingenious commentators may perhaps explain as having ever been employed to designate the University of Dublin,

OBSERVATIONS ON AMY GREY.

A Letter addressed to the Editor.

True wit is like the bright and friendly ray of the light-house, which cheers and animates the benighted mariner, teaches him to avoid the rocks and shoals of a dangerous coast, and enables him to steer to a port of rest and safety. Wit and genius ill employed, resemble those treacherous fires which delude their unsuspecting victims with a show of friendly direction, and lure him into the utmost peril, at a time when he thinks himself most secure. Avarice, stifling the voice of humanity, hardens its possessor against any feeling for the exigence of others, and sacrificing every thing to self gratification, urges barbarians to this inhospitable mode of gain. The same principle at bottom, but operating less grossly, will be found actively employed in many of the arts and professions of civilized life. Mere avarice however is not the sole agent in all transactions where selfish objects are in view. Vanity, in literary pursuits especially, has her full share in the work, and uses various means to attain her ends. Real genius she often leads astray, by pointing out eccentricity as the surest road to distinction. The plain path of sense and duty is too dull,—he must soar to greater heights,—disdain the tame restraints of humble duty,—and seek applause in nobly braving common rules. The pretender to wit and talent readily falls into her snare;—he finds nothing more easy than to be odd; this he knows will surprize; and what is surprize,—but a kind of admiration? Survey the numerous publications annually issuing from the press,—most of them are written for emolument no doubt, but some also are the offspring of mere vanity,—to attract notice,—to make one among the literary meteors that dazzle the vulgar with their transitory flashes. Some, I believe, are mischievous without intending it; but what can they do? It is a pity their talents should be actually lost to the world, and yet, if they do not shew them in something heterodoxical, there is no chance of their being seen at all.—But if there are many, who intentionally or unintentionally do mischief, there are also many able and ingenious pens to counteract it; some by compositions of a serious nature, and others by a happy talent for ridicule. Among the many stratagems which wit employs for satirical or amusing purposes, one of the happiest and most successful when well managed, is that called irony. Of this humour which assumes a character for the sly purpose of making it ridiculous under the mask of praise, the most finished specimens will be found in the inimitable writings of St. Patrick's Dean. On it, he founds his fame as a wit,—recording thus of himself, when speaking of irony,—

Which I was born to introduce;
 Refined it first, and shewed its use.

In this quality, he so much excelled, that his light and local productions, as well as those of a more serious and studied nature, continue to this day to communicate a pleasure, hardly outdone by the raciness of their first appearance. Some of them are such as could come from no pen but his own, and would have been ridiculous, and even disgusting from any other. Witness his proposal for eating the children of the poor, supported through many pages with an air so serious, a plausibility so imposing, and a gravity

so imperturbable, that one is almost tempted to believe him serious. On the Continent, where this sort of humour seems to be less understood, it is said that the Dean's proposal was really regarded, even by persons of rank and understanding, in a serious point of view.

It is, I believe, recorded of a pious and simple hearted bishop, that in a conversation on Gulliver's travels,—one of the most original compositions of human genius,—his lordship acknowledged Captain Gulliver to be a gentleman, whose plain and unaffected style bore attestation to the truth of his narrative, and the honesty and candour of his mind; but nevertheless, that there were really some things in his travels, to which he found it rather difficult to give his assent. The most remarkable thing in this story, is, that it should be told of a bishop; but what man, high or low, learned, or unlearned, can claim exemption from imbecility of mind, or is incapable of being imposed on, by the plausibilities of ingenious deception.

Irony is of two kinds:—one where faults and frailties are exposed to ridicule under the colour of deceptions praise; the other, which is the reverse of this, where great and real commendation is bestowed by a person professing to vilify and condemn. Of both these kinds, the most exquisite samples are afforded by the same author, who never pays more just and elegant compliment than when he assumes the office of censor, and displays excellencies under the pretence of discovering faults.

The ingenuity of our countrymen is generally thought to lean much to this species of humour, and as far as my experience goes, I think justly. I have witnessed several instances of it in my acquaintance with the literary productions of Ireland, and from one very happy specimen which has appeared in the first number of your Magazine, I am induced to hope it may be followed by many others, capable of affording, though not perhaps in an equal degree, both edification and delight. *Artis est celare artem*,—says the old proverb, and the test of superior excellence in this species of humour is the ability of so concealing the writer's real intention, that nine out of ten of his readers will think him in earnest. I was myself, I confess, so effectually imposed on by the apparent seriousness of the letters written under the signature of AMY GREY, that I had on the first perusal, no idea that more was meant than met the ear. Perhaps I might have continued under the same delusion still, but for the superior discernment of a friend, with whom I happened to converse on the subject.---“Have you read” said I, “those posthumous letters as they are called; there seems to me something very novel in the kind of religious discipline prescribed for amiable and elegant young females, represented as equally distinguished for loveliness of form, intellectual capacity, and piety of sentiment; an adoption of this lady's plan would form an era indeed in the annals of boarding school education for christian ladies! Modern poetry, generally speaking, is not the fountain from which religious and moral instruction is supposed to flow in the most pure and salutary abundance.. Still less should I be inclined to conceive that Lord Byron's works, high as their reputation justly is, for that *vivida vis animi* which accompanies real genius, were peculiarly well qualified to enrich the mind with the fervour of christian faith, and the purity of evangelical virtue. I should certainly be disinclined to send my young and innocent daughters to a seminary, in which one of the standard writers for inspiring piety, and exalting devotion, was---the noble author of Don Juan;---when I consider, which as a christian, it is my bounden duty to do,---the revealed word of God, as the single source of

religious truth, the sole ground of salvation, and the only basis on which the great and glorious hopes of the sincere believer can possibly be built; and when instead of drawing from that holy fountain, I find those posthumous letters of novel piety, professing to extract the pure ore of religion from the dark caverns of Byron's gloomy mine, it seems no small sketch of charity to enroll the writer's name, even in the common catalogue of christians; I am certainly unwilling to say that he was not one himself,---but I feel perfectly secure in giving judgment against his being qualified to make christians of others.

Of all whom it most imports a christian community to have from their earliest years impressed with the safest, purest, and soundest principles of evangelical faith and practice, are those very personages, whom he has thought proper to introduce as religious *élèves* of the immaculate school of Byron! Melancholy indeed would the state of society soon become, were all our daughters, nieces and grand-daughters taught to lay the Bible on the shelf, and to substitute in place of it, the wild and flighty wanderings of poetic genius, the seductive blandishments of a licentious imagination, and the unguarded effusions of a lofty mind, either disdaining the wholesome restraint of a christian creed, or floating on the billows of dark and miserable indecision,---Are such pupils likely to encrease the comforts of man, to fulfil their important destiny in this world, or to be qualified for the still more important enjoyment of the next? Are they likely to become good wives, good mothers, good managers of families, good trainers of children, bright ornaments of society, and glorious examples of female excellence? I fear not,---I fear that such a system, supposing the possibility of its being contagious, which I trust is out of the question at present, would inevitably be followed by a reality the very reverse of that which has now been described! Even the Roman satirist, without the aid of revelation, presses the necessity of keeping pure the minds of boys, a lesson applicable with still stronger propriety to the young of the other sex.

Maxima debetur pueris reverentia---

Nil dictū fœdum factū hęc limina tangat

Intra quæ puer est,---

I quote from memory, and may perhaps quote incorrectly. In short, I am altogether unable to account for such sentiments, under such a signature!"

"And well you may, my good fellow," said my friend, bursting into a fit of laughter, in which he indulged for a considerable time, while I looked I believe rather foolish,---"and well you may, considering those letters to be serious compositions---but a little reflection will shew you that they are altogether ironical, a sly sort of animadversion on the spurious sentimentality of a few females, old as well young, who fancying themselves impregnated with superior talent, and aiming at a distinction for which nature never intended them, can find no other way of exhibiting the produce of their conceptions, but in the affectation of singularity. It is indeed an old mode of attracting notice, and within the reach of any one who will be at the trouble of stooping for it,---This, good sense always declines to do, satisfied to follow the safe track of sound and sober doctrine, and persuaded that the reputation which is not honestly earned, will never be substantially enjoyed. "Great wit," says Dryden, "to madness sure is near allied," and hence it happens that the casual eccentricity of great wits, has so often proved a snare and stumbling block to little ones. They who

are unable to reach the *heights* of genius can however very easily imitate its fallings. The poor ass thought himself secure of passing for a lion, when dressed in the skin of that royal beast—but he would not hold his tongue; silence might have ensured his safety, but braying straitway disclosed the secret, and subjected him to more than pristine degradation.—Many a *soi-disant* wit might within his little family circle pass for a clever sort of fellow, did not the publication of his works, display the inanity of his pretensions; did not, as in the case of the said unlucky quadruped, the discordant voice betray the ass.

"I declare," said I, "now that you have started the idea of ironical application—I do believe you are right, and I only wonder at my own dullness in not having discovered it—but as you appear so sharp-sighted in such matters, I shall be obliged to you for a more particular illustration of the ingenious author's execution of this agreeable fallacy"—"That" said he, "I will give you with pleasure, and you will find as we get through the letters, most unequivocal marks of the writer's real intention in this well conducted piece of literary ridicule. In the first place you will not fail to take notice, that the author has certainly guarded the sensible reader against the possible error of being led to consider it a *bona fide* exhibition of real transactions, or a serious expression of religious sentiment, by fixing the scene in the very last place in the world where such a farce could be played---viz. in the house of an old and respected clergyman, and in the very bosom of his exemplary and pious family! He, good man, is indeed thrown into the back ground, and not actually brought forward as a christian preacher or teacher, taking his text from Childe Harold or the Giaour, descanting on the edifying sublimity of morbid discontent, and deducing lessons of piety and wisdom from examples in which neither of them were to be found. No this would at once have broken the chain and detected the latent joke. The reverend father of the flock is represented as too much absorbed in parochial cares, and the composition of his sermons, to take a part in the Byronian lecture.---This is a bye-play of the female part of the family, who watching the opportunity of old Orthodox's absence, exhibit a sample of their descent from our common mother, by indulging a propensity to taste the forbidden fruit. As school boys, when this master's back is turned, withdraw their eyes from the useful and edifying lesson, and run to marbles or pitch and toss.---All this, you see, prepares you for regarding the work as a slice at the sickly sentimentality of false principles, and for unhesitatingly admitting the fictitious character of the whole: indeed the conversation itself sufficiently evinces the unreality of the agents, both querist and respondents, for I will venture to say, that the questions are such as no woman of sense or character in those days, though she were not a parson's daughter, would put, in the first place,---and in the second, that the answers are still more ludicrously unsuited to the age, rank, understanding, attainments and education of the supposed respondents. The epithet given by this ingenious writer to the noble bard, affords another proof of the peculiar nature of his humour, for who that had a real intention of being thought serious, would designate his Lordship by the title of The Great Unknown! great or little---and I admit his poetical claim to the former; I do not suppose that there is a single name in the annals of poetry, to whom the designation is less properly applied. And to whom is it that he is unknown? To young ladies of high and improved intellect, to young ladies capable of appreciating the highest flights of imagination, or of sounding the

lowest depths of metaphysical abstraction!--to young ladies, fashionably educated, and singularly accomplished. That ladies of this description---the eldest of whom must have seen twenty, the youngest being said to have reached fourteen years,---it is as impossible to believe Lord Byron's name unknown, as that they had never learned to dance, sing, or play on the piano forte. Nothing could have excluded him, but the confinement of a dungeon, of which the key was kept in Mrs. Grey's pocket; and the possession of such learning and accomplishments as they are represented to have, forbids us to give credit to such a supposition. What then must be the inference of every intelligent reader?---certainly that the ingenious writer neither was, or meant to be considered by intelligent readers as in earnest. To render the humbug still more palpable, turn your attention to the next character and the happy epithets by which it is distinguished---the *all enlightened* and *all enlightening* Mr. Jeffrey! With his productions of course we are to suppose those accomplished damsels intimately acquainted; and that they who were forbidden to enter the paradise of Byron, were permitted freely to rove in the Hesperian gardens of the Edinburgh review! Whether this course of study was intended to enlighten the minds of those amiable ladies in politics or religion, we are not informed, but as both the one and the other as exhibited in that enlightened work, are at variance with what must be the sentiments as well as the interests of the reverend clergyman, in whose house the scene of this well imagined ridicule is laid,---we can be at no loss to comprehend its nature, or mistake its intention."

"Another proof of this writer's pleasantry is the juxta-position of Jeffrey and Byron, names which they who have read one of his Lordship's very best productions---"English Bards and Scotch Reviewers"---would pronounce to be

names ne'er designed

By fate in the same sentence to be joined.

Perhaps as this poem in which the said Jeffrey is treated with the utmost contempt and reprobation, does not, like Childe Harold and others, contain any thing particularly conducive to religious edification, it may not yet be considered to deserve a place in the virgin library."

"All this is really very amusing, and nothing can be more prettily fancied than the fair group of virgin innocents, encompassing their enlightened and enlightening matron---"oh," this lively writer makes Amy Grey say, "oh that we had but a painter to draw this interesting groupe and that I could be transformed into a muse or sybil to complete the picture!" any reader supposing the composer of the posthumous epistles serious, will no doubt stare at this whimsical identification of muse and sybil, than which no two characters of heathen mythology, are more distinctly dissimilar."

"The privilege of a painter he will say, is undoubtedly very great and long established,---"Pictoribus atque Poetis" &c.---Yet would it in my opinion be a difficult operation, for the ablest brush to convert Amy Grey into a muse; however successful he might be in giving her the form of a sybil.---To such a matter of fact reader, the spirit of the passage will be entirely lost. It is merely ironical, and consists in the sly analogy thus introduced, between such an instructive matron as the supposed writer of these posthumous letters, and the sybil of Virgil's sixth Enead, who

as all your learned readers know, conducted his *pious* hero to the infernal regions.”—

“I see it now clearly,” said I, “and it reconciles me at once to a composition, of which viewed in a serious light, I could not but reprobate the weak and pernicious tendency. It is an admirable piece of ridicule indeed, and I hope will afford a useful lesson, to young, and old ladies too, who mistake the sallies of an uncorrected fancy, for real genius, and the ravings of a conceited brain, for the genuine offspring of a sound judgment.—Every sentence now carries with it indubitable marks of ironical bearing—and what I before considered as florid no-meaning,—seeming at first to possess some signification, but becoming less and less intelligible the oftener it was read, now really grows interesting, from the ridiculous light in which it places false taste,—misdirected talents—erroneous systems of education, and all the nauseous spawn of spurious sentiment.”

“The very epithets of these pretty misses are sickening, “my sculpturally beautiful Clara”—Geraldine with “diamond eyes and cupidon curls” (cupidon I presume is a lap dog) the genius-lit countenance of the intellectual Charlotte, &c. A lady it is true might be serious in these and similar extravagancies, but if she were, I should advise her to look to the fate of the ass, and if she must gratify her real propensities, to avoid committing them to paper, and bray at home.”

“But are there not some,” said I, “whom this writer really wishes to praise, and who do not come into immediate contact with the main subject of his irony?”

“I believe there are,” said my friend, “but he has indulged his panegyrical propensities to such an excess, that it is a matter of no small difficulty to know, when he means to be sincere, and when otherwise. His praises are heaped with such unqualified adulation, such unsparing extravagance, that the object, if he has either merit or modesty, would prefer an honest censure, from which he might derive some benefit, to an indiscriminating profusion of compliment, which he must know himself not to deserve.—In his parallels he is equally unfortunate—assimilating Mr. Washington Irving, to an author with whom he has not the smallest congeniality. One thing however I am bound to reprehend on a different and much more serious ground, no wit can excuse the introduction of that which is profane or blasphemous, and in these letters we find instances of both—coming too, most preposterously, from the lips of virgin innocence! I will not quote the passages, the intelligent reader will too easily find them.—With respect to Mr. Southey, if serious in his charges, he has been less fortunate in establishing, than in removing them. To disprove these charges he has said nothing to the purpose, because he has unfairly slurred over, or rather studiously concealed, the particular work against which those charges were principally, if not wholly directed.”

When the advocates of Lord Byron shall have succeeded in vindicating Don Juan from those merited animadversions, which have been brought against its baleful tendency, by every reader who takes an interest in the moral character of human society, who respects the laws of man, and who bows with humble veneration to the awful injunctions of his God.—Then let them vaunt their triumphant refutation of the erroneous piety of Mr. Southey; then it will be time enough to set their favorite author at the head of those christian seminaries, from whose intellectual stores, the purity of virgin innocence, shall be able to draw the brightest lessons of

evangelic duty, the happiest illustrations of apostolic virtue.---Then will the panegyrist of this noble bard be entitled to a niche in the temple of fame,---above that of the all enlightened and all enlightening Jeffrey himself---and then---but not until then---let those who live to see it---wind up his ball of praise!

The last letter introduces us to some new, and rather unsuspected favourites,---Moore the poet, and Kean the player! Here indeed the irony has too thin a disguise to escape detection, even for a moment---you must take notice that this fair lady, whether muse or sybil, poetic or prosaic, prophetess or preacher, is represented as the daughter, of a most reverend and orthodox old pillar of the established church. This being her acknowledged condition, under what possible construction of serious meaning can either the little literary hero, or the little theatrical strutter, claim to be ranked among the distinguished lights of the nineteenth century! The thing is absolutely impossible---a contradiction in terms---a plain and palpable humbug.---For who could have expected to see, emblazoned in the page, and canopied under the rosy bower of female panegyric---Mr. Moore the poet, and Mr. Kean the player! The former no doubt has every claim to the gratitude as well as the admiration of poetical ladies, for whose angelical charms, thinking mortal gallants unworthy of such favour, he has brought down lovers from the regions above. That he was not quite so celestial in his first amatory essays, perhaps no person regrets more than himself, and therefore it is but fair to let him enjoy the incense of this ingenious panegyrist's refined adulation. Of the little theatrical hero, the less that is said the better, especially as his abilities to please the fair, are matters of public record---His panegyrist would have done him more justice in assigning him a different character in the the Moor of Venice---not that of the person who feels the pangs of jealousy himself, but of him who excites them in the unsuspecting breast of his friend---Othello is *not* one of Mr. Kean's shining parts---but every body allows, him to be a capital Iago.---How either of those favorites of fame should have happened to attract the peculiar notice of a parson's daughter reading moral lectures to misses in their teens, is not easy to conjecture, unless we adopt the proposed interpretations, and consider the whole as, what if it is not, it ought to be,

A QUIZ.

* * We hope old Quiz will not deter our fair correspondent from communicating to our journal, such additional papers of her deceased and valued friend, as she may judge proper to publish; as well for the gratification of her own feelings, as in justice to the memory of Amy Grey. We feel confident, that she who has proved herself so capable of appreciating her virtues and talents, will also be able to vindicate the direction that they took, and the objects on which they were expended.

ED.

O'DONOGHUE'S BRIDE.

A maiden dwelt, old legends say,
Beside Loch Lene's mysterious waters,
And eye more bright, and heart more gay,
Ne'er boasted Earth's most gifted daughters.

But shadows o'er her spirit came,
Vague fancies fed the mind within;
And love sprung up with fatal flame.
Where all things pure and good had been.

Alas! 'twere painful sight to see,
Upon the shore of that sweet lake
The maiden gazing wistfully,
Upon the billows as they break.

So clearly pure, and purely bright
The first May-morn, before her eyes,
With strange wild looks of love and light,
Waiting until her chief would rise.

Up from the waves he comes to her,
O'Donoghue the brave, the gay,
So soon to be her worshipping,
And bear her as his bride away.

Why comes he not? ah, can he prove
Faithless? or doth the maid but rave;
What could inspire this mystic love,—
She springs into the yielding wave.

Down to the palace, deep beneath
The clear blue lake the maid is gone,
And the princely chief with a golden wreath,
Will place his bride on a royal throne.

FROM METASTASIO.

No, tho' in sorrows weeds array'd,
Nought can the fire of mind conceal,
The heart they vainly seek to shade,
The sparkling look will oft reveal.

When morn walks forth with tresses bright,
A cloud may veil her opening ray,
But cannot hide that orb of light,
That lends his glory to the day.

The curling stream in vain would hide
The weeds that 'neath its current lie;
While the pure crystal of its tide,
Betrays them to the searching eye.

REMARKS ON SHAKSPEARE.

On the dramatic works of this incomparable Bard, so much has been written, and so well that it may seem a superfluous, as well as a presumptuous task, to make any addition. In a harvest-field, however, so rich and extensive, there will always be room for gleaners. Dr. Johnson, too, one of his last and best expositors, admits that there is room still for critical ingenuity; and that there are many things dubious, obscure, and erroneous, on which future diligence and lucky conjecture may succeed in throwing light. This candid avowal, if not an encouragement to inferior critics, at least softens the charge of presumption; and renders the attempt to supply acknowledged wants, if not a very hopeful, yet an inoffensive, and by no means illaudable labour. Were genius alone sufficient for the purpose, who could have thought that Mr. Pope's edition would leave any thing undone, or afford room for a successor? yet, though he unquestionably accomplished much, a great deal *did* remain to be done, of which no small part was performed by laborious diligence, and the cool reflections of common understanding. Shakspeare's utter carelessness about the publication of his works, the licentiousness of the players who probably often altered and mutilated their copies, and the very rude manner in which they were first committed to the press, not only loaded this immortal poet with faults not his own, but have disfigured his text with perplexities never to be disentangled, and errors never to be rectified. Even under the pressure of these multiplied disadvantages, his genius breaks through the surrounding gloom in all the force and freshness of its power, and all the warmth and radiance of its unrivalled imagination; and though he lived in an age of which the language is comparatively barbarous, and whose other literary ornaments have become nearly obsolete, Shakspeare alone maintains his ground—the increasing wonder of each succeeding generation! An illustrator of Shakspeare has therefore the advantage of strong prepossession in favour of the subject on which he writes: this at least will be relished by every reader already prepared to approve and admire; and though the critic may do but little towards the elucidating and explaining the obscurities of the text, yet his endeavours if urged with becoming diffidence and modesty, have a fair chance of being favourably received.

But whatever may remain to succeeding commentators, in the way of removing difficulties affecting the text, the great moralist has left little unoccupied ground in the department either of defence, as regards the irregularities of the mighty dramatist, or of illustration as regards his transcendent beauties. The preface to his edition, is indeed a work of first-rate excellence, equal, if not superior to any thing else that he has written, and far surpassing the efforts of every other competitor in the same field.

One of his positions has been controverted, and I think justly; though possibly the meaning imputed and certainly deducible from his words, is not exactly that which the author meant to convey. They are these, "In the writings of other poets, a character is too often an individual; in those of Shakspeare it is commonly a species." It has been shewed clearly that the reverse of this is in reality the case, and that Shakspeare's characters, instead of representing a particular class or species, are distinct individuals of the class to which they belong. Thus Pistol and Parolles are both brag-

garts and cowards, appertaining to a particular class, but in place of being general representatives of that class, they are perfectly distinct and definite individuals of it. Othello's jealousy is very different from that of Leontes, and so of others. It is hard to conceive that this could have escaped the sagacity of the great critic, and we may reasonably suppose that his meaning has been mistaken. By *individual*, it seems probable that he understood one taken from a certain class, and not distinguished sufficiently from that class to which he belonged,—a character odd and eccentric rather than one likely to be found in human life; by *species*, a particular and remarkable cast of character either actually existing, or drawn with so much probability as easily to mark the species of which he is a member. If this interpretation be admitted, the only thing chargeable against Johnson, is a fault of which he is as rarely guilty as most writers,—namely, a want of perspicuity.

There are however, some observations in this preface, with which I do not concur, and which though not noticed by others, that I know of, appear to be pushed to a reprehensible excess. His strictures on Shakspeare's imperfections are not only too severe as well as too general, but capable of being refuted even by his own authority. He fully admits the poet's wonderful power of forming, diversifying and supporting characters, of fascinating the reader's or the spectator's mind, and of keeping the attention for ever ardent and for ever gratified. Of such a writer can it be justly said, "In tragedy his performance seems *constantly* to be worse, as his labour is more: the effusions of passion which exigence forces out, are for the most part striking and energetic; but whenever he solicits his invention, or strains his faculties, the offspring of his throes is tumor, meanness, tediousness, and obscurity?" It appears hard to conceive how a tragic poet to whom this character was applicable, should ever have attained celebrity, and still more that he should retain it with an increasing reputation, from the end of the sixteenth to the commencement of the nineteenth century. But the Doctor, more studious, in this instance of strong and sounding phrase, than of just and sober criticism, has incidentally invalidated his own judgment by subsequent remarks. Of Othello he observes, comparing it with Addison's tragedy of Cato, "that it is the vigorous and vivacious offspring of observation impregnated by genius." This is justly and happily expressed, and of course, this subject of commendation ought to have been excepted from the condemned tragedies, for it will hardly be said that the author of this noble drama neither solicited his invention, nor strained or exerted his mental faculties. I apprehend he did both, and certainly without producing "*tumor, meanness, tediousness and obscurity.*" It will also, I suppose, be admitted that there are other exceptions, for the admirers of Shakspeare will not easily submit to so unfavourable a judgment on Lear, Romeo and Juliet, Macbeth, &c. &c. In truth I am disposed to think that the critic's censure would more justly fall on those passages in which the poet did *not* solicit his invention, and, to use a phrase lately in disrepute, "exert the energies" of his poetic imagination. Where the occasion did not call for those powers, where there was no striking passion to be displayed, no deep feeling to be developed, he is often languid and obscure, but as Dryden more happily expresses it, "he is always great when some great occasion is presented to him; no man can say he ever had a subject fit for his wit (*genius*), and did not then raise himself as high above other poets, quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi."

Surely it is not very conceivable that a great but careless poet, in whose work so many dark as well as splendid passages are to be found, should have "solicited his invention" and "strained his faculties," to produce the former so obviously appearing the result of haste, while the latter should be the unlaboured result of lucky negligence!! Dryden certainly thought otherwise and I apprehend that very few will be found presumptuous enough to question the soundness of his judgment, or the acuteness of his discernment.

There is yet another passage in which the great critic seems to have made a little sacrifice of strict propriety, to the ambition of displaying pointed sentences. I allude to that in which he makes Shakspeare's pursuit of quibbles the subject of a long series of illustrations;—it is concluded with the following remark; "A quibble is the golden apple for which he will turn aside from his career, or stoop from his elevation. A quibble, poor and barren as it is, gave him such delight that he was content to purchase it by the sacrifice of reason, propriety and truth. A quibble was to him the fatal Cleopatra for which he lost the world, and was content to lose it."

This strain surely savours of hyper-critical extravagance, and is by no means accordant with that sound and sober judgment which in most other cases directed his opinion. A quibble, or play upon words, was the fault of Shakspeare's age, and consequently an imperfection from which it was next to impossible he could be altogether exempt. He wrote to please the people, and—was satisfied when he had done so. That many of those fooleries which gave delight to the audience were not in unison with his own judgment, we may learn from the opportunity Hamlet afforded him, of giving instruction to the players. The last of the three sentences quoted above, is peculiarly unfortunate,—a complete *antiphrasis* of comparison. It is true indeed that Antony lost the world by his attachment to Cleopatra, and was content to lose it: but it is the reverse of truth to say that Shakspeare lost the object of his ambition by a quibble, or was content to do so. Quibbles were so far from diminishing either his credit or his emoluments, that they may be considered as having, in his own time, advanced both, and as far as posterity is concerned, it is hardly necessary to say, that though they disfigure his pages, they have not occasioned the loss of his reputation.

After having observed in a foregoing section, that if we owe much to Shakspeare, he also owes much to us, in the veneration with which his name is so universally regarded, he proceeds to give the following opinion: "Shakspeare has undoubtedly scenes of perpetual excellence, but perhaps not one play which if it were now exhibited as the work of a cotemporary author would be heard to the end." That many of them would not, is most certainly true; being calculated to please very different palates, and of course obliged to submit to many changes and modifications to suit them to the demands of the prevailing manners of the day. But is this true of every one of them? Unquestionably not. The dogmatical critic himself has pronounced Othello to want little of the precision required for the most regular drama; and there are others in nearly a similar predicament, or at least from which very little pruning is required to adapt them to the stage. I believe that even now, few pieces are offered to managers on which this wholesome and purifying operation is not necessary to be performed. The Doctor's doubt however, may be easily resolved by a plain question. For what purpose do people resort to the theatre? Not, I con-

ceive, to worship the manes of a favourite author, but to receive delight from the excellence of theatrical exhibition. It is not the magic of Shakspeare's NAME, but the magic of his ART, that constitutes the attractive power. If there be any lured by the splendour of his name, they form too trifling a portion of the audience to be worth taking into calculation. The only thing likely to diminish this hereditary respect for his name, and the general desire of being spectators of his dramas, must be an author equal to him in genius, but superior in the felicity of having fallen upon a more enlightened age. Such an occurrence is not, I am afraid, likely to adorn and immortalize the memorable epoch in which we live; although it has reason to be proud of the splendour and utility that belong to its discoveries and its improvements in science, in literature, and in the arts, as well as of that bright constellation of poetical spirits who have poured upon us their beauteous and tender light, and their inspiration as warm and original as it is profuse.

But, after all, the blemishes that I have just adverted to, as occurring in Dr. Johnson's celebrated preface, are trifling indeed, and will be found to deduct little or nothing from its solid value. They only shew that every author has his foibles—connected with the taste of the times, and in most cases directly growing out of that taste whatever it may be;—and that while one is led astray by his love of puns or quibbles, another will not scruple to look for a morbid and perishable sort of literary renown, though sometimes it be at the expense of strict veracity, in high-wrought periods, lofty diction and pointed sentences. The Doctor's masterly defence of Shakspeare's violation of dramatic rules, together with his vindication of the liberty of the stage, absurdly circumscribed by the supposed necessity of the *unities*, has, I think put that question completely at rest. Public approbation had already pronounced the verdict, and Johnson's irresistible appeal to the tribunal of reason, has confirmed and recorded it.

Respecting such notes or illustrations as I may venture to make, I have only to premise that I am acquainted with no edition of Shakspeare subsequent to that of Dr. Johnson. I had not read it for a long time, but peculiar circumstances having lately thrown it in my way, the following remarks have served to amuse some tedious hours.

THE TEMPEST.

This play, as Dr. Warburton has observed, is one of those in which the inventive power of Shakspeare's genius is eminently displayed; and for this reason perhaps has received the honour of precedence from the original editors, for this very high degree of excellence renders it unlikely to have been the earliest of his compositions. Since no mention is made of any previous tale or history on which the play might be founded, we are to give the poet's imagination credit for the entire, illustrating his own beautiful description of poetic fancy—"glancing from heaven to earth—from earth to heaven—and giving to airy nothing, a local habitation and a name." The peculiar beauties have been often noticed and are too obvious to require being pointed out. Though it never fails to give delight in the closet, it appears, I believe but seldom on the stage. For this it is not easy to assign a satisfactory reason, as it undoubtedly possesses innumerable attractions both for the eye and ear;—a surprising variety of characters, of incident and of scenic display. This last recommendation, which can now be exhi-

bited in a manner so superior to anything that existed in Shakspeare's days, and for a long time after, makes the prevailing neglect of this exquisite drama the more to be wondered at. Alterations it would doubtless require, but none that could be injurious to the text, or difficult in the performance.

Dr. Johnson in his observations on Macbeth, has taken some pains to justify Shakspeare's use of witches and enchantment, by ascribing it to the manners and mode of thinking which were prevalent in his days—"A poet, he says, who should now make the whole action of his tragedy depend upon enchantment, and produce the chief events by the help of supernatural agents, would be centured as transgressing the bounds of probability, be banished from the theatre to the nursery, and condemned to write fairy tales instead of tragedies; but a survey of the notions that prevailed at the time this play was written, will prove that Shakspeare was in no danger of such censures, since he only turned the system which was then universally admitted, to his advantage, and was far from overburthening the credulity of his audience."

To this remark the reader is indebted for an entertaining essay on witchcraft, and in so far, may acknowledge an obligation to the critic: but the remark itself is evidently erroneous, as it is altogether destitute of the circumstance on the strength of which alone, it could be justified, viz; that the plot and the action of the play represented existing opinions, and had reference to the times in which the poet lived. Were the critic's strictures just, the play in question ought to retain its fascinating power, no longer than while a belief in witchcraft continued to be an article in the popular creed; but this is pretty well known not to be the case, and the Doctor himself had an opportunity of knowing it as well those who happen to live half a century later than his day, and of discovering in it, the best proof of the futility of his own position. But Shakspeare judiciously threw back the use of his supernatural agents to a rude and early period, when magical arts obtained implicit faith and acceptance among all ranks of society, and he referred them to a country peculiarly disposed to a belief in such extraordinary operations. It is on this principle his justification rests, not upon the general belief of his own time, when such things were falling fast into disrepute, and credited only by some of the more ignorant and vulgar. A poet who lays the action of his piece in distant regions or in ancient times, is bound to represent the manners and opinions of those times and countries and is an unfaithful painter if, instead of doing this, he assimilates them to his own. The question both with respect to the magic in the Tempest, and the witches of Macbeth, is not whether such things were practised and believed in the age of Shakspeare, but—in the times to which they are referred. If they were, the poet may fairly avail himself of the machinery to diversify his scenes, to exercise his imagination and to amuse his audience: not because it is believed that such agencies are any longer in operation, but because the spectators are willing to submit to an agreeable delusion, and to fancy themselves, *pro tempore*, transported to other regions and to remote times. In a fancy like this every frequenter of theatres very willingly acquiesces; particularly in tragic exhibitions, most of which have relation to times very different from his own; nor do I see any reason why a modern dramatist may not still employ like agents when his subject is taken from times in which they were supposed to exert frequent and supernatural power. A

better reason for Shakspeare's introduction of witches may be drawn from the moral use he has made of them as visionary deceptions; and finally conducive to misery and ruin. Prospero indeed employs his art for beneficent purposes, but he takes care to mark the pernicious nature of such pursuits by his final abandonment of them.

—This rough magic
I here abjure—I'll break my staff
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book.

Scene 1st. Dr Johnson observes that this is perhaps the first example of sailors' language exhibited on the stage, and that a skillful navigator has told him, that it contains some inaccuracies and contradictory orders. It is most probably the first example of a stage representing a ship; being such a one as only the daring imagination of Shakspeare would venture to exhibit, and the less likely to be presented as the poet himself must have been entirely unacquainted with a sailors' life. All he could have known of ships was derived from occasional views of vessels on the Thames. He seems however to have guarded against the cavils of "a skillful navigator" by giving few orders and those more of a general than a particular nature, his chief object being to display the different feelings of the persons on board, in a situation so dreadful, the active intrepidity of the hardened mariners, and the dismay and confusion of the alarmed and inexperienced passengers. "Play the men" in Alonzo's address to the boatswain, should be "ply the men"—keep them at work—it is probably a typographical error.

Scene 2nd. Introduces the lovely and innocent Miranda, a character no less finely conceived, than happily and consistently supported. Miranda having been hitherto kept in ignorance of her birth and connections, Prospero, whose enemies fortune had now put within his power, embraces the opportunity of affording her full information on those interesting subjects, and at the same time of opening to the spectator whatever was necessary to throw light on the plot and conduct of the play. Prospero's recently acquired power prepares us of course for magic scenes and magic characters; nor are we disappointed. Nothing can be more charmingly imagined than that of the light and lively Ariel, who seems to be one of that airy tribe whose exhibitions were more playful than injurious, and whose delicate nature shrunk from acts of vice and cruelty. Hence he became obnoxious to Sycorax, and fit only for the service of one who like Prospero exercised supernatural power in the aid of oppressed innocence. For Ariel some prototype may have been found, though none more probably that comes up to the masterly delineation of Shakspeare's pen; but Caliban is a non-descript, alike unknown and unexpected, yet such as from the account of his birth, we find no difficulty in receiving as a probable production. Dr. Johnson, in reprehending those who had said that Shakspeare had not only made a new being but given him a new language, appears to have been combating imaginary antagonists; for his own quotation states, not a new language, but—a new *manner* of language, by which it may be presumed they meant no more than that Caliban's phraseology was peculiarly adapted to his monstrous birth, his mis-

chievous propensities and brutal disposition This appears to be the fair construction of the offensive phrase, and if so, it is sufficiently defensible.

Pros.————— I have
So safely ordered that there is no soul,
No, not so much perdition as a hair
Betid to any creature in the vessel.

This is the old reading certainly in want of amendment.—The early editors added to “*soul*” the word “*lost*” which I consider right.—“There is not a soul—no, not so much as a hair lost. In this case the line would run better.

“So safely ordered that there is no soul lost” &c.

Theobald proposes to read “*Foil*,” and Dr. Johnson much better, “*soil*.” there is not even a soil on their garments. But the perdition or loss mentioned in the succeeding line requires of us, to apply something similar to the other:—not only is there no soul (life) lost, but they have not even suffered the loss of a hair; the escape of their garments would have come more properly afterwards, had Prospero thought it necessary but Miranda he well knew, was interested only for themselves. It were well if nothing but single words were needed to be added or expunged; corrections of this kind being so easily made by the help of the sense or the metre. The great difficulty lies in the reformation of perplexed and unintelligible sentences.

Where passages occur, and they are but too frequent, of obvious and undeniable corruption offensive not only to the ear, but incapable of being reconciled to the understanding, it seems better to put them into an intelligible form, though the editor may not be certain of his amendment, than to let nonsense hold its place in the text. Shakspeare, unquestionably, did not write nonsense; and, even if we could bring ourselves to think that he *did*, indifferent sense is better than absolute no-meaning. Care, however should be taken to exhibit the unintelligible part at the bottom of the page, to give opportunity for more lucky explanation to future interpreters. This indeed has often been done; but it has often, too, been left undone, and Dr. Johnson himself frequently retained a false reading, even where a very slight change by himself or others, had restored the true one. An instance, though not the most glaring, occurs in the following passage. Prospero relating how he had been supplanted by his brother who taking advantage of his studious disposition, had as his deputy, engrossed the whole authority, and thus come at length to think himself a rightful Duke, proceeds thus—

“————— He being thus lorded
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact; like one,
Who having into truth by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie, he did believe
He was indeed the Duke—————”

This nonsense is suffered to stand, though Johnson had two amendments before him, one by Warburton, the other by Hanmer; both of which make sense, though the idea is better than the phraseology, which at best is careless and unperspicuous,—a common fault with Shakspeare in unimpassioned dialogue. Warburton has the credit of correcting the error by

changing "of it" into "oft;" an error likely enough to have been committed by giddy or stupid transcribers. He reads—

Who having unto truth by telling oft, &c. &c.

Hanmer's change is more violent—

Who loving an untruth and telling't oft, &c. &c.

the sense is—who talking and boasting incessantly of his power, from the very habit comes at length to fancy it to be his just right, and makes his memory such a sinner to truth, as to annex credit to his own lie. I would propose the addition of a word

—(like one

Who having unto truth, by telling oft,

Made such a sinner of his memory as

To credit his own lie;) he did believe, &c. &c.

The reader of Shakspeare cannot but observe that the omission of a parenthesis often serves to render obscure a meaning, otherwise sufficiently plain and obvious.

Ariel's claim of his master's promise, and impatience to be free, gives Prospero occasion to relate the history of Sycorax, her imprisonment of Ariel, and his subsequent release by the charms and spells of his more potent master.

Miranda.—The strangeness of your story
Put heaviness on me.

Why, says Dr. Johnson, should a wonderful story produce sleep? I believe it will be found that any violent agitation of the mind easily subsides in slumber: especially when, as in Prospero's relation the last images are pleasing! It was hardly necessary to account for Miranda's slumber, brought on, as we are told, not by a wonderful tale, but by a magic charm. Miranda herself, not knowing this, endeavours to account for it by the only cause she could assign—the strangeness of the story. Long stories, frequently indeed of a soporific nature, had probably often lulled her to sleep before, and she naturally enough resorts to her father's extraordinary narration, as the cause of her present drowsiness; otherwise it was of a nature much more likely to awaken than to compose the mind of a lowly maiden, thus suddenly informed of her high birth and lineage.

Scene 5th —Ariel, with songs conducting Ferdinand to Prospero.

On these songs Warburton has a long note justifying them against the censures of preceding commentators, principally on the ground that it was necessary to convince Ferdinand of his father's death, in order to facilitate Prospero's scheme of marrying him to Miranda.—Dr. Johnson doubts the validity of the justification, saying that Ariel's lays however efficacious, possess no preternatural dignity or elegance, and reveal nothing above mortal discovery. I am of opinion that those discontented critics would have abated somewhat of their displeasure, had they considered with sufficient attention, the nature and qualities of the little airy sprite, and the purpose of his magical operations on Ferdinand. The former they might have collected from the general deportment of Ariel, who urges no pretension to compositions of supernatural dignity and elegance, or to predictions of more than mortal foresight: The latter they might have learned from Ferdinand.

himself on whom the mysterious operation of the whole scene—music as well as words—produced the effect intended by the airy enchanter;

———Sitting on a bank
Weeping against the king my father's wreck,
The musick crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion,
With its sweet air:—thence I have followed it,
Or it hath drawn me rather. But 'tis gone.—
No—it begins again.

It was not then merely to let him know his father was dead—for of that he was convinced before,—but to impart and infuse consolation from above, to soothe him with soft melting airs, and, when his mind was in this favourable state for the reception of another soft and tender feeling, to lead him to the place where he was, as if by heavenly appointment to be guided into the presence of Miranda. He seems himself to acknowledge this in the following words, uttered after the second song;

This ditty does remember my drowned father;
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the Earth owns—I hear it now above me.

Gildon or Johnson perhaps might have contrived it better. To me it appears a happy mode of introducing the lovers to each other, and perfectly consistent with the general character of the play. As to the composition of Ariel's songs, I am of opinion that Shakspeare looked merely to that light and airy style which he thought suitable to such a fairy. It is accordingly the music, not the words, to which Ferdinand refers his wonder, astonishment, and sudden conversion of mind.

Act 2nd. Scene 1st.

Ant.—Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earthed, hath here almost persuaded,
For he's a spirit of persuasion, only,
Professes to persuade the king, his son's alive.—

The obscurity of this passage, which I believe Johnson has rightly explained, changing "*he's*" into "*he*," is rendered still more confused by the omission of a parenthesis;—I will propose, with a very slight change to read it thus,—

Ant.—Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earthed, hath here almost persuaded,
(For he's a spirit whose persuasion only
Professes to persuade) the king, his son's alive,

The meaning, in this way, becomes obvious enough,—i. e. this old lord who has lost his memory, and of whom no memory will soon remain, hath *almost* persuaded the king (for a spirit of persuasion like his only *professes* the art of persuading, and doth not possess it,) that his son's alive.—Dr. Johnson thinks probably enough, that the word "*professes*" implies disbelief on the part of the persuader.

In the succeeding page, Dr. Johnson corrects a very obvious error, by changing "*keep*" to "*sleep*;" yet he has not admitted it into the text.

In like manner he retains "antient morsel," the old reading, though he admits that Warburton with no less judgment than elegance, substituted "antient moral;" where there is so little difference in the words, that one may be very easily copied out instead of another, by the haste, or the inattention of a transcriber, the duty of an editor is to adopt a judicious and elegant amendment, especially when so bad a reason is given for retaining the old reading—viz. "I know not whether the author might not write "morsel," as we say a *piece of a man*;"—the sense and reference of the words will abundantly justify the correction; moral or morality was a character in the old plays:—Antonio speaking contemptuously of the old king, says, "this Antient Moral, this Sir Prudence!" both epithets here are in accord; but what possible relation can we suppose to subsist between "morsel" and "prudence?"

This scene in which the usurper of Milan stirs up Sebastian to the murder of his brother, reminds one of King John and Hubert. Antonio however, found more ready acquiescence in the person to be worked upon, than the unfeeling monarch of England, who was to receive all the benefit of the crime himself. Shakspeare's knowledge of human nature, shews with how much more readiness the great gainer yielded to temptation, than the little one.

Scene 2nd. Shakspeare seems to have forgotten that Ariel had told Prospero *all* the mariners had been safely stowed under hatches, and left asleep in the ship;—Stephano and Trinculo however might not be mariners, that is, able seamen; but they certainly appear to have belonged to her, as part of the crew, by their song and behaviour. Stephano indeed, is afterwards called by Alonzo, his drunken butler—at all events, they were very necessary personages on shore. Trinculo's wish to have Caliban in England, shews that London, even then, was the great resort of idle curiosity, which he thus humourously ridicules:—"Were I in England now, as I once was, not a holiday fool but would give a piece of silver—there, would this strange monster *make* a man,—any strange beast there makes a man—when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian!" Dr. Johnson kindly informs us that to *make a man*, means to get him money—to make his fortune: this phrase is still in common use; the "dead Indian," probably alludes to some particular exhibition in the Poet's days, but now forgot. How far the satirical lash dealt by the Poet's pen on the uncharitableness of the English people might have been just at that period, I do not pretend to know; but it, unquestionably, is not so at the present time, as this country among many others, has full reason gratefully to acknowledge.

Caliban.——— I'll bring thee

To clust'ring filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young Scamels from the rock.—

"The word "scamels," (observes Dr. Johnson) has puzzled the commentators; Warburton reads "chamois:" Theobald, any thing rather than scamels: Mr. Holt observes that limpits are in some places called scams, therefore I have suffered *scamels* to stand." So far Johnson. A change of no great violence may perhaps restore the true reading. Limpits or "scams," if they are ever so denominated, might be had at any time. The chamois inhabits only the coldest regions, and most inaccessible rocks, and therefore was not likely to be on the same island with Ariel, or a suita-

his game for such a hunter as Caliban. I am therefore inclined to substitute "seamews," a word not unlikely to be mistaken for "scamels" by an ignorant transcriber. Young seamews or gulls, are, in summer, taken from rocks on the sea coast; and therefore Caliban says, "*sometimes* I'll get them for thee."

Act 4.—*Prosp.*————— I

Have given you here a third of mine own life,
Or that for which I live.

Theobald, certainly with very little violence to the text, reads "thread" for "third," in allusion to the fates who spun the thread of human life; and with much apparent probability, as our Poet often alludes to them. Johnson's reason for retaining the old reading is not very clear: his words are, "Prospero in his reason subjoined why he called her a third of his own life, seems to allude to some logical distinction of causes, making her the final cause." A seeming allusion to that which is neither explained by the author, nor by the commentator, cannot with any degree of propriety be termed "a reason subjoined." If "third" be the true reading, which I can by no means believe, I can see no meaning but this—I have given you here a third of my own life, or rather of that for which I live—I live for my people, my daughter, and myself; and of those three things which constitute the sum of that for which I live, in giving *her* to you, I have given you one of the dearest: this after all is so far-fetched, that I must prefer Theobald's correction.

Act 5. Dr. Johnson has perhaps a little overstepped the limits of just criticism in the following observations extracted from his preface. "Shakspeare with his excellencies, has likewise faults, and faults sufficient to obscure and overwhelm any other reputation,—his first defect is that to which may be imputed most of the evils in books or men. He sacrifices virtue to convenience, and is so much more careful to please than to instruct, that he seems to write without any moral purpose. From his writings, a system of social duty may be selected, for he that thinks reasonably, must think morally; but his precepts and axioms drop casually from him; he makes no just distribution of good or evil, nor is always careful to shew in the virtuous, a disapprobation of the wicked. He carries his persons indifferently through right and wrong, and, at the close, dismisses them without further care, and leaves their examples to operate by chance. This fault, the barbarity of his age cannot extenuate, for it is always a writer's duty to make the world better than he found it."

It looks rather hard to try a writer by the authority of a tribunal to which he never professed obedience, and with whose mandates he had never been made acquainted. Such a test as is here sought to be applied, would, I apprehend, go far towards extinguishing many great reputations, and dethroning not a few of those who now maintain the highest place in the temple of fame; particularly if it were urged with any thing like the rigour of Dr. Johnson's position. Do Homer and Virgil abstain from sacrificing virtue to convenience, in the sense here intended? I apprehend not:—yet the age of the latter at least, was very far from barbarous. From them, too, many precepts (it would be wrong perhaps to say *systems*) of human duty could be drawn, yet, indirectly, as from Shakspeare, because their purposes also were, like his, not merely moral, but historical, national, and entertaining. Shakspeare, like other writers of similar character, left the

province of moral and religious instruction to the proper directors, and wrote for the general amusement, rather than the moral discipline of the people. For his subjects, he is seldom answerable, as he took them from the histories and tales of the day, and it is but doing him justice to say that the alterations made in that which he found were generally made for the better. Nor let it be forgotten, that he repressed, instead of augmented the licentiousness of his times, being far less offensive to chaste and pious ears, than the dramatists of a much later and more refined period. Even now, with a slender pruning of the indelicate and the obnoxious, he may be read without infusing a blush into the cheek of modesty, while Congreve, Wycherly, Vanburgh and others, who were the general delight of their age, are below the standard even of common decency. For a long period, it seemed as if there were but two hinges upon which dramatic wit and interest could turn;—profaneness and obscenity. Sir Richard Steele claims the merit of being one of the first reformers of this disgraceful and degrading state of the public mind.

If such was the taste of Shakspeare's age, which is not unlikely, as most of the old comedies abounded with unprincipled gallants, wanton wives and duped husbands, our poet should rather be regarded as a reformer, and in this view may not unjustly be said to have made the world better than he found it. The common jest on *horns* and the married state, does indeed frequently occur, but much less offensively than in his successors. His genius saw that there were in the varied life of man abundance of subjects on which his power might be exercised, besides the gross and stale joke of the cuckold and the gallant. He has accordingly not only availed himself of the stores presented to his mind by acute and vigilant observation, but increased them by the art of felicitous combination and the creative vigour of an unrivalled invention. Hence he never tires; his characters are not the local and perishable upstarts of modes and fashions, the ephemeral productions of superficial wit, from which if you take their peculiar dresses, their modish phrases, and their fashionable airs, you have but a shadow behind. He gives you, with few exceptions, human nature to fit every dress, time, and place, such as it was, is, and always will be.

Of such a writer it is not fair to judge by the strict rules of rectitude which a severe moralist of the eighteenth century has thought proper to lay down. An age, as well as a man, should be tried by its peers, and upon this principle it will not be easy to procure a verdict of condemnation against the bard of Avon.

In truth, the strictures on which I have ventured to animadvert, appear to me to neutralize if not to contradict themselves. Surely if from writings whose *professed* purpose is not to edify, but to please, can be drawn a *system of social duty*, the writer is entitled to commendation rather than to censure. He gives more than he promises; and if the part not promised proves to be the most valuable portion of the gift, I think we may go a little further and say, though in opposition to the great critic, (for has he not virtually said the same thing himself?) that Shakspeare deserves credit for having not only contributed to the entertainment but accelerated the improvement of his countrymen, or, to use the critical dictator's own language, for having made the world better than he found it.

The foregoing observations have been suggested by the play before us, which in my mind, is exempt from those charges of carelessness in making

distinction between good and evil, and of culpable indifference to the cause of virtue and the ends of justice. Here we see ingratitude, fraud, violence and iniquity of every kind exposed and punished in the persons of the enemies of Prospero; innocence, chastity and virtue beautifully exemplified and happily rewarded in Ferdinand and Miranda. Prospero represents a wise and good man employing irresistible power for the noblest and best purposes, and in a striking degree displaying the divine excellence of the great christian precept—forgiveness of injuries. Even the light and lively Ariel becomes a moralizer, and concludes his just reproof of the detected culprits with an exhortation to repentance and amendment of life, as the sole means of restoring them to Heavenly favour:—

The Powers, delaying—not forgetting, have
Incensed the sea and shores, yea all the creatures
Against your peace.——

——whose wrath to guard you from—
Is nothing but—*heart's sorrow*,
And a clear life ensuing.

Of the Tempest, at least, it cannot be said that the author became impatient towards the close, and precipitated the conclusion: it proceeds regularly to its end, *qualis ab incepto*, and some of the most beautiful passages will be found in Prospero's speeches in the fifth act. Of these I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of quoting some parts, and trust that it will make some amends to the reader for having tired him with so much of my own. To Ariel, relating the compunction and distress of the King's party, and his own feelings on the occasion, he says—

Hast thou, which art but AIR, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion'd* as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to th' quick,
Yet with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part—the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance;—they *being penitent*,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown farther—

Scene 2nd.—*Prosp.* Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves,
And ye, that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune; and do fly him,
When he comes back; you demi-puppets, that
By moonshine do the green four ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid
(Weak masters tho' ye be) I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, called forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea, and the azured vault

* *Passion*, in the text.

Set roaring war; to the dread rattling thunder
 Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
 With his own bolt: the strong bas'd-promontory
 Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck'd up
 The pine and cedar: graves at my command
 Have wak'd their sleepers, oped and let them forth,
 By my so potent art. But this rough magic
 I here abjure; and when I have required
 Some Heavenly musick, (which even now I do)
 To work mine end upon their senses, that
 This airy charm is for; I'll break my staff;
 Bury it certain fathoms in the earth:
 And, deeper than did plummet sound,
 I'll drown my book."

This indeed is Poetry!!

Should these remarks prove acceptable, they may be continued by

VINDEX.

P. S. *Additional note to "the Tempest" in the conclusion of Vol. 1st of Doctor Johnson's octavo edition, not perceived by me until the foregoing remarks were written.*

"I remember to have been told by my friend Mr William Collins, that a great part of this play was founded on an Italian Chemical Romance, in which there was a spirit like Ariel."—T. WARTON.

Mr. Warton's opinion is certainly entitled to much deference and respect, but had he told me as editor of Shakspeare nothing more to the purpose, I should have deemed it more creditable to the relater, to suppress the information. In one respect, the ancient chemistry was "romantic" enough, because it pursued a phantom in the Grand Elixir or in the philosopher's stone; but what a *chemical romance* can be, I am a good deal puzzled in attempting to conceive. Admitting the fact of the said Italian Romance's existence, Mr. Warton well knew it could have been of no use to Shakspeare, without first appearing in an English dress, and that this was not the case, his own acquaintance with the legendary lore of his country must have led him to conclude. On what ground then does this mighty charge of plagiarism stand? truly on nothing less than this broad bottom that one gentleman who knew little, told another gentleman who knew less, that there was a certain chemical Romance in Italy, in which there was a spirit like Ariel!!!

Mr. Warton like Dr. Johnson retains "scamels." I have already stated the Doctor's reason, viz. that "limpets," as he had heard, were sometimes called SCAMS. Limpets, however a very small shellfish, and only used by the common people along the sea-coast, could not well be classed among the nice and rare things which Caliban undertook to provide; besides, the word "young" intimates that they were to be taken from the nest or the parent. I have some recollection of having heard fish of this kind called "slams," which possibly might have been the word alluded to by Dr. Johnson's informant. The following is Mr. Warton's note: I am inclined to retain "scamels," for in an old will, dated 1593, I find the bequest

of a bed of "scammel colour," i. e. of the colour of an animal so called, whose skin was then in use for dress or furniture. This, at least, shews the existence of the word, at that time, and in Shakspeare's sense."

A single word in an old will seems hardly sufficient to support such a conclusion. It is not easy to conceive that there should have been, in the time of Elizabeth and James, an animal called a scamel, whose skin was in use for dress or furniture, and of this animal that no trace or record should now remain, save in one old will, and in a play of Shakspeare's, abounding, as the whole of his productions have been found usually to do, with typographical errors. The word "scammel-coloured" does not necessarily imply animal origin. Colours are denominated as often from merely inanimate things as—rose, stone, violet, ash, &c. I am therefore strongly inclined to think that either the reader or the drawer of the will, committed a blunder, and that what passed with them for "scammel colour" was more probably intended for camel-colour or rather camlet-colour; or possibly the phrase in question might have had reference to a camlet-covered bed, camlet was a stuff as well known at that early period as it is at present, and, I believe, in more general use.

In the revisal it is proposed to substitute "utter" for "spatter," where Stephano says of the supposed double monster;—"his backward voice is to spatter foul speeches."—The old reading seems to me more appropriate to the occasion; or if any change be advisable that it should be to "sputter," a word well adapted to the consternation of Caliban.

VINDEX.

* * The Editor acknowledges himself indebted to "VINDEX," for the foregoing specimen of an able and enlightened commentary on the greatest of Poets. Its *sterling good sense*, is that by which it is chiefly recommended and distinguished; while it shews the writer to be also possessed of considerable learning and taste. He is requested to continue his contributions, to which, the pages of this journal shall be always open. The unpretending and humble tone in which his purpose is announced, and his lucubrations are commenced, while it is honourably contrasted with the vigorous spirit that marks the progress of his work, must disarm the candid portion of the public, of that suspicion and even hostility, which they are not slow either in feeling or in displaying against the assumptions of impudent empiricism, or the loquacious and more emphatic impertinencies of learned idiotcy, and elaborate dulness. Our critic puts forward no boastful claims to a more sagacious discernment of beauties, and a more quick-sighted detection of faults, than his cotemporaries and predecessors have been favoured with; and yet, his discrimination, he has already proved to be both keen and impartial. He makes no magnificent promises of heaping refutation and confusion on preceding and rival commentators, or of throwing new light on the bewildering obscurities of the text; and yet, so far as he has proceeded, his competency to do both the one and the other, is placed beyond doubt. He professedly aims at no higher functions than the unassuming and trivial labours of a gleaner, while the heart and hand with which he plies his task, evince a capacity—as yet unworn, perhaps untried—for thrusting effectually his sickle into this, or any other field of mental exertion. He has already outgone the limits which he prescribed to

himself, and is more than fulfilling his promise. In some of the remarks that he makes, and the suggestions that he throws out, he may or may not coincide with other writers, he may or may not have been anticipated by those who have walked in the same path: but one thing is certain, that what he has, is unborrowed. There is a good deal of quaintness and *naïveté* in his admission—*confession* we should call it—of having looked into no edition of Shakspeare, subsequent to Johnson's. He pleads guilty, in the eyes of half the scribbling and reading generation, of knowing nothing whatever about the things that are most precious to their sickly mind, and perverted taste; namely, the interminable heap of modern comments, conjectures, purgations, excerpts, illustrations (*obscurations*,) that have been laid heavily on the remains of the immortal Bard—whose very immortality perhaps can in no way be so assuredly demonstrated, as in its being able to subsist, in spite of so enormous and deadly a pressure. This ignorance so unblushingly avowed, and yet so richly atoned for, by our correspondent,—the result either of his utter contempt, for the matters thus *ignored*, or of a better employment of his time, is precisely the inexcusable sin which the whole tribe of inferior *litterateurs* can never pardon. Accordingly, we should not be surprised if those busy and irritable wasps were found torturing into so many plagiarisms, the occasional coincidences of his thoughts and language, with those of other writers whom accident may have driven, or their wisdom may have guided, into a similar train of reflection. His unsophisticated good sense would be voted into *dumées*; his cautious and sober criticism, laudably exempt from any mixture of affectation or bitterness, would be pronounced flat and unpalatable by all those who have become recently the disciples of Mr. Hazlitt's wild and paradoxical spirit. Thousands of wittlings, small critics, and versifiers, have been led astray, and ruined by this author; without sharing a particle of his talents, they have been able to copy his vicious eccentricities of style, to over-act and caricature his waywardness of fancy, to give hideous and multiplied editions in *miniature*, of his monstrous and grotesque conceptions,—but uninformed, unblest by the slightest infusion of the little redeeming genius, which, in his own works, may reconcile the mind to his absurdities. His imagination has always the mastery of his understanding; the latter, to be sure, is sometimes allowed to give an opinion, to utter a few hurried words of unavailing dissent, or of unheeded approval, while it is bestridden and whirled along, in the rapid and unearthly career that its rider pursues: until at last, both of them get dazzled at the brightness, and dizzy from the height, and come tumbling sheer down to earth;—where the one strives to grope its way, and count its bruises, and grow sober, and the other falls to culling flowers, and extracting their essence, and gazing alternately at fine landscapes, and fine pictures, with a glance now and then at the stars and the heavens, boldly and vigorously grasping—with an audacity that is *sometimes* felicitous—at the *IDEAL* which is in them all; and which they unfold to a genuine and inspired worshipper, but more frequently falling upon the *UNREAL* which is *not* in them; and amidst these various doings, still meditating a new flight before it is well cured of its recent intoxication. Mr. Hazlitt's mind is drenched and drunken with the depth of its own inspiration—it rejects all manner of rules, and disowns all the restraints of authority; but it is a lordly toper and is often gay and sportive and even graceful in its excesses: while the herd of his mimics or his partisans, has the undoubted

brand of "*the servile*" imprinted on their forehead, and embodied in their actions. Their drivelling and sottish minds also have a drunkenness and wantonness of their own—They have "high life below stairs"—They invest themselves with the cast off thoughts of other men, their masters; and indulge their propensity to a debauch, by guzzling the lees of their betters, diluted by the help of their own small beer; and on the strength of this double beverage, they contrive to have an uproar in their own sphere, and to enjoy the saturnalian frenzy of talking loud lies and venting braggart threats against their lords. Their day (*night*) is soon over, and after a little foam and somewhat more ribaldry, they speedily relapse into silent and crouching submission.—This is the history of all slaves—but more especially of the literary species. Their time is the present. With the future they have no concern, and their trivial ambition is cheaply gratified, by partaking in the small talk of clubs and "*philosophical societies*," (by courtesy so called, and by our forbearance tolerated,) and joining in the chorus, when they cannot vary the tone, of the prevailing cant of the speech-makers and authorlings of the day. Untricked good sense is, of course, an abomination unto them; and unpedantic well-directed learning becomes their natural prey. What they cannot hope to devour and destroy, they will strive to mangle and lacerate; and they will be sure to snarl, and, in their own shrill fashion, to bark at what they presume not to approach.

These are the sort of personages that would be most disposed to grow somewhat snappish at the quiet labours and unassuming knowledge of such a man as "*VINDEX*," and to quarrel with him on the score of his disclaiming any acquaintance with the accumulated nonsense, frivolity and lumber that have been inflicted on Shakspeare, by indiscreet enthusiasts, by heavy commentators and by dark expounders. Many a weary and luckless hour that can no longer be redeemed, have we consumed in fruitless efforts to disengage our mind from the perplexing labyrinth of their contradictory quotations and their reciprocally confuting authorities, and from the dense and impervious fog of their conjectural dreams about the meaning, and their clumsy hallucinations about the text of the Poet. All this while the serene and beauteous heaven of HIS imagination was wrapt up and blotted out from the view. The harmony that his spirit breathed into our's, was rudely and harshly broken by the vulgar and croaking dissonance of some erudite dolt who quarrelled with his fellows, and drowned the sweet music in a stupid and unavailing scuffle, concerning the position of a key or the inartificial wildness of a single tone. This endless commenting and re-commenting. This series of prawls generating brawls, of one old folly replaced by an hundred young ones, of an antiquated and buried imperitance leaving behind it—for fear it should be forgotten when it was dead—a brood of infant absurdities, each as shameless and as prolific as the parent, a new and increasing progeny to continue the name and revive the pretensions of the parent-stock. This truly is one of the most unendurable evils under the sun, and is the plague which is always, alas! entailed on the literary world, whenever its wonder is awakened, its eyes are dazzled, and its ordinary powers of calculation—its predictions and its experience together,—are set at defiance and astounded by the effulgence and irregularity of a COMET. Such is the calamity occasioned, *not intended*—by the appearance of men like Homer, Shakspeare, Dante, Milton, and Byron. It is the severe penalty we pay, and are content to pay, for our pleasure. It is the visitation to which we stoop and the hard

condition in which we must fain acquiesce, for the sake of basking in their glory, and being gladdened by their light. We cannot, however, help uttering a prayer that the whole fraternity of reptiles that have been warmed into life by the heat of the luminary would employ their power, such as it is, in extinguishing one another: and we are not quite certain but that Shakspeare and his disciples and the reading world at large, would be all the better for getting rid of the motly crew—through all their ranks and varieties—from the smothering *incubus* of Malone's black-letter erudition, which has overlaid the writhing genius of the bard, down to the delicate and fastidious *knife* of Bowdler which has cast away his offensive pruriencies. When will Mr. Lockhart supply all our reasonable wants, and gratify our taste, and fulfill the high expectations that have been excited by the announcement, some time ago, of his projected edition of Shakspeare? From the power, beauty, originality and taste combined, that have characterised his published productions, we are tempted to prophesy that as soon as *his* edition shall make its appearance, all the others will be speedily put by, to enjoy everlasting repose in the honorable dust of our upper shelves.

 STANZAS.

The soul which for Heaven is sighing
 Will shrink like the delicate flower,
 When the dark hand of evil is trying
 To rife its sweets from the bower.
 In secret its blossoms are spreading,
 Far, far from the world's path of gloom,
 When the fond eye of Mercy is shedding,
 The dew and the light on its bloom.

Where the breeze thro' the spice grove is swelling,
 And the summer sun's glance never dies,
 The golden-plumed bird makes its dwelling,
 Far above in the bright beaming skies.
 Thus the Spirit which fondly is playing
 Round the love-lighted sphere of its birth,
 From the Sun of its hopes are ne'er straying,
 To worship the meteors of Earth.

THE STEAM BOAT,

CANTO—II.

Hail, Homer, Maro, Milton! hail, ye three.
 Immortal masters of the Epic lyre,
 O! may some sound of your deep melody
 Thy trembling, timid suppliant inspire!
 "Give me the harp" that with rapt minstrelsey
 And numbers glowing with poetic fire,
 The muse may sweep the golden strings all o'er,
 And sing of—worthies, never sung before.

But first her grateful tribute must be paid
 To thee, illustrious Captain, and the two—
 One now, alas! no more—who first essay'd
 The bold adventure, and to Ireland's view,
 The wonder-working power of *steam* display'd
 In navigation. There indeed are few
 Would sink their rhino, where such risk abounds,—
 Your Steam Boat cost, I think, three thousand pounds.

Mem'ry still views the market boats of yore,
 Piled with provisions, furniture, and leather,
 With scarcely room enough for half a score
 Of 'high and low,' to *pinch* and *sneeze* together,
 Expos'd to all the elements' wild roar,
 Blister'd in sunny, drench'd in rainy weather;
 Frighten'd at every sudden blast that blew,
 When sailing thro' Lough-Mahon,—gunnel to.—

O happy change!—from danger to security,
 From sun or cold, to genial shade or heat,
 From pack'd with passengers of low obscurity,
 To meeting friends, the heart rebounds to meet—
 From air impure, to atmosphere of purity—
 From vulgar ribaldry, to mirth discreet—
 From masters drunk, to captains we rely on—
 From old Tim Driscoll, to young Mick O'Brien!

How grateful then should this great city be,
 To thee, great Captain,—doubly grateful, Cove,
 Rising in splendour, wealth and dignity,
 By getting, as it were, a nearer move
 To Cork—by means of the facility
 Of thy steam enterprise—O may it prove
 A mine—surpassing thy most sanguine notion;
 Nor feel—as mines do *sometimes*—an explosion!

"Starboard," the Captain calls—"starboard" replies
 'Sweet echo'—"Port, John, Port,—ah! gentlemen,
 "Pray trim the boat, she all to leeward lies,
 "Do move to this side—starboard—port again,
 "Mind, mind your helm!" Then John—"why, d—n my eyes
 "If I know how to steer—'tis starboard—then
 "'Tis port!—then starboard!—port!—as if, by gingo,
 "'He thought the ladies lov'd to hear his lingo!"

Smoothly the barque advances,—and "all's well,"

"Steady she goes."—The Captain casts around
 His smiling eye;—delight appears to dwell

In ev'ry heart;—and not an angry sound
 Is heard from any. But 'tis time to tell

The various company that here I found,
 Basking in pleasure's sunshine, drowning cares,
 And quite forgetful of their sins,—and prayers!

Here, to gain quiet for th' ensuing week,

A too fond husband led his *cara sposa*,
 Tho' gentle wish'd she to appear, and meek,
 Yet 'twas too plain a feminine Mendoza
 Lurk'd in her eye, and flash'd upon her cheek,

A feature oft will visibly disclose a
 Tornado temper,—gath'ring by degrees,
 Then bursting,—like old Mistress Socrates!

Such seem'd the Patagonian; and if dress

Could make her happiest of the happy, she
 Was that day crown'd with highest happiness,
 For such a bonnet! 'twas a sight to see!

Two sheets of Leghorn it contained, not less
 In its high crown, and wide spread leaf could be;
 While wreaths of roses lent their shewy aid,
 And a fine Mecklin veil, it's great long length display'd!

A silk pelisse, of deep cerulean die,

With satin richly trimm'd, her form embrac'd;

A brooch of dazzling splendour caught the eye,

A brilliant marquessette the girdle grac'd;

Rosettes, whose colour could with nature vie,

On the broad flounce in bunches thick were plac'd,

While the squeezed buskins, visible below,

Show'd---what, alas! were never made for shew!

From her left wrist a velvet reticule

With golden tassels, and resplendent chain

Hung dangling. Forcibly she tried to pull

Her right hand glove off, nor essayed in vain,

Tho' tight---'twas burning, and she wish'd to cool

The warmth oppressive; for not dew, but rain,

Appear'd in drops to ooze from ev'ry pore

Of her fat fingers, spread with rings all o'er.

Joyous, her little "gudeman" by her side
Smiling, upheld the deep fringed parasol;
While swell'd with all the majesty of pride,
And bursting with sublimity of soul,
She showed the gazing multitude who eyed
Her vastness, she had ready at controul
A tongue to billingate,—a fist to trounce,
Any impertinent, who'd dare say—bounce!

Beside her, an old lady took her place,
Who went, as others, for a Sunday's airing;
Age had bestowed some wrinkles on her face,
And time had made her clothes the worse for wearing;
Yet in her *tout ensemble* you could trace
The vestiges of better days appearing;
She seemed just suited to the appellation,
Of that most dreaded bore,—a poor relation!

A stranger, she had ne'er been before
On the Cork river, 'twas a novel view,
That as she gazed, enchanted her the more;
Then to a height, her admiration grew,
How such a vessel, without sail or oar,
Like a young dolphin, o'er the water flew,
True, it had wheels,—she could distinctly view 'em,
Coaches had wheels too—and yet horses drew 'em!

She heard of steam, and its unbounded force,
To move a barque o'er ocean's vast abyss;
She saw it often take its spiry course
From boiling tea urn, with a noisy whiz,—
But how a smoke, a vapour, like a horse
Could move a mighty vessel, such as this,
Was to her mind, a thing incomprehensible,
As 'tis to other ladies, much more sensible.

She wished, poor woman, somebody would tell her—
(And therefore asked her neighbour, Dame Pomposity,)
Who in each house and cottage was the dweller,
How steam could cause the vessel's great velocity,
Who owned this yard, that store-house, and this cellar;
In short, unbounded was her curiosity,
Which, after all, should not appear uncommon,
In one so old, a stranger, and—a woman!

"Pray ma'am, is that large building which we see,
"A lunatic asylum, or a jail?"
"Tis neither, ma'am." "Pray ma'am, what may it be?"
"The Custom-House!" "Pray, ma'am, may I prevail
"Upon your goodness, to explain to me
"Who owns each villa, as along we sail?"
"Excuse me, madam! do you think that I
"Came here to be the boat's directory?"

But 'tis not fair, the milder sex to show
 In such a mirror. Even a sainted maid,
 With all the patience, mildness here below
 In "Butler's lives," so feelingly displayed,
 If tumbled, jostled, squeezed, and questioned so,
 Must have a murmur or a sigh betrayed :
 To sit next one, with such an endless fidget,
 Would vex even Agnes, Ursula, or Bridget !

Let us then deal a little christian charity
 To one, not quite a saint—who thought that there
 Was in her neighbour such familiarity
 As made the passengers on all sides stare ;
 As if between them there was no disparity,
 A thought, her pride a moment could not bear.
 For whene'er liberty assumes equality,
 It doubly wounds our consequentiality !

Brilliant as sun beams on the golden wave,
 Sat opposite, some young and sportive misses,
 Whose eyes, the sparkling invitation gave,
 And lips seem'd ready to receive our kisses.
 To them, the world appeared but as a slave,
 To furnish pleasure, mirth, and joys, and blisses.
 Sweet innocents ! as yet their bosoms were
 Strangers to love, hope, jealousy, despair !

Next them, a Reverend Father took his station,
 In purity of heart himself a child,
 His soul's first object, was the soul's salvation :
 On sin, he frown'd, but on repentance smil'd
 So sweetly, that he sealed its reformation,
 And turned to God, the wayward and the wild.
 Man, not the world, engaged his constant care,
 And Heaven's unfading glory, all his prayer !

Far different was the character beside
 The good old man. Intently he read o'er
 His newspaper. The wide expanded tide,
 The grand magnificence of either shore,
 The ship-alow sailing on, in canvas pride,
 The glowing landscape stretching far before,
 The brilliancy of nature's varying views,
 All pass'd unnoticed, and, alas ! for news !

How I do hate your newsmonger, whose soul
 Can feed on nought but journals and gazettes,
 Whose fate, the packets or the mails controul,
 Glutton in speeches, Canning's, or Burdett's,
 Dabbler in stock, debentures or consol—
 Club orator, mob-mountebank ; who gets
 A short lived popularity and power ;
 Mere buzzing insect of the present hour !

Give me the being of "etherial mind"
Who soars superior to the vulgar throng,
Thro' boundless realms of fancy unconfined,
And nature's vast varieties among—
Leaving a dear and deathless name behind,
To live in science, history or song,
And float triumphant on the stream of time
Imperishable!—as will be my rhyme!

The next a sober citizen and wife
And only child, a daughter, took their places,
No lines of angry passion or of strife
O'erspread the mild expression of their faces.
They mov'd along the humble vale of life,
Loving, belov'd. Contentment, which embraces
Each source of happiness, their journey bless'd,
Smil'd as they rose, and pillow'd them to rest.

They were proceeding down to Cove to see
His sister—who had lately given "her lord"
Another pledge of love,—they then had three,
And a small basket they had brought on board
With wildfowl, fruit, and other rarity;
And the child carried a wax doll and sword,
Which cost of tenpennies at least some dozens,
As presents to her favourite little cousins.

Who next appear? two dandies! pretty creatures!
Gay tropic birds of fashion—poppinjays,
Assuming ev'ry air, but human nature's,
And seeking for existence in the blaze
Of public admiration! on whose features
So unaffected and so mild we gaze,
Delighted; while the feather'd tribe they follow
Spurs from the cock, and coat tail from the swallow.

Flying the city's pestilential air,
Its unswept paving stones, its smoke and fume,
Its sameness, dulness, deadness, ev'ry where,
Its tolling bells—momentos of the tomb!
They join'd the Steam Boat passengers to share
The day's amusement, and dispell the gloom
Attendant on a Sunday in a City
To those not given to praying—what a pity!

They wish'd besides, to see the magazine
On Rocky-Island, the fortification
Spread over Spike---where happily is seen
The wise economy that rules the nation,
In leaving thus unfinish'd what has been
So dear a job---yet rais'd to elevation
Some old cast colonels and pet engineers,
And thousands of plebeans---and some peers!

The Steam Boat.

They also wished to see the "Statio bene
 "Fida Carinis," and "the holy ground"
 Where after a long and dangerous voyage many
 An honest tar, hur'd by the Syren's sound,
 Is wreck'd, and loses all his ready penny,
 And health to boot, in dissipation's round;
 'Till fleeced and plunder'd by the vile carousers
 He joys to fly, with even a pair of trowsers!

Next sat an old arthritic invalid
 Whose ruby nose and prominence of paunch
 Display'd effects of many a glorious deed
 In sea of claret and on field of launch,
 "Live while you can," appear'd to be his creed,
 He little cared for Newton, Locke, Malebranche,
 Or any of those philosophic sages
 Who liv'd by rule, and died at good old ages.

To him appeared as quite a paradox
 The well known proverb "better is a dinner
 "Of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox
 "And therewith hatred," miserable sinner?
 He ne'er conceived such doctrine orthodox,
 And vow'd he'd never grow an atom thinner
 Sharing Sir Richard Phillips's *Herb* diet,
 Tho' he got all his *love* and fortune by it!

But with Sir William Curtis would he feast
 On fiery fricassees and rich ragouts,
 And all the burning spices of the East
 In soups, hot haricots, and savoury stews,
 And ev'ry dish voluptuously dress'd
 In "Almanack des Gourmands" we peruse.
 On these he'd gormandise, whoever treated him,
 Altho' his host despis'd, detested, *hated* him!

One sat beside him—but O powers divine!
 Was ever such a contrast! tall and thin
 And lank as one of Pharoah's seven lean kine,
 A skeleton just cover'd with a skin!
 One "pound of flesh" no mortal could combine
 From her whole carcass. Had Antonio been
 Like her, he might have laugh'd at Shylock's knife—
 And this thin creature was the fat man's—wife!

'Tis contrast creates pleasure: the young day
 Tiptoe on misty mountain pleases more
 Than full meridian splendour—the sweet lay
 Heard in deep midnight stillness, we adore
 More than a thousand carols from the spray
 Of sweetest noontide warblers.—Three or four
 Rounds 'twixt a sweep and miller, are more *funny*
 Than ten by Spring and Langan, fought for money.

'Tis contrast creates beauty—hill and dale
 Smile in the landscape, by each others aid,
 The placid lake unruffled by the gale
 Shines with more splendour thro' the vista's shade;
 Ocean looks cheerless, 'till the swelling sail
 Bounds o'er its bosom: But each rule, 'tis said,
 Has its exception:—and 'twas here prodigious,
 For these two were, by contrast, downright hideous.

Next a fond mother and her darling boy,
 An ugly, waspish, restless, giddy brat,
 Contriving all around him to annoy,
 Whining for this thing, trying to snatch that,
 Bursting away—at length to crown our joy
 Up went his heels—and tumbling he fell flat
 Upon old gouty's toe—who screech'd and roar'd
 "Oh!!! d—m the devil, throw him overboard!"

In gout 'tis deem'd allowable to swear
 At wife or child, or father, sister, brother,
 It soothes the anguish of the pain, as air
 Relieves from suffocation, and the mother
 As she snatch'd the urchin, thought it fair
 To offer some apology or other;
 So hoping that he suffer'd little pain,
 Vow'd the dear child should not be bold again!

Dark scowl'd his angry brow—the crimson glow
 Of writhing torture all his face o'erspread,
 Occasion'd by the burning fire below
 Raging so furiously by being fed
 So lately with more fuel. But the blow
 To various merriment on all sides led,
 Some smil'd, some titter'd, others laughed—but I;
 Lately a fellow sufferer,—heav'd a sigh!

A scene—but of a different kind
 Was acting opposite by a young pair,
 Who, blind themselves, conceived all others blind;
 And the fond youth breath'd in his "Lady's" ear
 Vows of eternal constancy—that bind
 Firmly as debtors' promises, and are
 Oaths of allegiance to the ruling power—
 The French—sad traitors—broke them every hour!

Deep blush'd the maiden, and with downcast eye
 She look'd, or seemed to look, upon the chain
 She wound upon her finger—but a sigh
 Stole softly from her bosom—and 'twas plain
 Her heart responsive breathed the sweet reply
 To love's ambassador. Few could refrain
 From smiling at the pair—yet love's a passion
 Tho' born with Eve, will always be in fashion.

The next by honest John shall be displayed,
 Who on my asking him, thus told her story,—
 "Why that there woman is a d—nd old—jade,
 "Fast steering for the port of purgatory;
 "She's bloody rich, and has her eye, 'tis said
 "Upon the Captain—but I think before he
 "Would splice with such a crazy hulk, he'd die—
 "Besides—but mum!—he's other fish to fry."

"Look at that little fellow with a crowd
 "Of lubbers round him, that's that little "Boyle"
 "That makes the Freeholders; just hear how loud
 "He talks—his clapper's not in want of oil;
 "He's a d—nd funny chap—tho' bloody proud.
 "Look at that tall man standing near the coil
 "Of rope there, that's Joe Evans, who you know:
 "Is so religious, he's call'd "Holy Joe."

Pacing the deck, some angry politicians
 About their several measures were disputing,
 Here stood in consultation, two physicians,
 There three attorneys a new point were mooting;
 Here Merchants talk'd of exports and provisions,
 Tradesmen of taxes,—sportsmen about shooting.
 But tho' O'Brien might in every speaker
 Behold a FRIEND,—I could not see a QUAKER.

But I must cease describing *persons* tho'
 I still could spin some twenty stanzas more,
 In telling of the passengers below
 In cabin crowded,—and of those before
 The mast.—My pegasus is weary, so
 I'll close this canto ere I prove a bore.
 It treats of *persons*—but some curious *things*
 The muse shall celebrate when next she sings.

END OF CANTO—II.

ARIOSTO AND SCOTT.

The love of the marvellous, which may be considered the primary source of romance, does not form as has been erroneously supposed, the peculiar characteristic of the dark ages. It is perhaps under those awful visitations of mental darkness, which have occasionally overshadowed the earth that we find this propensity of the human mind in its greatest vigour; but however changed or modified its results may be, the principle still continues active and unsubdued, even at the brightest periods of intellectual illumination. The proposition we think may be familiarly illustrated. The Londoner of the present day would laugh very heartily at the adventures of the renowned Guy Earl of Warwick, or Jack the Giant-Killer, which afforded such entertainment to his forefather, but we question very much whether his scepticism would extend to a well-told ghost story, and at all events we are pretty certain that his taste for dwarfs and giants—for mermaids and rattle snakes—for monsters and abortions of every description still continues to exist in a state of classic purity. Under the discipline of a good education this principle is found very favourable to the advancement of the human understanding; it contributes essentially to those undefinable emotions of pleasure which we derive from contemplating whatever is sublime and majestic in the aspects of nature, and affords no mean evidence of our capacity and adaptation for a higher state of existence. Whether the extravagant phantoms which figure as the *dramatis personæ* in the legendary lore of every country, be the exclusive offspring of a predominant superstition—or derive their origin from the allegories of a barbarous age—or can claim a lineal descent from the ancient mythologies, we leave to the speculations of the curious, satisfied at the same time, that the universal belief in a spiritual or supernatural agency, which the subject reveals, contains philosophy enough to interest a materialist. For our own parts, in referring the rise of romance, to a principle which has been uniformly active in the human breast, rather than to the inventive powers of any particular tribe or nation, although we may shock the prejudices of some orthodox believers by our latitude-narian notions, we cannot help feeling that we approximate more closely to the truth, and render the question of more easy solution than by adopting either the American, the Scaldic or the Saracenic theory of its origin. As to the similarity of incidents, which is said to characterize the generality of goblin stories—we can easily conceive that any two nations, living under a similar climate and cultivating a similar mythology, should exhibit some very curious analogies in their traditional lore. In adopting this hypothesis, however, we do not mean to exclude the agency of those collateral causes, which may tend to give the appearance of identity to these popular fictions.

The migratory disposition of the Asiatic and European barbarians, producing an intercourse between the most distant nations, must have tended to propagate and blend those romantic fables; and the circumscribed bounds of human invention, must have necessarily limited the recreations of fancy. Of course, the proposition we have advanced, always assumes a certain degree of ignorance—and although we admit that the empire of knowledge has been greatly extended in modern times, it will

not be denied that we have still much to learn—that the extent of our speculation is comparatively circumscribed, and that there remains even as yet a film on the mental eye, which it would require the elixir of the Archangel to remove.

As far as regards the mere pleasure derivable from works of the imagination, as well as from the other branches of literature, it will be found, we think for the most part, to consist in the feeling of abstraction. We are in general strongly disposed to raise ourselves above the flat realities of this life—to forget its cares and its ennui, and to create in an ideal world of our own, something superior to the monotonous enjoyments we have here below. This disposition we look upon as the fountain of enthusiasm, and it will be found to pervade the literary *scavans* of every class, from the conchologist to the metaphysician—from the learned philologist who hunts a monosyllable through the entire circle of the dead and living languages—from the political economist who legislates for a reckless and ungrateful world—from the Botanist who marks with patient accuracy, the calyptra of a moss, to the astronomer who reads “the poetry of Heaven.”

Whatever may be the opinions of our readers on the above speculative points, we think they will agree with us, that there are no names of more frequent association in the literary *parlance* of the day, than the two we have prefixed to this article, although the fact is, that it would be difficult to find in the entire range of literature, two characters which correspond so perfectly in the outlines, and which differ so much in detail. In the prolific powers of the inventive faculty—in vivid description, and in the adoption of supernatural machinery, the parallel holds good. But in analysing these traits, we shall discover other properties and qualities, which mark the two characters as perfectly distinct.

There is a preliminary consideration however, which suggests itself as necessary to the formation of an impartial opinion on their respective merits. We allude to the state of national literature in both countries, and their resources at the periods they commenced writing, and we deem it the more expedient to be explicit on this head, as we have reason to know that the grounds on which they stand are more unequal than is generally supposed. Voltaire, the gross inaccuracy of whose statements on Italian literature, forms a humiliating contrast with the dogmatism and the flippancy of his criticisms, has been instrumental to the propagation of a most erroneous opinion respecting the progress of the Italian language. He states that from the era of Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio, until the period Ariosto wrote, the succession of native writers had been regular and unbroken. He is correct in classing Pulci before Ariosto, but he appears either not to have known or to have overlooked the mighty chasm which intervened between these authors, and the retrograde that took place in the public mind in the interim.

Almost immediately on the demise of Dante and his cotemporaries, the moral horizon of Italy was clouded, and a long and dreary night succeeded to the brief but glorious day of its intellectual illumination. That classic learning was not neglected in the interim, we are ready to allow, but it is undeniable that after their death, the Italian tongue was consigned to such neglect and disuse, as to be deemed utterly beneath the purposes of learned communication, that Latin was substituted in its place by the *litterati* of the day, and that the sweet language of the Floren-

time hardly being debased by ignorance and barbarism, not only lost its former harmony in the course of a short time, but also acquired the boorish and discordant tones of the most vulgar patois. The first writer who accomplished any thing towards the redemption of the national tongue, was Burchiello, who flourished about the middle of the 15th century; to him succeeded the three brothers of the Pulci, Count Bogardo and Lorenzo de Medici. Among the productions of those writers, the *Morgante Maggiore* of Luigi Pulci, the youngest of the three brothers, and the *Orlando Innamorato* of Count Boyardo, are the most remarkable; the first furnished Milton with the model for his devils; the other formed the prototype of the *Furioso*. However without depreciating the merits of these writers, it must be acknowledged, that the Italian language was far from having regained the elasticity of its youth when Ariosto commenced writing. Here we are induced to remark the curious coincidence which the literary history of both countries furnishes. The reader is aware that after the demise of Dante and his cotemporaries, (who may be considered the creators of the Italian tongue) darkness and the shadow of death rested upon the land.

If Chaucer did not perform the miracles of the Italian bards, he certainly conferred the improvement of a century on the national tongue, and brought it by the extraordinary efforts of his genius to a state of almost premature cultivation. His death, however, was followed by a long and dreary eclipse, and for more than a century the country laboured under that midnight of the mind, which is only prolific of gloom and horrors. It is to the author of the *Fairy Queen* that we stand indebted for the resuscitation of English literature, for his predecessors, Surrey and Wyatt, although not without some marks of inspiration, were unable to break the spell of our intellectual debasement. Spencer was a fervent worshipper of Ariosto, and his fine ear had been long attuned to the delicate graces of Italian harmony. He purified the language from the alloys with which it had been previously debased, removed the corruptions with which it had been encrusted, and if it was reserved for another to bestow on it the highest polish, he gave it a tone of silvery sweetness. We think it superfluous to remark on the treasure which the three master minds that followed,—Shakespeare; Milton and Dryden—poured into the national coffers. But we are compelled to advert to a strange opinion concerning the merits of Dryden, which has been countenanced by some of our critical brethren of deservedly high repute. It has been said that he impaired the genius of our language, by sacrificing to the refinements of the French school (as it has been termed.)—Against the injustice of such a statement, we appeal to the reading world in general, and as it is a matter of fact, not of taste or speculation, we defy the abettors of this strange heresy, to produce in the whole range of our Poetry, an author, whose pages present such an abundance and variety of sterling English expression. If the sharpness of the Saxon character was in any degree impaired by the high polish of Pope, and any contraction in the currency of the old phraseology took place under his cotemporaries and imitators, the evil has been remedied and the deficiency abundantly supplied in our own days, by the splendid contributions of Cowper, which are all marked with the rough outlines of the ancient character.

From this hasty summary it will be seen, that as far as the state of the literature, and consequently the language of his country was concerned, the advantages preponderated in favour of Scott. With respect to the immediate department of Poetry in which he commenced, although he was the

founder, not the disciple of a school like Ariosto, he had such an abundance of materials at his command, that we consider him, to say the least, perfectly equal in this point.

The Poems of Chaucer, who was first a worshipper of the allegorical Romance that arose in France in the 13th century under William de Lorris, but who afterwards became a follower of Boccaccio,—the plays of Shakspeare, who furnished such a model for dramatic composition—the novels of Richardson, Fielding and Smollett—the pastoral drama of Ramsay, which presents such a faithful picture of the manners of his own country—the lyrical productions of Burns, who gave a degree of Doric sweetness to the patois of his native land, and the treasures of legendary lore which both countries supplied, presented an accumulation of materials, which, to an original genius, was much more desirable than any direct prototype. But there was another and more important point than either of them in which he had the advantage. Ariosto towered above his generation, like Saul the son of Benjamin, “he was taller than all the people from his shoulders upwards.” Scott, on the contrary, is only one of a gigantic brotherhood. The Italian Bard therefore could not have participated in that kindling influence which is communicated from one master-mind to another, until the moral atmosphere became electrical with the fires of genius. Having thus briefly adjusted the preliminaries, we may enter on the details of the comparison.

The extraordinary powers of Invention which both have displayed form the grand link by which the two names have been associated in the present times. With the sole exception of Shakspeare and Lope de Vega, it would be difficult to name any writer capable of competing with either in creative genius. But they differ as widely from each other in the exercise of this faculty as it is possibly for two persons similarly gifted. Ariosto calls his spirits from the “vasty deep” of imagination, and they come in thousands and tens of thousands ready to abide his bidding, and to execute his behests. They perform the most extraordinary feats, and undergo the most perilous adventures before us, but their sorrows and distresses excite no corresponding emotions of pity in our breasts; they stimulate our curiosity very highly, but we feel that we have no sympathy—no kindred with them. Scott’s empire, on the contrary, extends over the dead of past ages, and they arise at his mandate, not shrouded in the habiliments of the grave, but each arrayed in the costume of his own country—not with the pale expression and fixed and glassy stare of mortality, but with the kindling smiles, and glances of health and animation, and they perform once more before us the eventful drama of their lives, whilst our hearts throb, and our eyes are dimmed at the moving spectacle. We mark with distinctness the individual lineaments of Ariosto’s personages, but we are conscious that it is through the mist of illusion we behold them. Scott’s figures on the contrary, stand forward in the bold relief, not of painting, but of sculpture. It is as if we were through a remote and distant vista, that we behold the busy groups of the one, but we ourselves form a portion of the breathing crowds which the other has conjured around him. In variety, both of incident and of character, Ariosto appears to us to have the advantage, and this we consider the more remarkable, as nature invariably furnishes a greater variety than imagination. Orlando, Sacripant, Rinaldo, Astolphus, Rodomont, Mandricordo, &c. &c. though all knights and warriors, are all perfectly original and distinct from each other, and the daring but faithful Bradamant differs

as much from the warlike Marphissa, as the coquefish Angelica from the corrupt Onigilla, and the fond Lucina from the devoted Isabel. We are never introduced to the same character with a mere change of country and costume as frequently occurs amongst Scott's personages, nor do we detect the same train of incidents working towards a similar catastrophe. If the successive exposure of Genetra, Olympia and Angelica to the sea monster be referred to as an objection to the imputed diversity of Ariosto's occurrences, even in each of these cases, we will find a marked dissimilarity in the preceding train of circumstances.

Amongst all his characters there are no borrowed features, no family likenesses. His supernatural personages exhibit the same individuality and distinctness, his fays and faeries, his giants and giantesses differ as much from each other as his heroes and heroines; and even when he has occasion to introduce a second time that favourite sea-monster, the *Orc*, he continues to vary the description.

Although Scott may be abrupt and deficient in the intermediate parts, he seldom errs widely from the general proportions in the plan and design of his stories, but it has been judiciously observed of Ariosto, that instead of a regular series of classical reliefs he exhibits the fantastic design of an arabesque, where the sublime is mingled with the ludicrous, the beautiful with the grotesque. The connection and gradation of events in Scott's stories is for the most part carefully marked, and uniformly preserved, but the *Furioso* is a grand poetical kaleidoscope, where the eye is continually dazzled by the never ending variety of events.

Ariosto appears as independent of criticism, and as disdainful of the ordinary forms of composition as his heroes are of the general ties of society and the peaceful tenor of existence. But what he is deficient in proportion, he atones for in fanciful tracing. He is the most volatile, capricious and fantastic of all poets living or dead. There is nothing cold, sombre, or phlegmatic in the constitution of his genius. Scott frequently taxes the patience of the most matter of fact reader by the drawing slowness of his movements, but Ariosto leaves the most mercurial panting and flagging behind him. From the moment he commences his incantations, his voice never falters, and his wand never wavers; new forms and figures are continually arising before us, which disappear as suddenly again among the enchanted mazes of his narrative. He is always sure to keep expectation on tiptoe, and when he has wrought our imagination to an extraordinary pitch of excitement, he all at once leaves his heroes and heroines entangled in difficulties, apparently the most insuperable, drops a new scene, crowds new characters and events upon the stage, and leaves us perfectly bewildered. Knights, hermits and magicians,—felons, outlaws and amazons, drive through his pages, in all the rapid metamorphoses of a Harlequinade. As if fays and faeries, giants and giantesses, dwarfs, goblins and ghosts, were insufficient for his purpose, he has also pressed into his service Proteus, Neptune and the Nereids—saints, angels and centaurs—a whole tribe of allegorical personifications, and a pair of Dante's devils.

Grouped with such a crowd of supernatural figures, it was to be expected, that the creatures of the animal world should be represented on a corresponding scale of magnitude, and we find orcs, unicorns and hippogriffs, eagles, sturges and ostriches, whales, tunnies and sea-calves, the commonplace creatures of the scene. Nor is the prowess of the combatants at all disproportionate to the marvellous circumstances with which they are in-

vested. Rodomont singlehanded decapitates hundreds of the Parisians, and threatens the city of Paris with ruin. Orlando mows down whole squadrons with "his durindane." Astolphus desolates a country with a single blast of his horn, and the shield of Achilles compared to the buckler of Rogero, is but as a spider's web to the tower of David. The latter is rather an offensive than a defensive weapon—a single glance of it is sufficient to throw the fiercest assailants into a state of immoveable torpor. What an extraordinary effect it produces, on the hawk and dog and horse and person of the falconer in Rogers's escape from Alcina, whilst attacking him with the greatest fury, and by their superior swiftness entirely precluding the possibility of escape, he suddenly unveils his shield, and at the very first glance, the hawk remains with extended wing immoveably fixed in mid-air—the voice of the dog is hushed for ever—the horse is riveted to the ground, and the falconer himself becomes an unbreathing statue. When viewed merely in the abstract, there is something highly exciting in these heterogenous groups, but when mingled and confounded together with a degree of supernatural velocity, the effect is perfectly astounding. The rapidity of locomotion is commensurate with the other wonders of this work, we are borne on the pinions of the winds from Zealand to Paris, from Iceland to Ethiopia, from the land of potatoes to Araby the blest, from the coast of Cornwall to Cochin-China. A visit to the infernal regions is only a matter of curiosity, and the moon is not far off. But the violent transitions which are hourly taking place, give the most dazzling aspect to the entire spectacle. The versatility of the author can only be equalled by his lubricity: a combat between two fierce Paladins, suddenly gives place to the distresses of a bewildered damsel,—the crowds and bustle of a city, to the billows of the atlantic,—the storm, the tumult, and the turmoil of the battle, to the loneliness and seclusion of some flowery retreat, with its gushing fount, and pendent arbour:—brave knights and fair damsels, are changed into myrtles, stones, and fountains,—the wind is deposited in a bag, the leaves of a tree put on the "bravery and beauty" of armed frigates; but more wonderful than all these together, the same individuals without losing their personal identity, pass and repass before us with the borrowed features and physiognomy of their friends! Your Waverleys, and Quentin Durwards, and Flora Mac Ivors, are mere pigmies, compared with the characters of the Furioso. They are all heroes and heroines by profession, adventure is their element, they delight only in casualties, perplexities, and predicaments, and can scarcely be said to feel existence, unless amid perilous encounters, "hair breadth 'scapes, and moving accidents by fire and flood." They do not "outface the brow of bragging horror," but contemplate it with such complacency, as actually to become enamoured of it. As our friend, Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan has it, "it is all delightful confusion from beginning to end."

In a work so highly imaginative, so thickly crowded with incidents and characters, so rapid in its progress, and diverging into such a multitude of episodal labyrinths, it is not to be wondered at, that the head of the most sober reader should become dizzy, and the fact is, that like the knights in Atlantes' castle who were doomed to run the enchanted round without intermission, we find ourselves in continual chase of the fugitive author through the magic circle of his poem. Indeed it cannot be denied that the versatility of his genius has been carried to excess, it has given an enigmatical cast to portions of his narrative and he appears to play at cross purposes with his readers.

The very nature of Scott's works precluded the possibility of his furnishing such perpetual excitement to the imagination. He is for the most part striving to hold the mirror up to nature, and we cannot expect that it should reflect those strange and fantastic figures which are occasionally appearing and disappearing in the magic glass of Ariosto. He has even been compelled to chasten down the wildness of our superstitions, and to impart the sobriety of his genius to the spectre tribe. But making every allowance for the absence of those excellencies which are incompatible with the object of his works, we are by no means inclined to extend the same indulgence to those palpable defects which can derive no excuse from the above plea. His conduct of the story is frequently faulty and embarrassed, and his introductions and conclusions for the most part clumsy and inartificial. Together with the minuteness and accuracy of Richardson, he has imitated his amplification and prolixity. For the purpose of developing some very subordinate character, in order to gratify his predilection for caricature, the unfortunate reader is bored to death by the prosings of some interminable Baillie, or Triptolemus Yellowly, or Captain Dalgetty, whom he is a thousand times tempted to wish at the bottom of the Red Sea. The improbability of some of his incidents is also rendered more glaring by the general sobriety of his narrative, and on some occasions he does not scruple murdering an entire family in order to bring about the catastrophe of his tale. Before he begins, he appears to labour under a load of ennui, but towards the conclusion he suddenly becomes tired of his audience, and drops the mask before his part is finished. It is needless to observe that the nerves of the most philosophic reader cannot be proof against the hardihood of such barefaced imposture. We recollect to have seen something appended to one of his novels, by way of defence for his abrupt conclusions, but we are any thing but converts to his doctrine on the subject. The false splendour and imagery of a theatre never appear so shadowy and unreal as when the broad day light is suddenly poured in on its deceitful pageantry. There is something analogous to this in the other works of imagination, the illusive medium through which we see the objects of the ideal world must not be too suddenly dissipated, but the objects themselves must be first withdrawn with cautious delicacy. There is another item in our charges against him, which we must not overlook, we consider his antiquarian pedantry as highly offensive. In Dante, and Milton and Ben Jonson, we can well excuse a little flourishing of this description, when learning was rather a scarce article, and when perhaps it was necessary to exalt the poetical character by sacrificing to the prejudices of the age, but at the present day, when the public are as little tolerant of the parade of intellectual acquirement, as they are of the ostentatious display of wealth, we consider it, to say the least, extremely injudicious in an author to risk his popularity for the gratification of a morbid propensity of this description; we are aware that when confined within certain limits, his knowledge of antiquities is highly serviceable, and tends very much to give his figures that semblance of reality, which characterises all his portraits, but it is when his antiquarian lore is unnecessarily obtruded, and when his figures are oppressed and obscured by the weight of Costume, that we have to complain of it as a serious evil. But how trivial are those blemishes, when placed in juxta position with his merits, and after every deduction how much remains for praise even in this province of the imagination! With what admirable fidelity has he delineated the Scottish character, through all its gradations of heroism and selfishness, of fanaticism and shrewdness, of pedantry and superstition,

of simplicity and knavery, from the fiery soul of Rob Roy McGregor, to the contemplative spirit of Edie Ochiltree!—How admirably has he blended the lights and shades of individual character, into the traits of nationality! With what myriads of interesting spirits has he not peopled, and in what softened lights has he not exhibited the most barbarous ages, and darkest periods of history! Besides, if the region which surrounds the fount of his inspiration be somewhat rugged and difficult of access, how amply are we repaid, when the current of his narrative expands, with those delightful scenes which rivet the heart and eye in mute astonishment.

It is because these beauties have been fully appreciated by the public already, and because we conceive that the talents of the writer himself have been made the subject of indiscriminate panegyric, that we deem it expedient to point out their defects.

The difference which prevails in the machinery employed by the two poets is very considerable. The genius of the Southern superstition, derived a character of grace and brilliancy, from the glories of the clime under which it was generated. It loved to luxuriate in palaces of unearthly splendour—to wander amid the golden fruits and flowers—the undying odours and harmonies of a brighter world. It developed itself for the most part, in forms of power and magnificence, and was eminently social in its disposition. The fays and the wizards were all gifted with extraordinary privileges. A single spell-word, or a waive of the wand, was sufficient to change the loathsome rags of poverty into the trappings of wealth,—to give the elasticity of youth to the seniors of old age, and to convert the wrinkles and deformity of “toothless bald decrepitude” into the fascinating smiles and bloom of beauty. It is true that these powers were often exercised, *vice versa*, for the accomplishment of evil, but there were invariably to be found spirits of a benign and gentle aspect, who delighted only in the exercise of the benevolent affections, and who exercised a counteracting influence, on the spells of their more cruel brethren. The sombre spirit of our Northern superstitions on the contrary, was only to be met with on the blasted heath, or by the lonely fall of the mountain cataract—or in the depths of some unhallowed glen. It embodied itself in the personification of objects whose melancholy aspect, or withered deformity, filled the beholders with horror. It appeared amid the shadows and unbreathing silence, of the midnight or the twilight hour, and by its sorrowful gestures and attitudes, gave too sure a presage of impending calamity; or it came like Ossian’s ghost, shrouded in the obscurity of the whirlwind,—it mingled its unholy chaunt with the howlings of the tempest, and the spirits of darkness bore burthen to its lay. It is in the voiceless repose of nature—when the heavens are overcast, that the melancholy fetch, the spectre likeness glides before us, and that the prophetic dirge of the Ben-shee falls upon the startled ear; but it is amid the pauses of the thunder storm, that we hear the dire incantations of the wizard sisters, and it is by the fitful emanations of the lightning, that we catch the grim expression of their haggard features. Its endowments did not consist so much in actual power, as in superior knowledge. The mists that obscure the future, vanished before its glance, but it loved chiefly to repose on those ominous specks in the horizon, which were charged with future desolation and misery. This character of loneliness and melancholy, may be traced through the varieties of our spectral tribe, they exhibit in general the same sorrowful lineaments, and it is remarkable, that those amongst them who indulge in gaiety and mirth, are in reality unhappy,—their bliss is illusive, but their misery is real.

Some of the spirits which figure in our romances may present a different character, but they are unquestionably either of foreign descent, or the offspring of an illegitimate romance. All our aboriginal spirits and goblins partake largely of the gloom and severity of the national character.

Ariosto, however, as we have observed before, does not confine himself to the prevailing superstitions in his use of supernatural machinery. He makes the heathen mythology, the christian revelation, an entire host of his own personifications, and in some instances, the Platonic philosophy tributary to his service. Scott, on the contrary, is careful never to transgress the limits of the local superstitions, and he is as particular in depicting the costume of his spectres, as he is in describing the black stockings and blue jerkins of Marmion's serving men.

In description, both are excellent—if the scenic paintings of Ariosto do not exhibit the ideal depths and stillness of Dante's landscapes, they are uncommonly brilliant and graphic. How faithfully he describes the intense heat of a Southern climate, in Rogero's escape from Aleina's castle! The beating of the sun-beams on the mountains, the retreat of the feathered tribe from the scorching rays, the unbreathing silence that reigns around, and which is only broken by the chirrup of the shrill voiced *cigala*, which actually appears to tinkle in our ears, are all extremely characteristic. What a vivid and picturesque representation he gives of the bright and busy Damascus!—with its glorious gardens and rivers, and perfumed atmosphere, and splendid domes, and groups of dancers, and crowds of squires, and cavaliers and fair ladies! Scarcely inferior to this in animation, is the triumphant entrance of the warriors to Paris, through the decorated arches and columns, and the showers of odorous flowers which are flung from the crowded windows, and the festive throngs which occupy the tapestried pathways! His representation of Paphos is also very brilliant. But where he appears chiefly to excel is, in his description of those sweet secluded spots, which would seem exclusively designed for the haunts of fays and elves, and with which the imaginations of his readers are so often refreshed in the course of his Panoramic exhibitions. There is a degree of unearthly brightness in his tints, when depicting the undying bloom and loveliness of the garden of Lagestilla—He is the Claude of Faëry land.—We must not forget noticing the simile of the rose in the first canto;—it is indeed exquisitely beautiful, and he has varied it so ingeniously from the original, that we fully acquit him of all obligations to Catullus.

Scott is equally faithful and graphic in his landscapes. We will save the patience of our readers, by referring in general to those delightful sketches of Scottish scenery, which are to be found in all his poems and romances, from the *Lady of the Lake*, to *Redgauntlet*. He may be stiled the *Salvator Rosa* of English poetry. We regret that we cannot extend the praise which his scenic paintings have extorted, to the female figures of Ariosto. They display in many instances, an Ovidian pruriency of imagination, which is absolutely disgusting. We may be told perhaps, that we should attend to the philosophic truths which his allegorical figures were intended to convey, and that in the personification of pleasure, for instance, the warmth of his colouring was inseparable from his subject. But granting that instruction was the ultimate object of his allegories, if, as we think cannot be denied, his apparent voluptuousness is more powerful in exciting, than his veiled morality is in allaying the passions, would it not be better to dispense with such a moralist altogether? Extravagantly as these figures

have been lauded for the symmetry of their proportions, we hold it as one of the soundest maxims of criticism, that whatever offends in point of morality, must necessarily offend in point of taste,—and the reason is obvious, because the impression of beauty which we receive, from the objects either of the moral or physical world, being dependant on the associations with which they are linked, and the associations with which these objects are connected in the minds of the European World, at least, being those of purity and reservedness, it follows as well from theory as experience, that the female character never appears so fascinating to the imagination, as when exhibited with those traits of gentleness, piety and devotedness, which mark it in private life. If the interest which we are compelled to take in some of Byron's heroines and heroes, be cited as an example against us, we would refer to the analysis of the feelings which we experience, to bear us out, and we venture to assert, that all the interest we take in these characters is derivable from some virtuous and redeeming quality. It is the "*one virtue*," not the "*thousand crimes*" with which the name of the Corsair is connected, that forms the link of our sympathy. But if the question were undecided even as yet, the two authors before us would be sufficient to determine it, and sure we are, that abstracting from the circumstances of real life with which she is invested, the simple and homely Jeannie Deans excites a deeper interest in our breasts, than all the hectoring, screaming, love sick damsels, that are rambling through the *Furioso*. But it is not merely in the outlines of his sketches that the grossness of Ariosto's imagination is visible, it has also produced a glaring coarseness in the details. We could bear very well to be told that one of his heroes slumbered like a badger, but when we were informed that the divine *Olympia slept as sound as a bear*, we candidly acknowledge that the information was somewhat too much for our nerves,—any thing half so rude would be sufficient to ruin the character of a sylph. Neither were we at all edified at the *nonchalance*, with which this gentle being informs us, that she dispatched her husband Arbantes, son of Cymosco,—

"To saltai presto, e gli segai la gola."

Although the circumstance may have enough of the horrible sublime about it to please a certain class of readers.

Scott's female characters are on the average, exceedingly well drawn, Mary Stuart, Flora Mac Ivor, Rebecca, and the bride of Lammermoor, are particular favourites of ours.

The battles of both are uncommonly good, and in our opinion, superior to any thing of the kind in ancient poetry. The cumbrous mythology of the old world, was only serviceable when used as the machinery of the drama. In description, it, not only overshadowed the face of nature from the bard, but also obstructed his view of the battle. After the most doubtful struggling between the warriors of ancient poetry, we were always sure (as sometimes occurs amongst the bottle holders of the pugilistic ring at the present day,) that some celestial Cribb or Belcher would make his appearance, and knock the victorious party on the head. Although Ariosto does not labour under this theological incubus, it is still easy to perceive that he is oppressed by the weight of his supernatural apparatus. Besides, the valour of the combatants is magnified beyond the bounds of human credibility, and we may detect the leaven of ancient exaggeration, in the invulnerability of his heroes. Who can be supposed to feel any concern for a man whose skin is proof against the best tempered swords and spears that ever were forged,

and when a combat ensues between two such persons as between Orlando and Ferran, can it be said to possess any more interest for the spectator than what the gentlemen of the fistic science fancifully call a *cross*? But notwithstanding these blemishes, and notwithstanding the wholesale plagiarism from the ninth book of the *Æneid*, where Rodomont performs all the exploits of Turnius, we consider him superior either to Virgil or Homer in what may be called the storm and the whirlwind of the battle. There is a vividness in his description of the tournament, which forms a striking contrast with the *fiède* and formal representations of Scott.

Scott's general engagements, however, are infinitely superior both to those of the ancients, and to Ariosto's. Never have such battles been fought either on paper or on canvas. The secret of his excellence chiefly consists in his close imitation of nature. He has not recourse either to any theology, witchcraft, or fable, he neither introduces demigods, nor magicians, nor giants, nor monsters of any description, but exhibits the warfare of mortals like ourselves. Ariosto possesses very little pretensions to sublimity, unless perhaps he may be thought to give some indications of this quality, in his description of Orlando's despair. Nor do we look for many specimens of it in Scott, and such as they are, resemble the impressions of the sublime which we receive from Shakspeare. They are derived rather from the aggregate of all his poetical qualities, or from the consideration of a single work in itself, than from a particular passage, or isolated scene. On the whole, however, we do not think that the busy and imitative genius of dramatic poetry, is favourable to the development of this quality. Solitude and seclusion appear essential to sublimity. It is in the still unruffled depths of a lonely and sequestered mind, that we are to look for its bright revealings. Shakspeare and Scott loved to mingle in the crowded and tumultuous scenes of life, and it is in vain we look to either for that

“Wildly sweet unworldliness of thought,”

which constitutes the great charm of the poetry of Collins, and which he derived from his fond communion, and almost exclusive intercourse with the beings of a higher sphere, or those illimitable speculations of the Miltonic mind, which “*wander through eternity*.” In point of pathos, we do not think it quite fair to institute a comparison. Ariosto scarcely appears to have any such object in view, and with the sole exception of Orlando, whose distress is powerfully described, we feel as much concern for his personages as we do for the figures of a puppet-show. Scott, on the contrary, has been continually appealing to our feelings, and the hearts of all his readers have responded with a tremulous vibration. There is more real pathos in the single speech of Evan Mac Combich, at the trial scene in *Waverley*, or in a prayer of Davie Deans, than in all the superlative distresses, into which Ariosto's dames and cavaliers are hourly plunging themselves. The humour which both display, although not exactly similar, contains some points of resemblance. However, it is only occasionally that Scott unbends from the gravity of his ordinary mood, and he is sure never to commit himself by too long an indulgence. Ariosto's genius was intrinsically facetious, and after making wry faces about the disasters of some of his personages, he fairly laughs in our face. Scott's humour is perfectly adventitious, it has no essential connection with his fiction, it is the mere embroidery of the tale. But Ariosto's humour was amalgamated with the tissue of his narrative, and could not be withdrawn without a derangement of the entire piece. If the one did not possess the power and the poignancy of Byron's

wit, which, like Job's sword, "glittereth in bitterness," it has seldom been exercised for the gratification of personal feelings. And if the "drizzling shower" of the other, bore no proportion to Dante's "rattling storm of arrows barbed with fire," it furnished no evidence of the moral tempest which convulsed the mind of that ill-fated genius. There are two features in Scott's character, for which we find it difficult to discover corresponding traits in the Italian Bard. We consider the former, not only as one of the sweetest lyrical writers of the age, but also, as decidedly the first dramatist. To make any particular reference to the proofs of his lyrical talents, we consider superfluous, they rest upon the tongues and hearts of all his readers. With respect to his dramatic talent, it is true that we are not to look for their developement in the legitimate and recognized forms of the drama. They have not been submitted to the ordeal of the unities, nor have they been invested with the paraphernalia of theatric pomp, but the true spirit of the drama is breathing through every page of his works, and his delineations of human character, have been carried through every conceivable variety of life and situation, with Shaksperian fidelity. In the pages of the Orlando we have scenes of splendid pantomime, but we look in vain among those ideal personages, and beautiful caricatures, for the sobriety of the drama, or the features of human life. Ariosto did certainly write some lyrical pieces, but his muse was at best but a charming gossip, and those effusion (with few exceptions) bear no proportion to the character of his narrative poetry. His *canzoni* occupy only a subordinate rank in the lyrical productions of his own country, and are generally esteemed inferior to those of later writers, Alessandro, Guidi, Filicaja, Celiomagno, Testi, Bettinelli, and many more.

In point of morality the merits of both are rather of a negative than of a positive character. Such as they are however, the inequality is very striking. Scott not only dissipated the gossamer fabric of sentimentality, with a single breath, and erected in its place the splendid and substantial structure of good taste and good sense, but he has also evinced a singular delicacy, in the choice of his materials. This however must form the limits of our praise. Entertainment appears to be the grand object of all his works, and he has been fearful of hazarding the interest of his story, by the illustration of any religious or philosophic truth. The consequence is that after laying down any of his works, we seldom find any moral impression on the mind.—We are delighted, but not instructed.—There is a great deal of the *dulce* but very little of the *utile*. This we regret the more as the grace and beauty with which the most homely truisms come from his pen, in his early works, induce us to believe that he possesses all the qualifications of a delightful moralist. But if his merits in this point are of a negative, his demerits are of a positive character. In some of his poems and novels he has thrown his virtuous characters completely into the shade, and exhibited his villains in the boldest relief. This occurs in Marmion and Kenilworth, and a few more. In the first of these the hero combines in his character every vice, which is capable of degrading and debasing the human form, unredeemed by a single trait of that sublime ruffianism which distinguishes Byron's demidemons.

Whatever may be the merits of Ariosto's allegory, they are more than counterbalanced by the extreme indelicacy and voluptuousness of some of his descriptions. His peccancy in this way amounts to a perfect nuisance, and renders his work totally unadapted for general circulation,

without the previous erasure of the obnoxious passages. With all his faults as a translator, we cannot forbear expressing our gratitude to poor Hoole for not introducing these passages to the English public, and we cannot help regretting that a late translation, of deservedly high character, did not avail himself of the example. We are not at all inclined to acquit Ariosto on the precedent of Boccaccio, and some of his immediate predecessors. Neither do we feel inclined to join in the Teremiad which has been pronounced on the supposed injury, which the memory of the latter has suffered from a portion of his countrymen. We are neither so far regenerated by the modern theophilanthropy, as to sacrifice the interests of truth and virtue to a maukish sentimentality, nor so superstitiously philosophical, as to imagine that at the present time we can inflict any real injury on the individual himself, by circumscribing as much as possible the evil tendency of his works. The main argument on which the admirers of Boccaccio have rested their defence, is grounded on the licentiousness of the age in which he wrote, and the extraordinary talents of the writer himself. The prevailing corruption of manners, they say, not only furnished him with the original, from which he copied and privileged the warmth of his colouring, but they further intimate that the splendour of his genius, is sufficient to redeem the errors of his morality. We are fully prepared to agree to the imputed relaxation of morals, in the fourteenth century, but if it be a question of utility into which we think it must be resolved, we would simply ask whether it be likely that the morals of one generation can be improved, by exaggerated pictures of the guilt and depravity of a preceding and more wicked one. And as to the powers of the writer they only appear to us to give a darker character to his delinquency. Talent in our estimation derives all its value from the nature and extent of the services which it renders to the community, for in the abstract it may be said to resemble that South American plant, which is capable of affording either a deadly poison, or a useful nourishment. That Boccaccio was highly endowed we readily admit, but it is because he prostituted the heavenly gift, and like the Babylonian of old, turned the consecrated chalice of genius into a vase of impure liquor, that we refuse him the homage which we cheerfully yield, to the memory of the most unlettered man whose name is embalmed by the recollections of worth and benevolence. If we appear somewhat fastidious as to the moral qualities of those works, it arises from the anxiety we feel for the welfare of that class of readers, who are the warmest admirers of this species of composition, and who of all others are the least able to resist its influence, when the tendency is pernicious. We acknowledge that we are inclined to watch with jealous vigilance, over the opening mind of youth, and to cherish its affections, with whatever is pure and invigorating in religion. Even in after life, when the heart becomes apparently barren and withered up, from the influence of the passions, how often will a passing breath of memory, be sufficient to renew the dormant thoughts and feelings of the past, and like the breeze that caused the spices of Libanus to flow, to revive these cherished recollections, in all their original fragrance. But when the fountain is polluted at its source, when the waters lose their sweetness, and transparency, in the very well spring,—what art, what power, will be sufficient to give brightness and serenity, to the current of future life?

In originality, Scott has certainly the advantage. Ariosto was a perfect Moravian in his literary tenets; when he saw a good thing with his

neighbour, he considered himself fully entitled to partake of it. Virgil, Ovid, Catullus and Bogardo *cum multis aliis* were tributary to him. But the great features of his poetical character are so original, that these borrowed traits detract very little from its merit. Although we do not place the most implicit reliance on the deep research, and supernatural discernment of his commentators, (one of whom informs us that a spider is a little animal that makes a net!) We are willing to believe that the majority of his episodes, were intended as the vehicles of religious truths, and that some of his prominent characters were designed as emblematical. We think that Mr. Roscoe has gone too far, in giving Lorenzo de Medici the credit of having first embodied those supernatural beings, and having thereby formed a new creation, unknown to the poetical world of the ancients. Surely Dante's striking personifications should not have been forgotten, nor those of two preceding writers Brunetto Latini and Alphonso of Castile. Ariosto's allegorical figures possess much beauty in general, his comparison of Fraud to a Gabriel saying *ave*, we consider very fine. Scott, like all other great writers, has been also a great imitator, Richardson, Shakspeare and Miss Edgeworth appear to form his chief models, and he has been indebted to the Spanish and Italian novels, for some of his subordinate characters; but it is certainly from nature's book that he drew his principal imitations. Ariosto's style is very peculiar. In point of vigour it is a happy medium between the condensed energy of Dante and the exquisite delicacy of Petrarch. If the flow of his sentences does not possess the pensive charm of Tasso's cadences, they do not fall upon the ear by a tedious uniformity, and the careless naiveté of their construction is admirably adapted for a work so diversified in matter as the *Furioso*. Scott's style appears very similar to Ariosto's, but it is in general more lax and feeble.

The personal characters of both, furnish also some correspondent traits. There has been nothing poetical or romantic in the private conduct of either. Both appear to have been imbued with a salutary reverence for the powers that be, and with all their flights and raptures, formed the most rational notions about the good things of this lower world. Scott however has not committed himself to the same extent as Ariosto. We could wish indeed for the honor of the poetical character, that the splendid slime with which this grovelling man of genius bedaubed his noble Patron, were expunged from the work. Even in his flight to the moon, his recollections of this miserable earth of ours were most vivid, and it is truly edifying, to read his statement of the rewards and honours to which the rhyming fraternity were entitled. Compared with his businesslike exposition, the Connaught man's broad hint was a mere inuendo. We regret that we cannot sympathise with biographer on the disappointments which this gifted parasite was doomed to experience.

In the general survey of their poetical merits, we find their characteristic traits become more prominent. Ariosto addresses himself to the imagination, Scott appeals to the heart. The one binds us to him "with chains of gold inlaid with silver," the other seeks no other ties than our sympathies and our affections. The one excites—stimulates—astonishes—overwhelms: the other wins—subdues—captivates and overpowers. Ariosto elevates us to a planet filled with flowers and sunshine, surrounded with an odorous atmosphere, and peopled only by the brave and the beautiful. Scott introduces us to a world somewhat more highly illuminated than our own, but sub-

ject to the same vicissitudes, and exhibiting the same variety in its social orders as this earthly sphere. Ariosto waives the wand of *Atlantes* and overwhelms us with a crowd of dazzling phantasies—Scott holds the divining rod in his hand, and discovers the sweetest springs of poetry in the most barren regions. The one appears frequently to forget this perishable earth in his raptures—the other is matter of fact in his most exalted moments, and reminds us of the spirit of Milton's *Heaven*, whose eyes were downward bent on the golden pavement. Ariosto appears like one who stole from the fairy land—his brow is crowned with "an odorous chaplet of summer buds," and his garments are dripping with dew and honey. He appears to have reposed on beds of wild thyme and violets, over-canopied "with moss-roses and luscious woodbine"—to have fed only on "dew berries and apricots," and like the delicate *Ariel*, he is capable of assuming any shape. Scott's garland is also interwoven with wild flowers, and his magic robes are covered with strange figures and devices, but he lives and moves and has his being amongst ourselves.

Scott's spell operates as powerfully as *Prospero's*; we must submit to the illusion until the enchanter himself is pleased to remove it. Ariosto, on the contrary, can never deceive us by his incantations, but then his visions are so pleasant, that like *Caliban*, when we wake "we cry to dream again." The one wraps us in a mist and surrounds us with supernatural forms and figures, whilst the other pours such brilliant lights on the most commonplace objects, as to render them perfectly new and delightful to the sight—Ariosto's eyes are turned upwards in the contemplation of visionary things—Scott's are always downwards bent upon the busy spectacle of life, and he is continually perusing the countenances of mankind. The one looked at nature through a prism, and represented her in artificial lights; the other beheld her with the naked eye, and drew her in her proper form and colours. "The dark backward" of the chivalrous era was the golden age of Ariosto, and he weeps over the progress of society, as if it were a barbarous innovation, but Scott was satisfied to contemplate that picturesque period in perspective, and to describe it as the poetry of history. There is a buoyant elasticity in all Ariosto's motions, from the moment he leaves the goal, he never once falters,—never casts a glance behind; but Scott not only tires, but has actually measured the dust on more than one occasion, but then, like the giant of antiquity, he has arisen refreshed and invigorated from his prostrations. Scott conducts us in a straight forward line, and we see our destination before our journey is half finished, but Ariosto's genius possesses all the magical properties of the Norman herb, and keeps us moving in concentric circles round a certain point, when we imagine we are proceeding on our journey. The one struts before us with the mask and buskin, in all the artificial dignity of the Greek tragedian,—but we have the changing brow, the sparkling eye, and the trembling lip of the other, pouring the feelings and the passions in their natural warmth and expression. Ariosto's lyre seems to possess the power of *Oberon's horn*, and to keep us in a state of mental saltation, in a delightful whirligig of the fancy. Scott's harp does not produce such a high degree of excitation,—but our bosoms echo every note of his lay. Ariosto dipped his pen in the tints of the rainbow, and wrote his poem on the leaves of the *amaranth*; but Scott, like the painter of old, contemplated human nature in its state of trial and suffering, and stamped the image on the fleshy tablet of the heart. The one wheels and soars in the horizon, like the bird of some tro-

pic isle, whose starry plumage is every moment brightening and shading into the softest lights and the most brilliant dyes, but whose strange notes possess no charms for us; the other hovers over our heads in a series of graceful circles, and although his flight is less bold, and his plumage less magnificent, he keeps our hearts fluttering within us, by a flow of exquisite melody.

LOVE AND THE VIOLET.

Who calls the rose my fav'rite flow'r?
 Frown her beauty's magic pow'r;
 My cheek her colors softly flush,
 My wings are tinted with her blush.
 But, see! are not these melting eyes
 Rich with the violet's deep-blue dyes?

Give me at morning's early hour,
 Give me that lovely bending flow'r—
 With dew upon its purple bloom,
 My spirit in its sweet perfume,
 Shedding its odours round like youth;
 In its first confidence and truth.

I steal the rose's bright disguise
 To veil myself to human eyes,
 And in its loveliness and charm
 You may discern my mortal form;
 But would you know me—ne'er forget!
 My soul is in the VIOLET.

MADRIGAL,

From the Italian of Chiabrera.

I bade the Muses show to me
 Some lovely thing resembling thee,
 "The morn that blushes on the sight—
 "The mid-day sun in splendor bright,—
 "The evening star that in the sky
 "Outshines the rest in brilliancy—"
 The brightest things below, above,
 Are not so bright as she I love;
 Love, only Love can guide my eye
 Where nature's charms with hers may vie;
 Then show me, Love, a form as fair—
 Love gazed round and answers—"Where?"

DRAMATIC SKETCHES.—No. I.

MARIUS AT THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE.

MARIUS and ATTENDANTS.

Marius.—What messengers are those you speak of, Granius?

Granius.—They're from the governor, my lord—Sextilius,
Prætor of Africa.

Marius.—Let them come in.

(*Exit GRANIUS.*)

MARIUS, Solus.

I never did that man an injury,—
'Mid all the paths thro' which ambition leads,
We never jostled; it is now to see
Whether the outcast, down fallen Marius,
Will meet with pity from a Roman Prætor,
To whom no private wrong has made him hostile.

GRANIUS and MESSENGERS.

Granius.—My lord, the Prætor's messengers.

Marius.—'Tis well—

What says Sextilius?—Doth he offer to us
The hospitality of this, his government?
And will he, by his single virtue, pay
The debt which general Rome—ungrateful Rome,
Refuses her deliverer?—Oh ye Gods
Is all my glory shrivell'd up to this?
Have I fill'd six successive consulships,
In opposition to all former precedent,
When the light crowd, whom every breath can move
As the thin zephyr wafts the aspen leaf,
Deem'd none could save their Rome from pending ruin
Except Marius?—Have I in the Capitol
Been crown'd as a God; whilst tens of thousands hail'd
My laurell'd brow, mingling my name with those
Who in the glorious annals of their country
Are handed down to all succeeding ages
As synonymes of virtue?—Have I been
Call'd Rome's third founder; whilst the idle multitude
Of thronging citizens would gaze on me,
As if some God descended upon earth
To feast their eager eyes?—And am I now
An outcast exile in my hoary age,
Wandering from land to land, from clime to clime,
Wasted with famines, way-worn, wrecked, abandoned,
Reduced to beg protection from Sextilius?—
No more of this—*O Marius! be a man!*
And face thy fortunes bravely.—I'll see, sir,—

What says thy master? Will he succour us?
 Or, leaguings with our enemies of Rome,
 Does he deny his aidance?

Messenger— Sir, my master,

Sextilius, governor of Lybia,
 Forbiddeth thee to land upon this shore,
 Else will he, on the Senate's late decree,
 Pursue thee as the enemy of Rome.

Marius---The Senate are the enemies of Rome,---
 Those lazy nobles dress'd in idle pomp
 Of buried ancestry---drones of the hive---
 Who think a long descent is claim enough
 To valour's wreath, and honour's dignity;
 Those babbling, vile, intriguing demagogues,
 Who shrink from noble daring in the field,
 But when the hovering dread hath passed away,
 Delve, like the miners of a leaguer'd city,
 Beneath the feet of him who fought and bled
 In service of his country.---Where were they,
 When like a cloud upon their sunny vales,
 The Cimbri and Teutoni pour'd the war;
 And, as the angry rushing of the sea
 When the fierce tempest rides the bounding billow,
 Each wave of fierce barbarians bore away
 A province in its fury?---Where were then
 Great Rome's *magnanimous nobles*?---Where were they,
 Decendants of the mighty forms that stand
 In marble majesty on Rome's high places,
 Frowning with scorn on their degenerate sons,
 Who shrunk ignobly from the savage foe,
 To shelter them beneath the low born Marius?---
 Where were---

Granius.---My lord!

Marius.--- Peace, Granius, I will speak,

Though Rome's collected nobles, with their hoats
 Of base retainers, kinsmen, clients, slaves,
 Cohorts, guards, legions, lictors, stood opposed,
 And bade me hold my peace.---I tell thee, man,
 Fortune has done her worst, and can no more;
 I'm now beyond her reach, There is a depth
 In misery, whence man can fall no lower,
 And I have reached it: you have seen, my Granius,---
 For you have still been faithful---you have seen me
 Banished my country like a wretched felon,
 Tost on the ocean when the mounting waves
 Waged with the bending skies: and, know you not
 That these old limbs, naked and worn with toil,
 Have been, while still their master lived---inhumed
 Up to the neck for hours in the deep fens
 That border on the Liris; whilst Gerinius
 With his Minturnian horse o'er rid the ground,

Till from my skulking place they haul'd me forth,
The veriest wretch, all mud and misery,
Faint, helpless, and scarce human.—Yes! till then
Some spark of human feeling lived within me,
And buried in that march, I was a man—
They dug me up a tyger!—Yes, ye wolves
Of Rome! the day of retribution yet
Will come, and I will slake my vengeance deeply!

Granius.—My lord, 'tis madness thus to rave of vengeance,
Whilst yet we seek for safety; should the Gods
Replace thee in that state from which thou'rt fallen,
Thou canst repay thy friends or enemies;
Till then 'tis idle talking.

Marius.— True, too true!
These empty threats of vengeance only wear
Away the power I should reserve to wreak it:
I'll use the adder's wisdom in my rage,
And turn with stings, not threats, on my oppressors.
Till then it shall sleep here—a fetter'd tyger—
Captured, but unsubdued.

Messenger.— What answer, sir,
Will you I bear unto my lord Sextilius?

Marius.—What answer? Tell him you have seen me, Marius,
The builder of a name as high as those
That shine like stars upon the historic page
And light to future glory—me, who led
Rome's trembling legions to the field of victory,
When, thick as leaves upon the Hyrcanian shades
From whence they issued, o'er the fields of Italy,
The rude barbarians—from whose very looks
Our stoutest turn'd appall'd—spread out their wide,
And wasting desolation; whilst Rome's nobles—
These mighty names, at whose suggestion
Your master now refuses me the rights
Of common hospitality—aloof
From war's stern duty, feasted in the city
For whose defence I bled—The song, the pageant,
The harlot's wile, the wine-cup's sparkling brim,
The downy couch whose touch is luxury,
The long protracted revel, the sweet echo
Of musick's fondest sigh, the balmy breeze
Of rich Arabian odour, and the dye
Of Tyrian purple on their flowing vests,
Mark'd their devotion to their country.—Mine
Far otherwise display'd itself.—My couch
Was the steep mountain side, where the bare rock
Pillowed my helmed head; my paramour
Was fierce Bellona; and the cup that slaked
My burning thirst at close of battle day,
Instead of Chian vintage, bore a beverage
As ruby, as the sparkling draught that bathed

The lips of Roman revellers.—'Twas the Po's
Polluted wave, crimson'd with Cimbrian blood !—
My music was the war-steed's hurried tramp ;
The rush of meeting armies ; the fierce cry
Of battling thousands ; the convulsive groan ;
The shriek of agony, the clash of swords,
The trumpet's call to arms.—My best attire
War-dinted harness, never changed, till victory
Changed it to robes of triumph :—

Granius.— *Marius, my Lord,*

Why waste on this rude messenger the time
We should devote to action ? It detracts
From your high deeds to pour the glorious tale
In the unheeding ear of this base menial :
Shall he relate, unto his Lord, that *Marius*
Is grown the trumpet to his own renown ;
And lest men's memories should let slip the records
Of his past exploits, bruits them thus abroad
For Lybian slaves to wonder at ?

Marius.— *Ha ?—says thou ?*

Dars't thou thus tauntingly lift up thy voice
Against me ?—Hence, or, by the immortal Gods !
My swelling rage will cleave thee to the earth,
And rend forth the vile tongue which, serpent like,
Turns on the heart that warm'd it ?—Hence and join
Thy perfidy to——Nay—forgive me *Granius* !—
My sorrows make me mad !—I did not mean
To doubt thy tried affection ; but this heart,
This withered heart has been too deeply rent
For even friendship's hand to touch thus rudely—
But 'twill learn patience yet---

(To Messenger.)

Go, tell thy master

That you have seen me, *Marius*, who but late
Was as a king in Rome ; who led her armies,
Enjoyed her triumphs, gain'd her consulships,
Drew her crown'd captives at my chariot wheels,
And, like a pillar in a mighty temple
Where all is grandeur, stood the proudest one
That propp'd her heaven-ward pile : now lost, abandoned,
Scorn'd by my foes, deserted by my friends,
Stripped of my worldly wealth, shorn of my honours,
A wandering outcast, helpless, homeless, hopeless,
SITTING AN EXILE 'MIDST THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE !

THE TOWN OF GALWAY.

The town of Galway was previous to the arrival of the English; a very inconsiderable village, inhabited by a few fishermen, situated where the Church of St. Nicholas afterwards stood. It is supposed to have been the *Nagnata* of the geographer, Ptolemy, who places on the western coast of Ireland, a people called the *Auterü*, and a city which he terms "illustrious," to which he gives the name *Nagnata*. The name is derived from *Cuan*, a port or harbour, *na*, a preposition of the genitive case and *uact* or *guact* a little island, which by transition into the Greek manner of pronunciation, would form *Naguata*, for *Nagnata* is supposed to be an error of transcribers. This is the opinion of many able antiquaries, and one which the situation and early commercial importance of Galway, seems to warrant. Notwithstanding the early greatness of the Town, no mention is made of it, until comparatively a very late period; but there still remain accounts of changes of inhabitants, and new settlements in its neighbourhood. The loss of the annals and the ancient records of the kingdom accounts for this silence. Galway is not singular in the want of her early history, as it has been well ascertained that many places existed in former days, of considerable note, which can boast at present of very little more than their names. A history of Galway* has been lately published, which is highly creditable to the respectable author, and is the only one which has appeared, or which we now require, respecting this town. Mr. Hardiman has brought to his task learning, discrimination, and good sense, and has made ample use of them in the selection and adaptation of his materials. Possessing great facilities of information, he has thrown every possible light on the peculiarities, in manners and customs, and on the ancient condition, commerce and civilization of that portion of our Island. The volume is embellished with many curious and well executed engravings.

One of the earliest notices we possess of Galway is in 835, when Turgeis ravaged the entire province of Connaught, destroying every thing in his progress, and amongst the rest, this ancient town. After lying in a neglected condition for two or three centuries; a castle was erected, and the town was placed in a state of security and defence. About this period, in consequence of the petty feuds and jealousies existing between the Munster and Connaught Princes, it was, once or twice, razed to the ground. In 1170, after the arrival of the English adventurers, Galway consisted of a small community composed of a few families of fishermen and merchants. In about half a century it became, under Richard De Burgo, the capital of the province, which respectable rank it has continued to hold, to the present time. Notwithstanding the troubled state of Connaught at this period, under the powerful patronage and protection of the De Burgo family, it increased considerably in trade and population, and about the year 1270 the inhabitants commenced surrounding it with walls, which were not completed in less than a century.

Previously to the erection of several works of defence, this town, though the principle mart of the province, presented but the appearance of a

* A history of Galway. By James Hardiman, M.R.I.A. &c. Quarre-Dublin, 1820.

populous village. In the commencement of the 14th century, it was considerably strengthened and fortified, and its improvement from this time, was so rapid and regular, that in 1375 the Kings staple was established there for the sale of wool, leather, &c. The fickleness and impolicy of the government of that day, was such, that the charter thus establishing a staple here, was suddenly and unaccountably revoked by letters patent under the great seal, a measure highly detrimental to the trade of this portion of the kingdom.—Before the establishment of the staple, and after its revocation, merchants were obliged to send their vessels freighted with wool, leather, &c. round to Cork, to pay the custom due on the hides, &c. which must have been of course a very serious trouble and inconvenience. It now improved so rapidly in trade and commerce, that the government in the reign of Richard II. (1396) granted a perpetual murage charter, for the building of the walls and paving the town, as before this period, it was a corporation merely by prescription; governed by Magistrates, whose appointment was vested in the De Burgo family. A corporate body was established by charter, dated 26 January, 1396. These municipal provisions had a most salutary effect, on its improvement and prosperity. The importance of Galway from this time, was so evident, that a mint was established there for the coinage of the King's monies. It may be interesting to our readers to remark, that it was at this period, the first alteration in the value of the currency of the two kingdoms took place, and which was not assimilated until the present year. According to the annals of Connaught, and the four masters, it was nearly destroyed by fire in June, 1473. At the period "it was esteemed" (says Hardiman) "one of the most populous towns in Ireland; trade kept pace with the encrease of population, and a spirit of industry pervaded the minds of the people, but their energies were now more particularly called forth, by the melancholy accident which had just taken place, and the damages occasioned by the fire, were not only quickly repaired, but the town itself was materially improved; and soon after took its rank amongst the most considerable places in the kingdom." The relation of its affairs having been thus far continued, through periods of which almost every local record and monument, has been long and irrevocably lost, an era now approaches, from which the memory of its transactions was better preserved, and consequently the future helps for the elucidations of its history, will be found much more abundant and satisfactory. Under a charter granted by Richard III. on the first of August, 1485, the first Mayor and Bailiffs were elected and were sworn into office, on the twentieth of September following, which practice has continued without intermission to the present time. The first mode of government; according to STORY, was by a Provost, next by a Sovereign and Bailiffs, and finally by a Mayor and Sheriffs. The following instance of more than Roman inflexibility, which we give in a summary way, may be new, and cannot fail to be interesting, to our readers. We feel no regret that instances of such stern and obdurate virtue, have been but very rarely exhibited in the history of the world.

James Lych Fitzstephen, an opulent merchant, about the year 1492, was induced for commercial purposes, to visit Spain, and while there, he formed a friendship with a respectable Spanish merchant, of the name of Gomez. In a spirit of gratitude for the kindness and civility, which he received from the Spaniard during his sojourn, he brought his son, a youth

of nineteen with him to Ireland, promising while he continued his stay in this country, to take parental care of him. The young Gomez was introduced to the family of Mr. Lynch, and shortly became a favourite; he was recommended by the merchant, in every particular manner, to his son as a companion. This young man, two years older than the Spaniard, was highly gifted and accomplished, but a consummate libertine. The father however conceived hopes of his reformation, as he discovered that he was attached to a beautiful girl, daughter of a respectable neighbour; he also trusted that the society of one so serious, and well principled as the young Spaniard, would assist in weaning him, from his licentious courses. For some time the youthful friends lived together in harmony, until Lynch became jealous of the Spaniard, and fancied that he had treacherously attained too high a degree in the favor of his mistress, and was silently but surely supplanting him in her affections. He charged the lady with deceit and infidelity, and she was too proud to deny the charge, thus unjustly urged against her. They parted in anger. Every thought of his was now turned on revenge, and unfortunately accident facilitated his purpose; the following night he perceived Gomez returning from the lady's house, having been invited by her father, who spoke Spanish fluently, and who courted the society of all who could converse in that language. Gomez did not recognize his friend, when he attacked him, and accordingly fled as from some assassin, but was overtaken precisely at the moment, when ignorant of his way, he had reached the shore, and the infuriate lover darting a poniard into his heart, plunged him bleeding into the sea. The next morning the tide washed the body on the beach, where it was discovered and recognized. The father of young Lynch, who on his return from Spain, was elected Mayor of the Town, though thunderstruck and heart-broken, at the fatal occurrence, yet had the firmness and presence of mind, to order his son's arrest and imprisonment. In a word, Lynch was tried, convicted, and sentenced to die. The execution was opposed, successively by entreaties and by force, but in vain, and the mode finally adopted by the Mayor to perfect the sentence of the law, was truly horrific. We will not relate it, but refer to Mr. Hardiman's volume, to which we are indebted for this anecdote. The act which might have been equity in the Judge, became inhumanity in the father;—according to the laws of that time, the Mayor was sole Judge and Sovereign of the Town.

The following Bye-law, passed in 1518, may serve to shew what great fellows, the O's and MACs were in those days, "That none of the Burkes, " M^r Williams, Kellies, nor any other septs, should be received into the " town, at Christmas, Easter, or any other festival time, without licence " from the Mayor and Council, and that NEITHER O' NE MAC SHALL " STRUTTE NE SWAGGERE, THRO THE STREETS OF GALWAY."

By another Bye-law enacted a few years subsequently, it was ordained that the freedom of the town, should not be conferred on any man, who could not speak the English language, and shave his upper lip weekly.

A curious privilege somewhat similar to that which existed until very lately on the Continent, prevailed in Galway at this period. The Convents were resorted to as places of refuge, or sanctuaries by such as were fearful of appearing in town, in consequence of debts, &c. In 1537 it was ordered that such persons, so sheltering themselves, should not be provided with meat or drink by any person, under a fine of twenty shillings,

this practice became so inconvenient, that in about four years afterwards, a bye-law was obliged to be passed, limiting the sanctuary of any debtor, to *twenty-four hours*. The opulence of the inhabitants of Galway, may be estimated from a subsequent bye-law, directing "That no young man, prentiz or otherwise, shall weare no gorgious apparell, ne silks either within or without ther garments, ne yet fyne knilt stockins either of silke or other costlie wise weare no costlie long riffs, thick and started, but be contented with single riffs, and that also they shall weare no pantwofes, but rather be contented with showse."

A remarkable jealousy, which shewed itself in every possible act of hostility, existed between Limerick and this town, for a very considerable length of time, until the former gained the ascendancy, which it has ever since preserved.

The Galway annals relate that an Italian traveller, induced by its fame in foreign parts, visited the town, and that he carefully remarked and noted down its situation and extent, the style of its buildings, the manners and customs of the inhabitants, and every other particular worthy of attention. They further state that being at mass in a private house, (its celebration in public, having been in the year 1568 first prohibited) he saw at one view, the blessed sacrament in the hands of the Priest, boats passing up and down the river, a ship entered the port in full sail, a salmon killed with a spear, and hunters and hounds pursuing a deer, upon which he observed, that although he had travelled the greatest part of Europe, he had never before witnessed a sight which combined so much variety and beauty. Campion described it at that time, as "*a proper neat city at the sea side.*"

Mr. Hardiman speaking of the early inhabitants of the town, says—"They always preserved a due respect for their own dignity, and from the earliest period, ranked with the first orders of the community. Learning and science were received and cherished within the town, during periods wherein the rest of the kingdom, with very few exceptions, was immersed in the most profound ignorance."

In the reign of Elizabeth, the celebrated Sir Henry Sidney, who had frequently visited in Galway, and was well acquainted with the town, declared that for urbanity and elegance of manners, the inhabitants equalled those of the most refined community, and that like the people of Marseilles in France, they contracted no stain from their rude and unpolished neighbours. Sir William Pelham the Lord Justice of Ireland, accompanied by the Earl of Thomond, visited the town in 1579, and we have on his respectable authority, that the town was well built and walled, possessing an excellent good haven, and replenished with many wealthy merchants, "The townsmen and wemmen" (he states) "present a more civil shew of life than other townes in Ireland do and maie be compared in my judgment, next Dublin and Waterford, the only towne"—Sir Oliver St. John's testimony in his description of Connaught, in 1614, is highly creditable to the inhabitants, "The merchants (says Sir Oliver) are rich and great adventurers at the sea, their commonaltie is composed of the descendants of the ancient English families of the town, and rarelie admit any new English among them, and never any of the Irish. They keep good hospitalitie and are kind to strangers, and in their manner of entertainment, and in fashinninge and apparallinge themselves and their wives, do most preserve the ancient manner."

"and state, as much as any towne that ever I sawe." In the latter part of the sixteenth century, Elizabeth granted the town a charter, confirming of all the preceding ones, by which the Mayor for the time being, was created Admiral of the port and bay, as far as the Isles of Arran, and entitled to all wrecks of the sea. When the Lord Deputy Pelham was dissenting from it in 1579, he left a company of soldiers behind, when a house was hired for their accomodation at the expence of the Queen,—the first barracks known in the town. About this time one of the ships composing the Spanish Armada, was driven into the bay and wrecked, and upwards of seventy of the crew perished. A great many improvements were commenced during the reign of Elizabeth, but were destroyed in some short time after, and Galway was neglected until 1584, when the Queen was petitioned, for the purpose of enabling them to send for English Artisans to rebuild, improve, and settle in the town. Sir John Perrot in the following year, divided the province of Connaught into counties, which heretofore had consisted but of two districts, Connaught and Roscommon. From the beginning of the seventeenth century, to nearly its close, the history of Galway furnishes an epoch, the most interesting and eventful, and the affairs of the town at this momentous period, were influential, not only over Galway, but over the entire kingdom. As it would injure it not to give it in detail, we can only refer to Mr. Hardiman's work. About 1604, circuits for Judges of Assize were established in Connaught, by the Lord Deputy, Sir Arthur Chichester; and for nearly a century after, the Assizes for the town were held alternately in Galway and Loughrea. The Judges for a considerable time, were entertained at the expence of the town, but by an order of the Common Council, in 1771, they no longer received this mark of corporation civility.—In justice it must be acknowledged that this ungenerous and inhospitable restriction existed little more than twelve months.

In the year 1610, Speed, the celebrated English antiquary, visited Galway, and some opinion of the importance of the place at that time may be collected from his description. "The principal City of this Province, and that which may worthily be accounted the third in Ireland, is Galway, in Irish *Gallivie*, built in manner much like to a Tower; it is dignified with a Bishop's See, and is much frequented with Merchants, by reason whereof, and the benefit of the road and haven, it is gainful to the inhabitants through trafic and exchange of rich commodities, both by sea and land." Another writer of the same day, describes it as the third City of the kingdom, for extent and beauty. There is a very particular account of its condition and appearance in 1614, by Sir Oliver St John, which we cannot refrain from laying before our readers,—“The Town is small, but “all is faine and statelie buildings, the fronts of the houses (toward the “streets) are all of hewed stone, uppe to the top garnished with faine battlements, in an uniform course, as if the whole Towne had been built upon “one model, it is built upon a rock, invironed almost with the sea and the “river, compassed with a strong wall, and after the ancient manner, such “as with a reasonable garrison, may defende itselfe against an enemy.” We have come now to a period when it arrived at its greatest opulence and Commercial importance, when it took its place amongst the first Cities in Ireland, for population, wealth and integrity; but thenceforward it began to evince very obvious symptoms of decay, until it dwindled at last, into its present comparative insignificance. In Mr. Hardiman's work there is a va-

luable and interesting portion, treating of the Rebellion in 1641,—the declaration of Galway against the Parliament, and its unaided loyalty to Charles. The siege of the Town by the Parliamentary forces, under Coote, and the expulsion of its ancient and worthy Inhabitants in the Reign of William, which we are compelled merely to refer to, as well deserving a most attentive perusal. When we recollect the present aspect of the Town of Galway, these circumstances, indicative of its former consequence and prosperity, cannot fail to strike us with astonishment. Its grandeur rose and fell with equal rapidity; and it has left but few memorials to remind us of its magnitudo. These facts alone however, would be ineffectual in awakening within us, any thing like serious regret, did we not know, that with the greatness of its early day, have also disappeared the proud spirit, and the commercial strength of its Inhabitants.

FROM THE ITALIAN,

Am I not thine, my only love ?
 Bound by love's mystic spell;
 Thy hopes, thy fears below,—above,
 Within my bosom dwell.

Thy griefs their shadows fling on me,
 And every smile of thine,
 Each wish, with fond fidelity
 Reflects itself in mine.

SONG,

Farewell to thee, maiden ! through sorrow and pain,
 I'll think on those eyes I may ne'er see again ;
 I'll think on the accents that fell from thy tongue,
 And the wit that around thee such witchery flung.

When the storm rages loudest, and thunders roll nigher,
 I'll fancy I hear the light tones of thy lyre ;
 When lightnings flash round me, I'll see thee afar
 Shining bright o'er the deep, the lone mariner's star.

The roar of the cannon, the rush of the wave,
 May sing the lament o'er the sailor's dark grave ;
 But when hottest the battle, and fiercest the sea,
 Let them rage as they will, I'll still think upon thee.

And think on me, love ! in that moment of danger,
 And give one soft tear to the ocean's wild ranger ;
 And mingle one sigh with the moan of the deep
 That pours the last dirge o'er the seaman's long sleep.

AN ORIENTAL VISION.

Methought I stood upon the skirt of an illuminated cloud in the upper regions of the air, with a power of vision extending over half the world. A human form of angelical beauty suddenly appeared, smiling with ineffable benignity, thus addressed me:—That superb building which thou beholdest rising amidst fine and beautiful groves of ever blooming verdure, adorned with blossoms of the richest fragrance, and fruits of the most exquisite flavour, is the Temple of Final Felicity, designed by Alla, for the reward of his faithful votaries. It is surrounded by gardens of interminable extent, diversified with all the beauties which the endless varieties of nature can bestow, in the forms of hill, valley, fountain, lake, and river. Nothing impure or unholy is permitted to enter the sacred precincts where love, peace, benevolence and piety, in harmonious union, conspire to render the days of its inhabitants truly blessed. It is, as you observe, placed within view, and apparently within reach of all, though few there be that surmount the snares, dangers, difficulties, and temptations which are necessarily to be surmounted, for it is the just appointment of Alla, that nothing great and glorious shall be attained without correspondent exertion, and that where the reward is of transcendent value, the toil of the successful aspirant must be proportioned to the magnitude of the prize. And, said I, asking pardon for interrupting him, can any toil be deemed too great, or any difficulties be thought discouraging, by those whose hopes are stimulated with the prospect of so glorious a reward? Surely it requires no extraordinary degree of wisdom, no uncommon measure of fortitude to resolve upon encountering and subduing any obstacles, not altogether insurmountable, that may happen to oppose themselves to the progress of him whose views are fixed upon the attainment of a felicity, exquisite as it is eternal? Knowing as we do of what exertions man is capable in the pursuit of objects comparatively worthless, transitory in their nature, insecure in their possession and unsubstantial in their enjoyment, it is hard to reconcile unwillingness to encounter peril in such a pursuit, or want of perseverance to obtain such a prize, with the idea of common prudence, and rational understanding,—so, said my conductor, it should seem to the sober contemplatist, but meditation in the closet is a different theory from action in the world, and they who are most confident of integrity in possession, are often the most ready to dispense with it in practice. It is easy to say, I intend to be good,—the really wise will say—"probation must precede praise, let me be tried by my deeds."

Now turn your eyes, said my conductor, towards that distant quarter, where you behold numbers of children of various ages, in groups of greater or less amount, and apparently under the direction of adult leaders. That is the Mount of Education, to be travelled over by all candidates for glory and happiness. Such as are not fortunate enough to obtain the assistance of guides, unable of themselves to ascend the mount, wander away among the deserts and wildernesses on the other side, differing little in habits and attainments from the beasts of the field, by the chace of which, and the casual production of wild fruits, they support a savage existence. You may observe, that even of those who are under the patronage of early directors, several advance with reluctant steps, some lag behind, and others finally

return to that state of sensual depravity to which their carnal propensities naturally incline, and from which the severe lessons of mental wisdom alone can deliver them. Too many of those who undertake the office of instruction, are themselves inadequate to the important task, and more intent on inculcating and disseminating their own crude and selfish doctrines, than the genuine precepts of truth, as originally communicated by the gracious revelations of Alla. Now cast your eyes beyond the Mount of Education, and survey the curious varieties so great a scene affords. That, said I, is a scene of extent and wonder, indeed whether I consider the multitudes employed, the infinite variety of their pursuits, or the equally infinite number of objects they appear to have in view.—Yes, said my conductor, that is the land of Trial,—though this lies in the way to the Lake of Peace, which all must pass to arrive at those regions of bliss which enfold the Temple of Final Felicity,—you see the harbour of success, where vessels wait to transport the fortunate adventurers,—some vessels, you perceive, are already sailing on the tranquil bosom of the favouring tide, others are at anchor, receiving, or ready to receive all qualified passengers. Ah! said I, what a lamentable disparity there is between the members that set out on the journey, and those whom virtuous perseverance has enabled to reach the termination? It is but too true, said my conductor, but it exalts, instead of deducting from the divine beneficence, which, though it offers to all the means of attainment, necessarily permits a freedom of choice essential to the very nature of a responsible agent. Good and evil are placed before them, but under the modification of such different aspects, that the struggle between the ardent propensities of corporeal passions, and the cooler deductions of intellectual judgment, carries on a perpetual warfare between mind and body, and too often assigns the victory to the latter. All subordinate natures are more or less liable to error, for there is not one being in the universe, in whom power, wisdom, and excellence exist in the highest possible degree of perfection. Every thing which he has been pleased to create, is governed by laws suited to its peculiar form and constitution. Matter inert, shapeless, and considered merely with respect to its own powers, incapable of useful effort or exertion, is, nevertheless, so arranged, diversified and disposed by Omnipotent wisdom, as not only to serve for the most important purposes in other respects, but to exhibit to the sentient faculty, the most grand and beautiful features in the sublime picture of Creation. Were the glorious sun and its attendant worlds regarded only as a mechanical work, a sample of what unbounded power could perform, the eye would never tire of contemplating, nor the mind grow weary of expressing its admiration of effects, for which, were they not actually presented to the senses, no private comprehension would conceive that there could exist an adequate cause. But when it is further considered, that these bodies moving in majestic harmony, stupendous as they be, are destined to be habitations of beings still more wonderful than they are; that though not possessed of life themselves, they are the seat of others life; the substratum of an animation, varied, extended and multiplied beyond the reach of human intellect, to compute and calculate even within the limited sphere of its own observation, how is it possible to set bounds to the awe, the reverence, the love, the gratitude, and the astonishment such a display of the Divinity seems naturally calculated to excite. There is no single attribute of Omnipotence in which his inconceivable might is more distinctly displayed, than in that of bestowing life. The genius of man is capable

of accomplishing many things, which, in the eye of common beholders, are justly esteemed wonderful. Besides the exertion of those mental faculties by which he obtains fame as a poet, an orator, a legislator, a philosopher, or a hero, he can perform works that surprize by their grandeur, or please by their utility. He can erect magnificent bridges, build sumptuous palaces, and raise monuments, that almost defy the crumbling hand of time. He can even construct mechanical figures, that exactly imitate the motions of living bodies, but all the power, all the wealth, and all the ingenuity of all mankind, were they put together for the purpose, are unable to give life—To an earth-worm, it is as much beyond his ability, as to make another sun, another moon, or another world. Even vigorative life is above his power, he can increase and improve the stock he finds, but he can produce nothing *de novo*. The chemist, by analyzing, can discover the substances of which a grain of wheat is composed, but all the chemists upon earth cannot combine those several substances, so as by that combination to procure a grain possessing the capabilities of vegetation. When all this is considered, and compared with that profusion of vegetable and animal life, with which, through the bounty of the Creator, all nature abounds, what is left for the rational contemplatist, but the deepest sense of his own littleness, and an increased veneration for the Almighty Father of all?

To all classes of worldly existants but one, a rule of life is given, called instinct, under whose fixed and unerring direction they pursue a prescribed course, fulfil their stated number of days, hours, or years, enjoy the pleasures and subsistence allotted for them, complete their periods and die. Acting under a compulsory direction, they are irresponsible for their conduct,—are objects neither of punishment or reward, and though often exhibiting curious specimens of cunning and intelligence, yet, never passing the eternal boundary that separates the rational from the irration—the intellectual soul, from the vivified animal. Man, therefore, is the only responsible creature, the only free agent of the animal creation, and this he could not be without a soul, that is, without an immortal spirit, united for a season with body, but not depending on that body for its existence. If it did, in what is he better than the beasts of the field? In many cases he is worse, having more of actual misery, and less of pleasurable enjoyment. To one only can that soul be responsible—the God who gave it, for no human law can take cognizance of that which is unseen, lay hold of spiritual irrisibility, or fix its chains or immortal existence. To him he is responsible for the use or abuse of those faculties which so eminently distinguish Man from other animals, and which, unless debased by sensual indulgence, or corrupted by the unsubstantial pursuit of worldly vanities, are capable of raising him to a higher rank in the scale of spiritual existence, and approximating the human nature to the divine. Such was the situation of Man under the original appointment of the beneficent Alla, and the early records of every country preserve a more or less distinct account of his primitive innocence and felicity, and his subsequent lapse and deterioration. If you ask, why did he fall? Because he was made free—because to be responsible, it was necessary that he should be unconstrained—to conquer disturbing passions, it was requisite that he should feel them—to exercise the virtues of humility, love, submission, piety, justice, moderation and obedience, it was necessary that he should have to contend with the counteracting influence of their opposites, for where there is not choice of action, the agent is no better than a passive machine where motive is compulsory, he is not

fulfilling voluntary duties, but performing irresistible commands. Still however, there is room for restitution, and reward. Though the difficulties have been increased, they are not insurmountable—virtuous exertion has the encouraging promise of final success,—the Temple of Eternal Felicity is in view, and where the capability of attainment has been so graciously accorded, the misery of final disappointment must rest on him whose unhappy negligence, or incurable depravity have interposed incurable obstacles, to the ultimate acquisition of the glorious recompence.

Now, continued my conductor, cast your eyes, again upon the Land of Trial, and see what it presents—I see, said I, a prodigious number of small airy figures or phantoms hovering over the human travellers, but as it seems to me, not always, if at all, perceptible by those whom they appear so solicitously to attend.—You are right, rejoined my conductor, they are exhibited to your view as representatives of the secret motives by which the judgment of mortals is directed, or as, according to the doctrine of some Eastern sages, the genii which superintend all human concerns, and of whom each individual has two, known by the name of his good and evil genius. The former endeavours to operate upon his understanding by teaching him to prefer the solid and permanent good, however remote, to the turbulent and temporary nature of present enjoyment, to bring his passions under the controul of his reason, and under no vicissitudes of life, to fall from virtue, or lose sight of the dignity of an immortal spirit. The other counsels him to catch the fleeting hour, to indulge those propensities which offer immediate gratification, to leave future objects to time and accident, to make sure of what he has, and to turn his present regard to the attainment of that which courts his acceptance under the fascinating shape of glory, honour, riches, pleasure, fame, and dominion. The prudent genius points, but too often points in vain, to the page of experience which displays the disastrous events of all inordinate pursuits of terrestrial felicity, and even in the instances of happiest success, elicits the confession of wisdom, that all is “vanity and vexation of spirit.” His rival too often carries all before him, and though there are who see their error before it is too late, and are fortunate enough to retrace their steps, multitudes perish under the delusion, destroyed by the unforeseen dangers which the wily genius had concealed from their crew, the sword, the traitor, the self earned disease, or victims of an upbraiding conscience, and drowned, in what you can discern in the very centre of their pleasures and palaces,—the gulph of despair!

Oh! said I, to my conductor, that I could but impress on the minds of my inconsiderate countrymen, the admirable lesson your benevolence has so kindly imparted—that I could but persuade them to see with my eyes, and to think with my understanding.—That said he, you may at least endeavour to do, and under the assistance of Alla, not without success;—to give you therefore an immediate opportunity, I now say to you—and he raised his voice—Awake!—I started from the couch on which I had been taking my meridian slumber, and determined to profit myself, and as far as in me lay, to communicate profit to others. I lost no time in committing to paper an account of this instructive vision.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE NIGHT.

The following papers were drawn up at the desire of a dear friend ; when I sat down to write, I did not intend them for the public eye, circumstances however, which I will not detail, have altered my determination.

It may be objected, that the profound and eloquent "Confessions of an English Opium Eater" have forestalled the subject which I have chosen, and that the terrors of the realm of Sleep are a twice told tale ; now this assertion, like most other sweeping ones, is partly true, and partly false ; it is true that the writer of whom I speak, has with a depth of thought and a clearness of style seldom equalled, developed one of the most striking cases of bodily and mental suffering that ever occurred ; but the kingdom of Sleep has many regions, countless dungeons of dumb sightless torment, bolts, and racks, and wheels innumerable, and since there is a mysterious relation between the events of our lives and the sufferings of our dreams ; and since, however distorted and exaggerated, the scenery and actors of Sleep are not utterly unknown, either to our reading or our experience, it stands to reason that the subject—the biography of night,—can never be exhausted, until the causes which create fearful dreams,—fever—misfortune—dreary watching by the bed of sickness—inexorable death, deaf to the voice of deep love, and the terrible struggles with despair when the reason is dragged to the brink of insanity, shall be no more.

It is possible that I may be accused of exaggeration.—I will not pause to answer the charge. I might as well endeavour to discourse a blind man into a knowledge of colours, as to teach superficial readers the art of examining a statement by its internal evidence, and discovering *from itself*, its truth or falsehood ; those for whom I write, will feel I trust, while they read, that I am not spinning fictions out of my brain, but relating facts and their consequences.

Our Life is twofold, Sleep hath its own world.

BYRON.

If there be a man living, who can attest the truth of the motto which I have chosen, I am that man ; after groaning for years of nights, in the Egyptian bondage of the dark taskmasters of sleep, after doing and enduring their terrible bidding, until resistance had nearly wasted into despair, I have escaped from slavery, I have earned my freedom by hard struggling, and I may tell the secrets of my prison-house without fear.

And here, *in limine*, I protest against the canting sophistry, which calls sufferings of the imagination, imaginary sufferings ;—I have sat at the table of life for a good many years, and I have drank as deeply of the cup of misfortune, as most of my fellow guests,—I have endured fierce anguish, both of body and mind in the waking world, and I solemnly declare that I did not conceive what the human intellect could endure, and not perish, until I was bound, hand and foot, and plunged into the realm of sleep, to abide the prolific cruelty of the stern race who dwell in it.

In what are called the actual sufferings of life, a principle of resistance, and means of defence are ever within our reach,—(I speak not of cowards who lie down under misfortune,) philosophy, religion, and the various energies both of body and of mind, each fitted by the hand of nature to its task arise as our necessities invoke them,—but in sleep it is otherwise, our sufferings are beyond the measure of mortality, our powers of resistance are prostrate, every faculty, save the imagination, is in chains, and she, with the riotous ely of a drunken slave, tramples on the fallen reason.

I do not doubt that in the world of sleep there may be elysium fields for the happy in life to wander in; *all* I know is, that from my own experience I can say but little about them; the winged tyrants to whom I have been given up in the long nights of my bondage, have borne me to far different scenes,—

Regions of sorrow, doleful shades where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all, but torture without end
Still urges,—

Our memory, as I often felt to my cost, is a fearful instrument of torture in the hands of sleep;—the scenes of our youth,—the friends that we have parted from for ever come back with the vividness and distinct beauty of life; we sit beneath the shade of well remembered trees, taking sweet counsel with the brothers and sisters of our childhood, as if death, or marriage, or the heartless policy of years, and of the world, had never chilled our young affections;—and then we awaken,—and the dead, die, as it were, again, and the dark grief of the house of mourning comes back, and the dull sound of the first stone on the coffin, rattles in our ears.

If you go on thus, interrupts the reader, you will never get to the end of your story, whatever it is, for you will never make a beginning; true; most logical of readers, but suppose I am not going to tell my story at all, at all, to borrow the emphatic iteration of an Irishman;—it is true, I told you about a page ago, when first we joined company, that I could, if I would, tell strange things;—but I made no promise,—wait until we have jogged on together a little longer, and perhaps you may know more; at all events I can tell you, like Slawkenbergius, that you will not know any thing about me, a whit sooner, by interrupting me; I am thinking on paper, and I will think my own way, or not at all.

Oh! the bright days of my childhood; when above me, within me, and around me, there was “light, and splendour, and joy;” when my days were days of gladness, and my nights were wrapped in sleep that knew no dream, the sleep that annihilated time and space, and from which I sprang into a new morning of enjoyment;—reader, most patient reader, I will recal those days, and you and I shall leave this foggy, nook-shotten capital, and breathe a breeze that sea-coal has not tainted, and listen to the deep melody of the woods,—I will bring you to a king’s theatre, not made with hands, and you shall have an opera that the wealth of London could not purchase.

From the brow of this rising ground (I fear my eye-sight is better than yours,) we catch the first glimpse of the lofty woods that surround the place of my birth—yonder,—but afar off,—are the blue hills that I love to climb, Oh! how unchanged, there is an eternal constancy in the aspect of mountains that makes a more durable impression on the memory, than any thing

else in nature; lowland scenery may fade from our recollection, but we never can forget the mountains that we once have known, like ancient friends, grave, but not stern; with what a quiet welcome do they receive us, when after years of folly, misfortune or sorrow, we return into their peaceful bosom; all that is familiar to us in lowland scenery, passes away like the unstable friendships of prosperity; woods disappear in one place—plantations spring up in another;—the pasture feels the plough like a choleric in its vitals;—mushroom villas arise like exhalations; the plain becomes “every thing by turns, and nothing long;” but the fickle, busy hand of man, cannot tear from the mountain its solemn and eternal beauty.

As the lagging avenue winds with us through the trees, how every well remembered sound arises in my ear,—the deep, fond voice of the amorous wood-quæst, the thrilling melody of the unseen black-bird, or the tenderer eloquence of the thrush, and marring all with discord unbidden, the shrill scream of the lordly peacock;—I wish peacocks were not too proud to learn from their companions of the woods, they always remind me of beginners on the clarinet.

There, beside its quiet waters, and beneath the shadow of its venerable yews, stands my favourite noontide retirement, the hermitage;—does it not look as if an anchoret had raised it? many a poet, philosopher, and sage, will we hold charmed converse with beneath its humble roof.

There was a spirit in that sweet place,
An Eve in this Eden, a ruling grace
Which to the flow'rs, did they waken or dream,
Was as God is, to the starry scheme.

The most cheering sound in nature, is the sweet laughter of girls; many a time as I listened to it, rising through the still evening from the garden or the grove, I have joined in it, though I knew not its cause, from the very gaiety of heart that it awakened;—now I hear it as distinctly as ever—I do believe, that these girls, like Duncan's son, laugh in their sleep, at least they never meet me but with smiles; one, indeed, is somewhat sedater than the rest, but I would not give the tranquil melody of her sweetest voice, and the gentle eloquence of her dove-like eyes, for all the sparkling witchery of mirth that ever smiled a man's heart out of his bosom.

Most diligent reader, I do assure you, in verity that the things whereof I speak, I most distinctly see and hear; but as for you, I fear in my heart that you fare no better than Shakabar at the table of the Barmecide;—but say you, will you, like the Barmecide, after describing the ideal banquet, at last feast me with the reality?—Alas! you task me beyond my power, the things whereof I speak, had once indeed, a local habitation, and a name; like a fool, I said in my heart that the freshness of spring would not fade, and that the eyes that smiled upon my childhood, would weep over my grave; but death, whose pupil I have been for many a year, has taught me otherwise; the scenes I have glanced at, and the dear companions of my youth, are now but tenants of my memory, and often in the unkindness of sorrow, I would fain eject them from their melancholy dwelling. I have come to a resolution never to write more than one sheet at a time, so if it be morning, good morning, if it be evening, good evening, if it be night, good night;—at all events farewell for the present.

July 16th, 1825.

In my last paper, I said when speaking of the pains of sleep, that they exceeded in measure, and in intensity, the sufferings of waking life; now as this assertion may startle sound sleepers, (for they seldom dream) I feel that I am in some sort called upon to prove it.

I can fully appreciate the difficulties of my task, but since it is a voluntary one, I have no right to complain of them; I shall only remark that it is no easy matter to place you in such a point of view, as will enable you to comprehend the circumstances which awakened,—if not created, in my mind, the terrible faculty of dreaming, yet give you no insight to those parts of my history, which it is not my intention to disclose; and this I mention, that you may not blame me for the absence of a connecting narrative, in the scenes I am about to describe.

You will soon perceive that I separate, as by a great gulf, the healthy dreams of the sound in body and mind, from the fearful hauntings of the devoted few, to whom the "second sight" of sleep is a besetting curse; who in the abyss of night, as in Dante's deepest hell, are fated to endure all that the imagination can fashion out of the actual sufferings of mortality, and the gigantic horrors of poetry and madness.

The dreams of the healthy and prosperous are, generally speaking, dim and incoherent recollections of events of the day, combined fantastically with earlier passages of memory, full of chasms and strange transitions, communicating no acute perception of pleasure or of pain, and forgotten as soon as past; even the night-mare, the only fiend that ever haunts them, is a weak monster; she can but sit upon the breast making strange faces, and oppressing with a sense of languid helplessness, and indistinct shadowy fear; her sway is for the most part over heavy eaters, and power is given her to torment them for a season, if forgetting the duty of kind masters, they burthen their stomachs with an unreasonable load.

Many years ago I was attacked by fever, and narrowly escaped with my life, and it was during that memorable illness that the faculty of which I am to speak, began to develope itself; I say began; for even in the worst hours of that fever I but saw as in a glass, dimly, the awful phantoms, whom in after nights I was to meet face to face.

Through the course of my illness, I was not at any time actually delirious, at least I never lost the consciousness either of my own identity, or that of those who attended me,—attended me!—is this my cold acknowledgment of the silent watchfulness, the quiet and untiring affection that followed each look, anticipated each wayward wish, and like a gentlest spirit, beguiled the dreary night with a tender constancy that felt no weariness,—sought no repose;—little knows the careless selfishness of health, the measureless value of those thousand nameless attentions, those delicate flowers of innocent love, that the hand of woman strews on the bed of sickness;—the wealthy may buy the jostling officiousness of menials,—the selfish zeal of interested followers watches by the couch of the powerful, but the treasures of the deep cannot purchase, the majesty of Kings cannot command the winged kindness of a sister's affection.

I remember as distinctly as if years were hours, the hideous visions of my fever; one I shall mention, because it haunted me more perseveringly than the rest, and because, after an interval of years, it returned, "but with addition strange;"—in this dream, if dream it can be called, when I had a waking consciousness that I was lying in my bed, I learned for the first time, how truly relative are our notions of time and space, and what a

despotic power the faculty which was awakening within me, possessed over them; first like a solemn prelude came a deep, melancholy sound; one mournful note interminably prolonged, that weighed upon my ear like a groan that never would end, and then, as obeying the omnipotent call, slowly, and in regular progression, every thing around me dilated and receded into gigantic size, and measureless distance; the roof of the bed rose into a pillared canopy, like the lofty dome of some gloomist temple,—the room became an endless plain,—dim-seen, countless faces, wavering, dilating, and contracting, as if traced upon unsteady clouds, but full of ghastly and terrible expression gathered around me, and a heavy roll, as of the waters of some mighty sea, came upon me, depth, after depth, until I was buried in the hopeless abysses of a fathomless ocean.

I envy those who when the crisis of their dream arrives awaken with a start, and shake off the ghastly imposture; that power was denied to me. I was ever oppressed by a paleying despondency, linked to a sense of duration stretching into eternity, for in sleep we personify every thing,—our very fears, and the dread that my sufferings would last for ever, realized, as it were itself,—lifted up to the veil of time, and shadowed out, as in a dim perspective, the indefinite series of years, the “for ever, and ever,” by which the mind endeavours to represent eternity.

At length the fever left me, the unquiet race that troubled me receded; I returned with a bounding heart to the circle of the gentle friends who had borne me through my illness, and the dark nights that I had passed were forgotten; again I sought my accustomed rural haunts, and my evenings were passed as before, in tranquil study, or domestic amusement.

Before I leave these scenes for ever, let me take one long look at them:—they say that those who have been restored from blindness to sight, ever feel a horror of dark colours, and I believe it, for I have a strange desire to linger about this period of my life, and a dread to encounter, even in memory, the miserable years that followed it;—wisely and kindly does providence soften the past, and veil the future.

The summer that followed my illness was the last we ever spent at stately B——; it was sold soon after, and I bid it farewell with a regret that I cannot easily describe; it was the place of my birth, and although the days that I passed there were comparatively few, yet they were among the happiest of my life, and the memory measures time, not by years, but by events;—besides it was a magnificent seat, and parting from it hurt my youthful pride, I deemed it, and justly, the presage of our downfall.

My father's health, began visibly to decline; he was no longer able to visit his favourite summer retreat, quiet woodland L——; the cursed litigation too, in which he had so long been involved, seemed as far from a termination as ever, and the embarrassments which it created, preyed on his haughty spirit;—but above all, faint suspicions of the unutterable treachery of one whom he had cherished in the bosom of his family, began to awaken in his mind, and sicken his heart,---I have seen his very chair,—after some long consultation with that wily hypocrite, and his sordid wooden-faced father,---I have seen his very chair, I say, shake with the fierce agitation, that convulsed his powerful frame, but I was full of the credulity of my age, and I never dreamed of the cause of his emotion;---I had yet to learn the villainous chemistry, which out of the unsuspecting generosity of his lofty mind, could extract the means of ruining his family. On the * * of * * my father died.

I am about to pass over a gulph of years, the events that are buried in it shall never see the light with my consent; I am not stoic enough to sit down to detail them,—they were years of fiery anguish, of hopeless miserable watching, closed by death, the cruel treacherous death, that brightens the eye, and flushes the cheek while it steals the life, as a vampire drains the blood,—I am not equal, I say, to the detail, and all that it is necessary for you to know is the result.

July, 17th, 1825.

Look for me no more in the circle of a happy family,—in the sight of innocent youthful beauty;—from henceforth I am to be found in the recesses of wild mountains, or in a gloomy solitary in * * * (it was not always gloomy and solitary) or in an University, plunged in deep study when my mind will permit, or when that is impossible, to the full as deep in the wildest extravagance of riotous folly, the chief of a society associated for the express purpose of disturbing the quiet of the city, and beating the police;—I was the terror of all lovers of good order,—the Zisca of constables,—when the lights were out in a row, I used to feel for their rough coats;—I have slain more Charlies with my single arm, than half the Tom and Jerry gentry of the present day put together,—my companions used to wonder at the audacious hardihood with which I thrust myself upon danger, but the unhappy are very courageous.

These were pitiless times,—I was beset night and day;—I was never what is called a melancholy man, constitutional hardness of nerves exempted me from the melting mood,—I never shed tears, but when I thought much on my dismal reverses I was seized with strange paroxysms of rage, rather than grief, which determined the blood to my head, and tormented me sorely;—so much for the days,—then, what nights!

I never dreamed of daylight, the cheerful sun never shone upon the regions I was borne to—the light was ever the dusky glare of torches, or the terrible splendor of enormous fires that dazzle my eyes, and baked my blood, and withered my heart, even in sleep—many a time I have awakened with the fierce glow, burning on my cheek, and the sullen roar of the mighty flames, tingling in my ears, and here let me give an example of uses to which sleep can turn realities.

I once was present at a fire, where several persons perished; it was attended by circumstances of peculiar horror: all the sufferers were females, one of them was a beautiful girl, and had a single spark of presence of mind existed in the mighty crowd that witnessed her fate, she might have been saved, for she appeared at one of the windows supplicating for assistance, but before a hand was stretched to save her, before a ladder could be dragged through the Babel of riotous confusion that surrounded the house, the floor gave way, and the wretched girl went down alive into the flames: I came in view of the house at the very instant when this occurred, and I as flew, rather than ran along, the ten-fold fury of the fire, bursting like a whirlwind through the falling floor, and the frantic yell of the assembled thousands told me that was over.

I forced my way through the press in front of the house, and never will I forget the scene that presented itself; the vast multitude, whose united shriek the instant before had pierced my very brain, was as silent as the

grave; no sound was heard but the rushing of the cruel flames; every eye, every ghastly face was turned to the fatal window, where the unhappy victim had stood, stretching her beseeching hands in vain, and the fire no longer checked, leaped upward from floor to floor, until it burst from the roof, as from some gigantic furnace, in a pillar of white, intolerable light.

From that fatal night, a funeral pile was lighted in my brain, and burned through my dreams, for ever and ever;—I have witnessed the bloody festivals of the pitiless Inquisition; I have seen the young, the beautiful, and the pious; the constant few, faithful to death, to whom life was vile when purchased by apostacy; I have seen them borne in fanatic triumph from the prison to the stake, while the guilty priests muttered their blasphemies, and the cruel mob shouted for joy.

I have beheld cities and palaces given to destruction—stately castles that seemed built for eternity, buried in the white depths of inextinguishable fires, and gentle voices implored me in vain, and sweet pale faces turned to me beseechingly, and I groaned in the helplessness of sleep.

For there was ever between me and the flames, some fathomless abyss, or the numbing touch of some fiend had palsied my limbs, and though I would have laid down my life to rescue the victim, I was compelled to witness her destruction.---Do not think that the voice was the voice of a stranger, or the face, a face unknown,---oh! no;---the searching cruelty of sleep has power over the grave, and the loved in life were called from their repose, to people my dreams, and wring my heart.

I declare to God, that such was the effect of these scenes, that often in the middle of the day, when every thing seemed to conspire to banish gloomy ideas, the universal light, the bustle of life, the voices of friends, I have groaned aloud at the thought of the horrors of the night gone by, and the heavy foreboding of their return.

For in spite of myself, my imagination now seizes on any unusual circumstance that occurred to me, any ugly sight that I witnessed, any passage in my reading suited to its purpose, and then, as in the case of the fire, transferred it to my dreams, distorted with strange exaggeration; for instance,---

There is an engraving in Pitiscus's edition of Seutonium,---I remember its title well,---*HIEROSOLYMA VNACVM TEMPLO, CAPTA ET INCENSA A TITO VESPASIANO*,---many a time has the sad theatre of my sleep presented that memorable spectacle, many a time have I seen the temple of the living God wrapped in devouring flames, the pavement of the holy city slippery with the blood of the chosen people,---the miserable virgins lifting their despairing eyes to heaven,---the desperate defenders leaping in fierce scorn of captivity from the battlements into the flames, while the stern Legionarian stood still in horror, and the mild Titus offered mercy in vain.

I was present one day at a review, and was highly pleased with the fine appearance of the men and horses, and the dexterity with which they performed their evolutions; for being well mounted, I was enabled to follow every movement over the plain on which the review took place; above every thing else, I was struck by the grand effect of a charge of dragoon guards; the flashing of the sabres, the deep echo of the trampled plain, and the united rush of a thousand men and horses, starting from still life into a headlong torrent, at a single trumpet note, gave me a more vivid idea of the awful fury of war, than all the power of poetry or fancy, and the effect was not a little heightened by the strength and size of the horses and men,

the soldier-like plainness of dress, and the ponderous simplicity of weapons that distinguishes the guards from the light dragoons.

As I was returning home, I witnessed an accident not easily forgotten. I was considerably in advance of my own party, and I paused, as well to give them time to come up, as to watch those same dragoons as they dashed at a sharp trot through a gateway; a child of about four years of age who was standing within a few yards of me, darted across their path, and in an instant he was trampled out of the form of humanity---one moment, and he was full of life and young beauty,---the next he was a mangled mass that his miserable mother might refuse to own for the child of her bosom.

I knew right well that this dismal sight would brand upon my memory the events of the day, and I expected as a sure thing the coming of strange and fearful visions, night after night; nor was I deceived:---what boundless plains,---what sunless skies, formed the dusky scenery of these awful pageants; now came, first, the solemn music of my fever, and then, not the roll of mighty waters, but the measured tramp of millions of horsemen, gathering like clouds in the dim circle of the horizon;---oh! how shall I tell the deeds of these warriors of sleep!---sometimes they were the grisly giants of Spencer, waging mangling and savage war with unprotected oaks, or pine-tree clubs;---sometimes they were fashioned from the melancholy fictions of the unhappy titans, or the wildest imagery of the Edda; and Voluspá, or evoked by spells the mightiest of all, came the immortal chivalry of Milton;---

---at last,

Far in the horizon to the north, appeared
From skirt to skirt a fiery region, stretched
In battalious aspect, and nearer view
Bristled with upright beams innumerable
Of rigid spears, and helmets throng'd and shields.

---with what breathless awe have I gazed upon the phantom hosts,---the severe angelic beauty of the one,---the withering eyes, and clouded brows of the other,---the thrilling pause,---the whirlwind rush of the winged steeds,---the unutterable fury of the closing shock, and the deadly struggle, as locked, spear in spear, and shield in shield, they swayed heavily, like a mighty sea, backward and forward on the plain.

You will ask me, did not the grandeur of such spectacles reconcile me to their gloom?---Remember that the master feeling throughout my dreams, was a sense of eternal despair---I had done or suffered some unutterable thing,---I was never to behold the cheerful light, or listen to the voices that I loved, but in mourning and in suffering---the very sense of personal security that attended me was a curse,---I felt no sordid bodily pain, I was set apart and devoted to a heavier doom---I was borne to witness the miserable fate of those, whose safety I would have purchased with my life a thousand times told, but for me there was no death, no final close, such as I was I was destined to be, dark, hopeless, and abandoned for ever.

July, 18th 1825.

My dream is o'er, it had no further change.—BYRON.

A fortnight has elapsed since we met on paper; I have enabled you as far as in me lay, to judge of the truth of my assertion, that "the sufferings of sleep exceed in measure, and in intensity, the pains of waking life;"—and I take up my pen to close the subject, at least for the present.

At least for the present, for as yet I cannot say whether it will ever be in my power to detail at length, the singular events which, aided by my own unremitting exertions, have freed me from my lengthened bondage. From your first glance at these events,—a deep-laid conspiracy of those whom I had trusted, headed by * * * to deprive me and the scattered remnant of my house of the wasted property, which even the greedy law had spared,—a tearing asunder of the ties which had bound this man and me together, followed by a war of extermination,—a struggle for life and death,---you would suppose them more likely to triple my chains than to break them, but our wisdom is foolishness when we prophesy of consequences; I was used to the common pickpocket dishonesty of agents and receivers, the every-day filching of rents, issues and profits, for these are among the thousand natural ills that attorneyism is heir to, but the treacherous unkindness of this man came upon me as it were in my sleep, and like a strong fiend, and bore me upward from the pit wherein I lay, to fight amidst day-light realites, to contend, not with shadowy enemies, but with monsters as uncouth and ugly in their guilt, as the race who had oppressed with impunity my helpless dreams.

From the last paragraph, you may guess at the nature of the antagonist feelings which enabled me to struggle successfully with the powers of darkness and sleep; more than you can learn from them, you are not likely to know from me, first, because I hate anonymous vengeance,---I would not assassinate an assassin,---secondly, because I would not make the respectable publication in which I appear the vehicle of my private resentments,---lastly, I am but an adumbration,---a *fetch*,---an ink-fed Eidolon, and surely, gentlest reader, you have too much humanity and sense to ask me to spend the last drop of my vital fluid in combating for your amusement;---no, no, joking apart, I love my incognito, and my mask might fall off in the struggle;---as long as I can minister to you unknown, I am your servant, but my face *must* be veiled in a mantle.

July 30th, 1825.

STANZAS.

How lovelily that blushing rose
Flings all around its rich perfume,
To-day its opening beauty glows,
To-morrow steals its withered bloom.

The favors thus from fortune won,
Even while she gives them, are withdrawn,
To-day the dream of bliss begun—
It flies before to-morrow's dawn.

THE FORLORN.

I saw the sun in glory go
 Like a conqueror down the west,
 And I felt purer—deeper glow
 Light up in my lonely breast.
 And I flew in hope from my father's towers
 To our own sequestered spot,
 And here I wander mid sleeping flowers,—
 And yet, thou comest not.

I saw the beamy moon arise—
 Illuming the earth's repose,
 And I heard the zephyr breathe his sighs
 On the lip of the crimson rose.
 And still I hope'd!—oh! could I fear,
 Or deem myself forgot!—
 Silence and shade are dwellers here—
 And yet, thou comest not!

And where art thou!—and where are all
 The vows we lov'd to plight—
 Did they from our lips like dew-drops fall
 To live but till morning's light?
 Oh! no—no—no—I dare not dwell
 Upon that blighting thought;
 Thou know'st my inmost heart too well,—
 And yet, thou comest not!

When last I sate in that leafy place,
 And heard the night winds sigh,
 And look'd into thy Eden face,
 I wept that bliss could die.
 Seer-like, I knew our love would share
 A drear—divided lot,
 The wave is calm—the night is fair—
 And yet, thou comest not!

What is a mother to her child—
 A wood-dove to her mate—
 Heaven to a spirit undefil'd—
 And mortals to their fate—
 That, tho' we ne'er in dome or dell
 Share love, or life, or aught;—
 That will I be to thee—farewell!—
 Farewell! thou comest not!

J. A. S.

PHRENOLOGY.

Phrenology has of late attracted an extraordinary degree of attention. We did anticipate, when first the philosophy of Bumps was promulgated, that like every other such system, it would amuse the public for a short while, and be then laid aside, to make room for some other intellectual play-thing. But the Craniological mania has spread like a plague;—it has possessed every gradation of society from the kitchen to the garret; and even the very infants are taught to flap the jargon “of the Organs.” Phrenology has become a creed, the *Bumpkins* a sect. There is a Phrenological synagogue, who put forth and sanction an authorized profession of faith. There is a society who publish Phrenological journals, divers tracts, and several reading made easy-like little books, for women, children, and the use of schools. There are corresponding and co-operative associations, and above all, there is a formidable and well organized host of professors, lecturers, missionaries, and disciples, all ardent in the belief of what they conceive new doctrines, and animated with the liveliest zeal for the dissemination of their tenets, and the conversion of unbelievers. When Spurzheim first set out to preach his system, there was a tone of unpretending modesty in what he said, that insensibly interested those who heard him. The course of lectures which he delivered some years since in Cork, was numerously and respectably attended;—he did not however produce a deep or a lasting impression here. Those who heard him were amused and pleased,—they looked upon him as an ingenious, speculative theoprist, who supported his opinions with much plausible reasoning, and rendered his lectures agreeable by an interesting detail of anecdotes and stories. Although an enthusiast, and perhaps a sincere one, he did not outrage science by assuming a tone of dogmatic superiority, nor insult reason by repeating grossly absurd speculations. Few took the trouble to study deeply what he taught, and in a short time, Spurzheim was almost forgotten, and remembered only as one amongst the many itinerant lecturers who travel, and benefit the public by their learned labours, wherever they can procure a sufficient number of customers.

Phrenology has never been much in fashion upon the Continent. The lectures which Gall and Spurzheim have for some years been delivering at Paris, were attended mostly by British students. Spurzheim's lectures were considered valuable, more from his accurate dissections, and able anatomical demonstrations of the brain, than from any interest taken in his Phrenological opinions. Very few attended the prelections of Gall, the founder of the sect;—he, poor old man, presents a melancholy example of the uncertainty of literary renown. After a life of the most indefatigable labour and research, he has been completely thrown into the shade, and deprived of his hardly earned honours, by his more active and enterprising pupil. His reproaches are loud and indignant, but the bitterest complaint of all, is, that the faithless friend who treacherously robbed him of his fame and plaister head, not content with having gained the glory, secured the profits too.

Great efforts have been making of late to diffuse a general knowledge of Phrenology in these countries. It is hard to pronounce what may be the real motives of those who take so warm an interest in extending the study

of an abstruse, difficult science, as the investigation of a profound philosophical question, can never be much promoted by being made the object of mountbank displays. Edinburgh appears to be at present the grand center from which all these Phrenological transactions proceed. We naturally receive with a kind of intuitive distrust, whatever bears the name of philosophy, and emanates from that quarter; for the labours of our modern philosophers are seldom gratuitous, and no doubt they have discovered Phrenology to be great gain. At first they denominated themselves "Cranio-logists," but thinking that appellation not sufficiently elegant, they have now assumed the more classical and learned title of "Phrenologists." This fine expression is derived from two greek words;—one signifying *mind*, the other a *word*, and the meaning of the compound term is, "retailers of words about the mind." For a short period before the last change of title, whilst the science was making rapid strides from the humble study of skulls, to the more lofty and dignified investigation of mind, they took the name "Cranioscopists" or "Inspectors of Skulls." But as the science is still progressing at a prodigious rate, we may naturally hope that its followers will in a short time prove themselves worthy of being styled "Phrenoscopists" or "Inspectors of Mind." Formerly the study of the mind was entered upon with a feeling of holy awe inspired by the solemn obscurity, in which it pleased the Creator to invest the hidden springs of our intellectual powers. Phrenology has raised the veil of darkness, and has made mind a most familiar, popular and amusing subject of observation. Every schoolboy who can purchase a few books, and procure for nine shillings the co-operation of a head as well stocked with ideas as his own, immediately becomes a moral philosopher of the first class. He decides with the air of a sage, upon the dispositions, propensities, and mental energies of his friends;—he handles, measures, and controuls the different developments of the intellect, and so wonderful is the sagacity, and boundless the knowledge of our modern metaphysicians, that we may daily expect to hear that some lucky experimenter has caught a young mind, bottled it, and presented it to the museum of the Phrenological society.

The second edition of Mr. Combe's Phrenology has just appeared, and as this work is the fullest and most perfect exposition of the doctrine, we will briefly enter into its merits, without at all adverting to the numerous controversial disputes which have already taken place upon the subject. Mr. Combe begins his preface by assuring his readers that he commenced the study of the system of Doctors Gall and Spurzheim, with a mind perfectly untroubled by any superfluous knowledge of the human frame. The perusal of one article in the Edinburgh Review, and an attendance upon one course of demonstrative anatomy, constituted the sum total of his scientific education. Innocent and uninfected by the dangerous learning of schools, he placed his maiden intellects under the care of Doctor Spurzheim. It is not very surprising that he should have devoted himself heart and soul to the cause of so impassioned a suitor as the German;—with all the fervour of a first love, he embraced the study, and the event has proved him a pattern of the most devoted and unchanging affection;—enthusiastic in his adoration, he hurls the most angry defiance against those who dare to breathe a suspicion against the immaculate purity of the object of his attachment. Speaking of those writers, whose passion for Phrenology was not quite as overwhelming as his own, he says, "Some readers may think that retributive justice required the continued republication of

"the attacks of the opponents, that the public mind, when properly enlightened, might express a just disapprobation of the conduct of those, who so egregiously mislead it. But Phrenology teaches us forbearance; and besides, it will be misfortune enough to the individuals who have distinguished themselves in the work of misrepresentation, to have their names handed down to posterity, as the enemies of the greatest discovery ever communicated to mankind." At the risk of being deemed enemies to the dearest interests of mankind, we most humbly ask, what is this great discovery?—Is it that a man's wits are in his brains? Surely since men first wore heads, it has never been denied, that they could not conveniently think without them. Is it that the powers of the human mind, whereby we think and enjoy the faculty of reasoning are developed, and made manifest upon the skull? Really we must claim some indulgence, and be content to suffer a little longer under Mr. Combe's vehement denunciation before we yield implicit credence to this startling proposition.

The system of Phrenology is an amusing compound of facts, and of inferences deduced from the existence of these facts. In it there is a great deal new, and a great deal true, but the new is not true, and the true is not new. To those unacquainted with the real extent of physiological knowledge, and unaccustomed to the severe precision of logical reasoning, nothing can appear more rational and consistent—the judgment is appealed to through the imagination, and fancy supplies the evidence whenever experience fails—Ignorance is always credulous, and the more extended our knowledge of the human frame becomes, the more we feel, how very little indeed of its operations we really know.—But Mr. Combe enjoys a happy exemption from all disagreeable doubts. In his introduction he feelingly deplores the erroneous practice of many once distinguished, but now extinguished authors, such as Locke, Hume, Reid, Stewart, Brown, &c., who, poor men, had the misfortune to spend their lives trying to unravel the mysteries of mind, unenlightened by the magical light of Cranioscopy. That we are neither much wiser nor much better from all the books which have been written upon metaphysics nobody will deny, but let us see how Mr. Combe makes the matter clearer.

"In the first place, then, the human mind, as it exists in this world, cannot, *by itself*, become an object of philosophical investigation. Placed in a material world, it cannot act or be acted upon, but through the medium of an organic apparatus. The soul sparkling in the eye of beauty does not transmit its sweet influence to a kindred spirit, but through the filaments of an optic nerve; and even the bursts of eloquence which flow from the lips of the impassioned orator, when mind appears to transfuse itself almost directly into mind, emanate from, and are transmitted to corporeal beings through a voluminous apparatus of organs. If we trace the mind's progress from the cradle to the grave, every appearance which it presents reminds us of this important truth. In earliest life the mental powers are feeble as the body, but when manhood comes, they glow with energy, and expand with power; till at last, the chill of age makes the limbs totter, and the fancy's fires decay.

Nay, not only the great stages of our infancy, vigour, and decline, but the experience of every hour reminds us of our alliance with the dust. The lowering clouds and stormy sky depress the spirits and enerve the mind;—after short and stated intervals of toil, our wearied faculties demand repose in sleep; famine or disease is capable of levelling the proudest energies in the earth; and even the finest portion of our compound being, the mind itself, apparently becomes diseased, and leaving nature's course, flies to self-destruction to escape from pain.

These phenomena must be referred to the organs with which, in this life, the mind is connected; but if the organs exert so great an effect over the mental manifestations, no system of philosophy is entitled to consideration, which would neglect their influence, and treat the thinking principle as a disembodied spirit. The phrenologist, therefore, regards man as he exists in this sublunary world; and desires to investigate the laws which regulate the

connexion betwixt the organs and the mind, but without attempting to discover the essence of either, or the manner in which they are united."

Mr. Combe here defines Phrenology to be, "an investigation of the laws which regulate the connexion between mind and matter, disregarding entirely the *essence* of both, and the manner in which they are united."—In other words he proposes to write a book upon two things, whose nature he confesses he does not understand, and whose manner of action he cannot pretend to explain.—What is the meaning of this word "*essence*?" It has come very much into use in metaphysical discussions. When a writer is preparing to flounder through a maze of perplexities, and hits, at the very outset, on something, which he feels nobody can swallow, he has recourse to his "*essence*," and if the stomach but bears that, there is no dose after too immoderate and unpalatable. The "*essence*" of Phrenology is infallibility;—the Phrenologist avails himself of the mistakes and errors of the Philosophers who have preceded him, and protests, that regarding man only as he exists in this sublunary world he will, in his enquiry into human nature, steer a middle course between the metaphysicians and the materialists,—the metaphysician, he censures for having attempted to expound the laws of thought without paying sufficient attention to the organization, and the materialist he condemns, for teaching that mind is a combination of matter, and that its functions can be explained by supposed mechanical motions in its parts. In order to be decidedly right, he combines the doctrines of the two, and extracts the "*essence*" from the both.—"The whole phenomena of life, he says, are the result of mind and body joined, each modifying each; and how can we explain a result without attending to ALL the causes which unite towards its production? This is an undeniable truism.—It is indeed rather difficult to give an intelligible and accurate explanation of a result, unless we understand something of *all* the causes which produce it. In explaining however the most obscure result which can possibly be presented, we are generously to make an exception in favour of Phrenology, and to allow its disciples to expound the laws of mind and matter, without giving us any information whatever, about the nature and action of either, or the manner in which they are united.

The first chapter of Mr. Combe's book announces to be upon the principles of the system.

"The Brain is admitted by Physiologists in general, to be the organ of the mind; but two obstacles have impeded the discovery of the uses of its particular parts.

1st, Dissection alone does not reveal the *functions* of any organ. No person, by dissecting the optic nerve, could predicate that its office is to minister to vision; or, by dissecting the tongue, could discover that it is the organ of taste. Anatomists, therefore, could not, by the mere practice of their art, discover the functions of the different portions of the brain.

2dly, The mind is not conscious of acting by means of organs; and hence the material instruments, by means of which it performs its operations in this life, and communicates with the external world, cannot be discovered by reflection or consciousness.

To avoid the difficulties attending these methods of investigation, the Phrenologist compares development of brain with manifestations of mental power, for the purpose of discovering the functions of the brain, and the organs of the mind. This course is adopted, in consequence of the accidental discovery made by Dr. GALL, that certain mental powers are vigorously manifested, when certain portions of the brain are large, and *vice versa*, as detailed in the Introduction. It is free from the objections attending the anatomical and metaphysical modes of research, and conformable to the principles of the inductive philosophy.

No inquiry is instituted into the substance of the mind, or into the question, whether the mind fashions the organs, or the organs constitute the mind? The foregoing principles, show the impossibility of arriving at philosophical conclusions on these points, and specu-

lative reasoning concerning them, although it may amuse the fancy, cannot instruct the judgment. The only object of phrenology is to discover the Faculties of the Human Mind, the organs by means of which they are manifested, and the influence of the organs on the manifestations. It does not enable us to predict actions.

A mental organ is a material instrument, by means of which the Mind in this life enters into particular states, active and passive. Dr GALL's discovery directs us to the Brain as a congeries of such organs."

We must here distinguish most accurately between facts generally admitted, and the assumptions upon which modern Phrenology rests. The opinion "that manifestations of mental power are imperfect, unless there be a certain developement of brain," is most antient, and has scarce ever been impugned. To infer from that, that by comparing different heads, we ascertain the functions of the brain, and the organs of the mind, is the assumption upon which the modern doctrines are founded. "Organ," in this sense, is a most vague and unsatisfactory term. An organ is defined to be a natural instrument, as the eye is the organ of vision, consisting of many parts, co-operating with, and dependant on each other, and all necessary to the perfect performance of the intended operation, for which the organ was formed. We readily admit the brain to be an organ of many parts, but we deny that the functions of any of these parts have yet been ascertained. The Phrenologists however, decide the separate duties of each part and portion of this most unknown organ, and as the assertions come from them, it is incumbent upon them to demonstrate most clearly the truth of what they urge. Much ingenuity is shown in evading what may be deemed the most essential point at the outset;—"Whether the mind fashions the organs, or the organs constitute the mind." If either of these propositions were once demonstrated, then indeed we may form some idea of what a separate mental organ really is, and acquire some conception whereupon to ground a doctrine. It is unfortunately too much the nature of speculative enquiry, that those who pursue it with ardour, as soon as they have arrived at the certainty of a few points, are induced to transgress the limits of fact and experience, and to fly off into the regions of fiction and extravagance. Reasoning by analogy, is of all means of ascertaining truth; the most delusive and unsatisfactory, unless we possess the most perfect notions of the things from which we deduce the analogy;—but the analogy of comparisons, obscure, imperfect, and often most fanciful, requires no ordinary degree of credulity to pass as logic. The Phrenologists decide by a far fetched and supposed analogy, the functions of each part of the cerebral matter, without paying any attention to its action as a whole, and they demonstrate the separate and individual organs of the mind, by means of inequalities upon the skull, whilst they cannot prove them to be separate organs of the mind at all, except by comparing them with one another, for which comparison they cannot institute any determinate standard.—To conceal this palpable absurdity, an exquisitely philosophical obscurity of diction is assumed,---they assure us that they only compare "developement of brain" with "manifestations of intellect." A Phrenologist strong in faith, may perhaps find this an easy task;—but let one of the uninitiated study for a time the anatomy of the brain, and reflect upon the nature of the intellectual powers,---let him when properly prepared for it, establish a comparison between a given quantity of intellect, and a well defined portion of brain, and see what a just and accurate notion he will acquire of the first great principle and elementary foundation of the modern science of Phrenology.

The three great objections to the system have always been eluded, but, never satisfactorily answered—First—The external figure of the skull does not demonstrate the form of the superficies of the brain.—There are at least ten anatomists who assert that it does not, for one who maintains that it does—Second—Two Phrenologists rarely form the same notion, and deliver the same opinion of the degree of development in any one organ.—Always guessing, they must by the doctrine of chances, be sometimes right, and they take good care never to publish any but their lucky cases.—Third—The Passions are not proved to be developed in the cerebral mass—The other nervous systems of the body possess an influence to which most Physiologists attribute the excitement which produces the Physical passions, which influence the Phrenologists totally discard. We very much question whether all the operations and manipulations which a Phrenologist could safely perform upon the head would effect so certain and permanent a revolution in the moral propensities of a man, as the changes which disease and art may effect in the system of organic life.—The experience of Pinel is decidedly opposed to the inferences of the Phrenologists—amongst the many maniacal cases which he inspected, he almost invariably found traces of diseases in the various organs of the body, whilst the morbid appearances of the brain were trivial and obscure.

It is unnecessary to enter into a discussion on the practical application of the assumed principle. "that by comparing brain and intellect, we ascertain the separate organs of the mind, and determine their functions." If the principle itself be not most clearly demonstrated true, no sophistry however ingenious, no coincidences however remarkable, ought, in the present limited state of our knowledge, to induce a calm dispassionate person to consider it as other, than a very curious and a very amusing hypothesis. But the zeal of our modern Phrenologists will not be restrained—confident, that they alone have discovered the true springs of the human intellect, they indulge in the most boundless anticipations, and triumphantly predict that the impulse which their labours must give to public feeling, will ultimately effect a wonderful revolution in the social and moral system. On this subject Mr. Combe gives free scope to a lively and poetic imagination. There is not an occurrence of real life, nor an emotion of which the heart can be susceptible, that he does not subject to the test of laws founded upon his Phrenological opinions.—His reveries in some instances may perhaps excite a smile, but when he arraigns the most solemn moral obligations with a tone of presumptuous arrogance, and condemns the most sacred institutions of society for not being made subservient to the decrees of infatuated visionaries, we must not hesitate to express, in no very measured language, how earnestly we reprobate the unworthy perversion of science, by speculations, which are either puerile or mischievous. Mr. Combe illustrates his doctrines by a series of elegant extracts from the Newgate calendar; we shall briefly quote one example, with his observations upon it. "In October 1818, Robert Dean was committed to prison in London, for the murder of Mary Albert an infant of five years old, for whom he had always testified the greatest affection. Having bought her some apples he cut her throat and absconded. A few days after he surrendered himself at the watch-house, and confessed the crime—he said he had been induced to give himself up to justice, from the strong impression that a sermon which he heard immediately after committing the dreadful act, produced upon

"him—he confessed most freely to all around, that he had murdered the child, Mary Albert whom he adored.—But it was not the infant who was his intended victim,—Sarah Longman, a girl to whom he had been attached, was the person whose life he had intended to take.—She had disappointed him, and he prepared the knife to kill her.—The devil however tempted him to act otherwise, and while he held the child in his arms, he thus reasoned with himself—If I kill Sarah Longman, she will have much sin to answer for,—but if I merely kill the child, the crime will not be so great, as she must be innocent. He instantly resolved upon the act and did it." This is one of many melancholy crimes, perpetrated under the influence of that mental hallucination, which arises from an ill-directed and over excited religious enthusiasm. A court of justice however did not consider his being a Fanatic sufficient palliation for murder—he was tried, found guilty, condemned and executed. Mr. Combe avails himself of this case to sketch the program of an interesting drama, as performed upon the stage of Dean's skull, by certain little puppets called "mental organs."

"Disappointment in love, appears to have produced diseased action in the organs of *amativeness*, *philoprogenitiveness* and *adhesiveness*, which soon extended itself to the whole brain, and then, the different mental faculties are perceived acting like so many automata, when their different organs happen to be excited by external objects. *Amativeness* excited *destructiveness* and he first resolved to kill Sarah Longman;—the little child, however, fell accidentally fell in his way, and stimulated *philoprogenitiveness*,—he then bought apples for the child, and bestowed on it the warmest caresses. *Destructiveness* however, again came into-play, and a kind of random gleam from *benevolence* and *veneration*, at the same time suggested, that if he murdered Sarah Longman, her eternal welfare might be endangered, and then, under an entire absence of intellectual perception, he murdered the child, whom a moment before he had cherished. No sooner was *destructiveness* gratified, than *benevolence* and *veneration* started vividly into action. Overwhelmed with remorse, he was prompted by *veneration* to enter a chapel;—the impulse of the higher faculties were so much reinforced by the sermon there heard, that he hastened to the watch-house, and gave himself up to the law. In prison, the *temptations* to indulge his lower propensities were withdrawn; his higher *sentiments* were cherished by the benevolence and piety of the chaplain and other individuals who visited him; they then blazed forth in a state of insane inspiration; and in this condition, the miserable being was launched into eternity, by the hands of the public executioner."

It is not for us to determine, whether it be just or not to inflict capital punishment upon an individual, for a crime committed when not perfectly sane.—Dean was evidently mad, and his insanity did not need the dictum of a Phrenologist to be manifest. But Mr. Combe is not satisfied with the display of his Dramatic powers. He endeavours also to combine the gravity and wisdom of a legislator, with the profound and benevolent sagacity of a physician.—"Such a spectacle makes one blush for the administration of English criminal law, and excites a deep feeling of regret, that the conductors of the public press, should in 1815, have considered it their duty to load with abuse, a system of philosophy, which, had they then proclaimed its true nature, might, in 1819 have saved this wretch from the gallows and sent him, more appropriately to a lunatic Asylum—no person, in the least degree conversant with the Phrenological theory of mind, could possibly have consented to the execution of a man so evidently insane."—Here we are at a loss which to admire most, his philanthropy or his humility—he modestly tells us, that had his system of philosophy been adopted as the law, all the evils attendant upon the errors of judicial authority, would have been happily

averted.—Unfortunately however, very little wisdom indeed governs this world, and we fear Mr. Combe must continue to lament, that his dearly beloved doctrines of Phrenology, are not yet incorporated with the Statutes, and that men still exist, who are wicked enough not to praise them.

ESTHER.

His frown proclaim'd a people's fate,
 Low to his nod the Satraps bowed,
 And as he spoke the words of hate,
 Deep terror seized the prostrate crowd.
 She came in youth's unclouded light
 Most beautiful, tho' in that hour
 The rosy smile but veil'd the blight,
 Which prey'd on Judah's sweetest flower.

Yet in that breast so fair and young,
 Death could no selfish fear create,
 The sorrow which her spirit wrung,
 Was for her suffering people's fate.
 Trembling she knelt—she could not speak,
 But who her purpose may not spy?
 'Twas written on her changing cheek—
 'Twas pleading in her tearful eye.

But Esther's God was near at hand,
 When hope in ev'ry heart had died,
 How could the King her tears withstand?
 Nor raise his young devoted bride?
 As falls the day-stars' glorious light,
 Soothing the high and troubled sea;
 In her wild glance his soul grows bright,
 And Israel is blest and free.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

Tho' hope may now seem bright'ning,
 This cheerless heart to warm,
 'Tis but the turbid light'ning
 That flashes in the storm.

A ray in darkness shrouded,
 In distance almost lost,
 That shews heaven's face o'er clouded,
 But points no shel'ring coast,

A WAKE

IN THE

IRISH HIGHLANDS.

Whoever wishes to know the peasantry of Ireland, in their genuine and unmixed state, should visit them in their fastnesses, amongst the mountains which extend along the western coasts from Bantry to the Shannon, and from that river northward to Sligo. The lapse of centuries, and the progress of civility, seem to have operated but little in those seldom visited regions, while the effects of English connection are not very prominently visible, their martial spirit it is true is broken and subdued, their existence no longer depends on successful descents on the plain country, or extensive *creaghs*, for they have been compelled to look to their own flocks, and the produce of their cultivated lands, for a subsistence obtained with less danger and adventure and more certainty; but in all other respects their habits and manners are little changed, they seem to be in the primitive state of their fathers

“—ere polity sedate and sage

“Had quenched the fire of the feudal age”

full of the old national peculiarities, retaining their ancient language—faith—most of the primitive customs, and mode of thinking.—They may now be viewed as the broken reliques of the bold and enterprising clans, which in the middle ages occupied those strong-holds of freedom. The painter of national manners, or of natural scenery would here find ample materials for his subject, a people, honest, hospitable, generous, and warm hearted,—scenes of calm beauty, or majestic grandeur, wooded isles, and meads of bright and luxurient verdure, rushing torrents, peaks and precipices and purple hills, sublime in rock and cliff, exercising their influence over the imagination.—It is emphatically “a land renowned in monuments of Eld” covered with the remains of past ages, the ivied tower, the feudal castle, the venerable abbey “where ruin greenly dwells” the lofty cairn, the hallowed circle, and “the stone of power,” at every step objects belonging to other days arise, so many tell tales of ancient glory, chivalry and sanctity, with all their recollections about them “which like a trumpet make the spirit dance.”

Happening some time since to be on a visit to a friend in the neighbourhood of that part of what I shall call our Munster highlands, which forms a boundary between Kerry, Cork, and Limerick, I spent a considerable share of my time in visiting that portion of the Country, and I had constant opportunity of mixing and becoming acquainted with the people, spending days and weeks upon the mountains, whose numerous glens and hollows I have repeatedly traversed, and whatever might have been my predilection for a city life, I must confess that I should return again with pleasure, to the scenes and the enjoyment of those secluded regions, I have partaken with their inhabitants of their sports and their amusements,—seen them in the wild revelry of the fair, the pattern and the marriage feast, or joined with them to celebrate the mystic rites of their annual festivals of the eves of May and Mid-summer and of Hallow E'en—I have enjoyed their winter's fire side, listened to the “Tale, Ro-

mance and Lay," in truth I have seen them in their joys and their griefs, their smiles and their tears, and watched *con amore* the traits of their character as they appeared in those varying scenes. But of all the occasions on which, I conceive, the native character is most amply displayed, with all its peculiarities, its points of humour, and the full developement of the heterogenous mixture of feelings, disposition and passion which constitute it, the *Wake* affords the best and most general specimens.—It is not at Donnybrook, it is at the *Wake*, that the Irishman is all in his glory, there the gaiety and gravity, the tenderness and the wild ungovernable uproariousness of his character are pre-eminently displayed, "now softened to sorrow, now maddened" by whiskey and fun, in the full noon of his extravagance and his folly, he is the *dévil* of an Irishman. At throwing the slipper, or profound swoops of the "mountain dew," at pouring out in impassioned glances—in warm pressures and words that burn, the full tide of his love, or rushing with headlong recklessness into the midst of the conflict of shillelas, "as faithful in love as he's gallant in war"—at the tale where the most grotesque imagination, aided by words and expressions of the richest tones and copious fluency holds ungovernable sway, or, enacting the patient and willing listener, his judgment all surrendered, all his fears, or his passions wrought on, he is unequalled by the native of any other clime at this side of Pelion and Ossa. I remember being at one of those *Wakes*, the season was winter, the deceased was the wife of a wealthy farmer (whose hospitality and convivial habits had won him golden opinions in his native glens) her death was under circumstances strongly connected with the superstitions of the people, and her wake naturally drew together a large concourse, the causes of her decease and the supernatural agency by which it was accomplished, and of which I had heard some vague hints, which only the more excited my inclination, to hear the circumstances in detail, I conceived would there receive the fullest discussion amongst the gossips, the crones and the curious of both sexes who would be there brought together, I availed myself of the opportunity of an offer to repair thither, with some equally curious members of our domestic circle—the preparations for the reception of the sorrowing guests, were commensurate to the means of the substantial farmer, and to the number of mourning friends who were expected to attend, strong porter was procured by boat from Limerick—the afflicted spouse himself, aided by the nature of the topography of his demesnes, had contrived to have in readiness a reasonable sufficiency of the mountain dew, from his own secret still up the glen, wherewith he was enabled to regale all commers and goers, to the farthest extent of their wishes and capacities. Every apartment in his abode was fitted up with forms and other seats for the reception of the numerous visitors, and lest all might not be accommodated, the barns and out-houses were strewed with clean straw for the more humble part of the friends and followers of his house, who, no matter whether inspired by grief, or attracted by the good cheer, (opined with much correctness, to await and reward their attendance) were certain to repair to the house of mourning.

At the approach of twilight, the candles set apart for watching the dead, were lighted up beside the bed whereon the body lay, and gradually the different apartments were filling with the bearers of tristful countenances, whose trusty organs of smell, had unerringly scented out the grateful fumes of the porter, potheen and tobacco, laid up for them in rich store. And for

some time a sober silence and attention prevailed amongst them, attention being wrapped up in the solemn and plaintive chaunts of a band of professional keeners—a tribe who

“ live upon the dead
By letting out their persons by the hour
To mimic sorrow when the heart's not sad.”

amongst whom an evident competition existed, as to who should in more pathetic cadences and prolonged notes, excite the envied approval of the mute, though in such things, very critical auditory around—each newly entered matron as she approached the bier, instigated by pristine reminiscences, discharged herself of an *Eloge funebre*—full of figure and metaphor, eulogy and lamentation, according to ancient and approved usage, over the body of the deceased, which having done, the full chorus of professional keeners relieved her from further exertion in the cause of sorrow. Thus the early hours passed away—visitor crowded in on the heels of visitor, old and young were huddling together—and the dun clouds of tobacco smoke, began to ascend and to spread abroad a fragrant odour, which even the poultry in the hen-roost seemed to enjoy, by their movements on the first approach of the grateful incense,—groups were gradually forming among the earlier arrivals, and a few mumbling articulations in the way of greetings, enquiries, &c. helped out the brief intervals of discharging the ashes or filling the *dudeens* &c. But time flies as we are informed on some antiquated town clocks—clocks too often unfaithful in their indications of the progress of that ruthless mower.—Time flew, and the glorious moment arrived, when even those farthest removed from the great store-room—the repository of all that was to counteract the melancholy of the cause of their assembling, could perceive “the fair sunny vision” of a large jappaned goblet as it hastened towards the darkly bearded mouth (all gaping to receive it) of a horn fisted spalpeen, whose good genius had placed him near the oft eyed portal of that abounding cellar, a hundred eyes at once, glance towards the long wished for object, the pipes by simultaneous movement, descend from their dented perches, in order that no cloud might intervene to obscure the opening prospect:—a weary religionist in the character of a pilgrim, who had placed himself in a warm corner within the ample hearth, at the sight, involuntarily grasped his staff with redoubled ardour, and once again to his imagination were represented all the scenes and visions of the recently visited purgatory of St. Patrick, in Lough Dearg, while his tongue waxed garulous, and he fain would describe them over again to all who would considerably lend him an hearing—the countenance of the time and weather broken remains of a pensioned tar who had returned to his native mountains, after years of strife were over, blind of his larboard eye, brightened as the glad tidings were whispered in his ear by the parish tailor, while the near approach of a barefooted ganymede with a sparkling horn of the exhilarating beverage, half filled with inspiration the Philomath of said parish. Words scarcely utterable by any human tongue but his own, ran through a hasty concoction previous to his essaying to thunder them out, on the ears of the surrounding rustics, whose familiarity begotten in the self sufficiency inspired by the vapours of their dudes, this master of the birch thought it now high time to check by one or more masterly sentences, composed of “words of learned length and thundering sound.” In sooth, tongues were now unloosed that before only broke silence

occasionally "to shew that still they lived," and a busy hum arose, the sure forerunner into the neighbouring apartment, of the gushing of the waters of inspiration, deemed there, too long sealed up, the suspended cry of the keeners was vigorously resumed, as their experienced organs caught with unerring precision, the various indications, by which the approach of the liquids was ascertained, and all things denoted the commencement of the best portion of the proper business of the night, needless is it to note the encreasing symptoms of life, manifested in this numerous assemblage, as the potent fumes of the dew and the malt, ascended in bland conjunction with the blue vapours of the Indian leaf, converse waxed pleasant and *inter pocula* many excellent things were spoken, which haplessly no recording muse has reported; but the choice spirits had grouped themselves round the door of the *Zem Zem*, wherein were placed the strong waters, and without actually monopolizing to themselves all the good cheer that flowed therefrom, they doubtless consumed in the way of tolls and dues &c., the lion's portion. The effects of such close attention to business, became by degrees very evident, until those further removed from the scene, on whom the deportment of these people had been productive of an abstemiousness by no means desirable, began with great satisfaction to observe symptoms of the progress of the fumes of their potations, which announced themselves in high words, and finally in the upraising for the purpose of surgical operation, of that well known instrument of phlebotomy, the *shillelah*; it is not my province to undertake the vindication of feelings, which could derive pleasure from such a termination of festive enjoyment, some dogs will bay the brightest moon, and why should so large an assemblage as the present be without its share of this canine breed, however, in denouncing the conduct of the malcontents they happened to be right, every well meaning person in a moment was at his post, in aiding and assisting in the forcible expulsion of the combatants into the bawn without, but the general confusion of all this was inexpressible, the sorrowing lament of the keeners within, the shrieks of females, and the yells and hurras of those in active service without, combined together to make a most extraordinary scene; it was not however long suffered to continue, the makers of peace, a class too numerous in this instance, by using the most forcible arguments on the indurated crania of its violators, and sometimes reducing to reason an officious spectator, as well as a hero in the *melée* soon contrived to restore order, and procure the night to proceed in peace without further disturbance, amongst the preservers of the general repose, few engaged with more intensity to restore regularity, than "the shepherd of the main sea deep," as Spencer would call the sailor,—in all the extravagance of virtue, he rushed into the middle of the tumult, and applied a short bluff cudgel which he generally retained beside him, with such rapidity and dexterity, wonderful when the poor fellow's apparent want of strength was considered, to that part of the head of the ringleader, where report says, the organ of combativeness was developed with most flowery profusion, that in a few moments, he was found "standing prostrate at his feet," this feat as it should, met with very general applause, some compliments were bestowed on the old man's prowess, which would have been more acceptable, but that many of them too strongly reminded him of his too near approach to that "*ineluctabile tempus*," when he was finally to repose with his fathers;—after the ceasing of this turmoil, some few of the rioters were seen scattered over the surrounding fields, with groups of struggling friends toiling around them, in efforts

to compel their return to their homes, more of them remained without in the bawn, and a few more returned and slunk into obscure corners, seemingly much refreshed and comforted by the exertion of their natural genius for riot, for with them on such occasions "'tis nature speaks, and nature will be heard," one of these, my good friend, the schoolmaster of the parish pointed out to me, "look at the drunked rascal" said he, "he has Cain's mark on his nose, nature has branded and seared it with a red hot iron, she has tatooed him in a mode peculiar to herself, assuredly, it may be" said that he carries on him *prima facie* evidence of his propensities, "ha, ha, ha,"—and truly, the prominent feature of the person alluded to, gave unerring indication of deep and frequent potations, he was nevertheless, a loose and active fellow, I was informed that he had formerly served his country as a soldado, but he had committed self abduction by deserting, and shutting both ears to the call of honour, his costume bore sad marks of wear and tear. Though I believe no antiquary, his chapeau of felt was a true representative of the ancien *Barred*; the crown, which once was flat, had ascended into an acute cone, and the leaf beneath, had folded itself up around, and made an admirable reservoir in time of moisture for all the rain which descended thereon,—while during the ascendancy of the dog star, it formed a cool and sheltered repository for his ebon coloured dude looking at his lack stocking shins, you had sworn he was a Persian Gheber, the sacred element of fire had so marked and scorched a thousand circlets upon them, during his frequent and protracted visits to its shrine near the chimney corner, he would have afforded a fine subject for the pencil of Cruikshank. But amongst the group amidst whom I found myself haply seated, there were a few characters, who, though not in exterior circumstances quite as grotesque, yet were they in all other respects as worthy of record; of these, the most conspicuous in contempt of question, was the before-mentioned Philomath, he was a low, round and chubbed little man, accoutred in a light coloured old fashioned wig and dark attire, with a huge pair of highly polished buckles gracing his shoes; for many years had he now been the head of a little university, of the classical grade, in the neighbourhood, renowned far beyond the mountains in which it lay embosomed; numerous elymosynary disciples, commonly called poor scholars, and many of them candidates for the church, had long spread his fame abroad, and as a skillful instructor in the ancient languages of Greece and Rome, an euridite lecturer in the English Grammar, as laid down by Bishop Louth, and in the science of Book-Keeping, by single and double entry, according to the Italian method,—in Navigation, Fortification and Gunnery, he used to boast he had no rival;—but the envious fates had within the last two years sent to him one who questioned those high pretensions, a professor of the very same "sciences," who had been successful in the abduction of a wife from Kerry, and conceiving that he had thereby formed a connexion with the boundary of that county, settled himself in the neighbourhood almost under the nose of our pedagogue, and by fair or foul persuasion, placed himself over some of the late pupils of the ancient master, a circumstance, which in no degree tended to endear him to that venerable personage,—but the majority of the parishioners still adhered to their old friend, he was endeared by long residence among them, his vast learning, and above all, his being a poet of the first water, was a recommendation of the highest kind, he was a very Ossian in the vernacular tongue;—from his cradle, like Pope, he lisped in numbers, nay, some have gone so far as to

say that he composed sonnets in his nurse's arms, but of this, no decisive evidence has ever been offered, he was besides in all things relating to legendary and superstitious lore, perfectly a man of the people, he believed, and he feared, or he doubted with them, while his learned competitor it was said, was rather a scoffer of those things, which our friend never failed to make tell against him, with the parents in the neighbourhood; during the entire time of the scuffle, he continued without unbending his mind from its own high course, by seeming to notice such an unimportant event, to keep a large share of the conversation to himself, and as he found one willing and patient auditor amongst those who surrounded, he selected him as the representative of the others, to receive the full tide of knowledge, information, quaint pleasantry and complaint which he was profusely pouring forth. This favoured auditor was no other than Mr. Thaddeus Brady, vulgo Thyge Brady, the parish clerk, and right hand man of the priest; he was a personage of grave and solemn deportment, becoming his reverend station and connexion, on whose countenance, the wind and weather of 60 years had produced a dusky brown, which told of little of in-door occupation, a few thin elf locks lay scattered over his region of organs or bumps, and his face was well garnished with a huge projecting nose, widely distended, and deeply embrowned; he held constantly grasped in his left hand a huge horn or mull, well primed with his favourite luxury, of which, ever and anon, he indulged himself with copious pinches, whose lavish extravagance struck terror into the souls of the different snuff takers, who silently observed his fell visitations to said mull, and inwardly as they beheld, prayed with unwonted churlishness that their boxes may remain inviolate and unspoliated by a visit from his ravaging finger and thumb. Amongst this very interesting group, the causes of, and the facts attending the decease of the woman whose wake was holding, were fully discussed, and amply detailed; and the following is the substance of what I could collect relative to this matter, amidst the broken and varied conversation which arose upon it.

The brother of the deceased, held by unanimous consent in his native district, a character, which secured to him the unbounded attachment of a wide spreading circle of friends and relatives; though not naturally quarrelsome, he was never known to remain back when his faction or friends, thought it proper to try their strength, with the clan or party, which by hereditary right and usage was opposed to them, and his feats of strength and activity in the rustic battle, were the theme and the admiration of his own party, while they taught their opponents to respect him as a very formidable enemy. At the pattern, he was the love of the fair; at the goal, in the division of men, he was eagerly sought after by both sides, and young and old united in agreeing that he was the flower of the parish,—the beau ideal of an accomplished Kerryman seemed to be realized in him, since *his penmanship was unexceptionable, his grammatical knowledge was undoubted, he was equalled by few in lofting of stones*, and he possessed *straight and shapely knees*;—but what avails knowledge, or strength, or beauty, against the dart of the grim enemy of mortality. The rival factions, the Montagues and the Capulets of the borders, met in dread hostility, to vindicate the claims of one to a victory in the last conflict, by proving their strength again, and to wipe away from the other, the foul imputation of their having suffered a defeat; the entire strength of both parties was on this occasion brought into the field,

ay, the very women anxious for the honour of their families, armed themselves with stockings filled with stones, a dreadful weapon in the hands of those amazons, more dangerous, and often more fatal than the best and quickest oak sapling, wielded by the other sex;—the conflict was one of more animosity, and longer continuance than any which had hitherto disgraced those regions, and as it was determined to be decisive of the pretensions of one or other of the parties, every thing which strength, or valour, or stratagem, could effect, was essayed, and the minds of men were wound up to their utmost pitch of excitation and exertion; many had already fallen at both sides, some dangerously wounded, and report stated one or two mortally, when the yeomanry force rushed in, to prevent further loss of life; but the combatants were too resolutely bent on victory, to desist on such an interference: they, as if by mutual consent, turned their strength and their fury on the intruders, and such was the ferocity and vigour of their united attack, that they compelled the red-coats to make a precipitate retreat from the fray, leaving nevertheless, some few of them stretched, as one of the eye witnesses, my informant, expressed it, in *faints* in the dykes by the road side;—but this victory was fatal to the unfortunate brother-in-law of our host, he received a mortal wound from a yeoman's bullet, and survived but a few moments, being borne a corpse out of the scene of action. The effect of this lamentable circumstance on his sister, who loved him greatly, was truly distressing: to her husband and friends, she became inconsolable for his loss, rejected every attempt to soothe her affliction, and alone in her apartment, would spend her days in weeping and tears, or would wander out, unconscious of purpose, or object, indulging in sad recollections, and unavailing sorrow; on these latter occasions, she was often seen to go in the direction of a sunny hill, which lay at some distance from the house, where was one of those round entrenched forts, or *lisses*, so common in Ireland, and so puzzling to antiquaries. This was considered haunted ground, and it was seldom that the foot of the intruder was within its solemn circle; a thick growth of white thorn which crowned the earthen rampart, threw a gloomy shade over the space within, and rendered it a meet retirement where (in the mind of superstition) the aerial beings who haunt these spots might love to dwell; unearthly melody had often been heard by those who passed near this spot, and sounds and voices mingled with the breeze, which belonged to no mortal beings; tradition reported the names of many who had been *struck* within the precincts of the rath, and mothers would caution their offspring against approaching its fearful limits. It was to this place that the mourner would often repair, and it was observed that she gradually became more attached to it; but after the eve of midsummer she never more visited it,—she was seized with the illness which terminated in her death, nor to the enquiries of her friends, would she ever in more than vague and unsatisfactory replies, tell what it was she saw or heard at the liss;—during her illness however, she was not so uncommunicative, relative to frequent visions which she had in the silence of the night, she declared she had been often visited by her brother, accompanied by several departed friends, whom she well remembered, many of them long dead, together with others, strangers to her, they informed her that they dwelt in a subterranean city, where all the splendours and pleasures that imagination could conceive, awaited them, that all the amusements which they loved in life, they still enjoyed, and that invisibly those scenes and places where they had once resorted,

they still frequented; they were desirous that she should join them, and her friends and brother repeatedly beseeched her to consent to her departure, and that her illness should soon cease;—but her natural love of life, and the pain of separating from those relatives who still lived, induced her at all times to resist their solicitations, and her reasons influenced some of those deceased suitors to desist from pressing their wishes, while more of them and her brother with them, persisted in their desire, the consequence was a battle,—a violent tempest marked the night on which it was fought, a field adjoining the house seems to have been the place wherein they engaged, clotted blood was perceived in different parts, the next morning, and even the walls of the dwelling house were stained with blood, all marks of the fierce conflict which decided the fate of this woman; her illness after this increased, the interference of her departed friends or enemies was often apparent, they assailed her in different ways, sometimes dropped pins into her drink, or would often advise her to drown herself, a *gospel* was procured for her to protect her from their attempts, but this was soon afterwards snatched from her in the fields, and yet again, strangely returned to her the next night. One day, walking abroad, a large man came to her of unearthly appearance, she screamed aloud with affright, some of the domestics ran out to her assistance, and she shewed them a bird hopping through the bushes, which she said had just now appeared to her in the form of a great large man, they ran after it in pursuit to kill it, but she cried out to them to desist, as it was better let it alone, she finally became subject to the *fits*;—the falling sickness, as it is called, is deemed peculiarly the infliction of the good people, and with them, its cure is generally deemed to rest;—the priest may exercise his spiritual power beneficially, it is believed, to relieve the sufferer; but few of the clergy have ever been known to interfere, and such as have, it is said, have done it at their own peril, as the disorder is only removed from the patient to the physician;—the legitimate remedy then, is to leave the matter to the “good folk” themselves, who, if they are inclined to spare their victim, generally present an herb of sanatory power to him or her when in the fields, and for that purpose; doors are left open during the fits, that the sick may if the remedy be offered, avail themselves of it, and follow the “sheefrogue,” (or whoever it is that presents it,) to the next field, and it is deemed unlucky on that account, while the fit is on, for any one to cross the person afflicted, or stand between him or her and the door;—after the disorder had therefore manifested itself in the present instance, there was no door to be found shut, night or day in the house, though she had announced the conflict which had taken place between her deceased relatives, and that those who were for sparing her had sustained a defeat, yet, hopes were entertained, that the friendly party might be enabled to give the powerful herb, and save her. In no instance was the supernatural interference of the *diona maha*, or good people, more conspicuous than in the extraordinary power of song, which she acquired during her illness, her voice as a singer, was always very bad, but from the moment of her being “*struck*,” it acquired a compass and power of melody, seldom equalled; in some of her fits, she sung the sweet “*maureen bawn*,” in a manner that astonished and delighted, while it filled with awe and fear, all who heard her, for this singularly beautiful air, seems to be the charter-melody of the good people, as it has been often heard in the close of evening, by those who have approached too near their *lipsees* or *forts*. In one of these fits,

and while singing this fine air, the sick woman suddenly escaped out of the arms of her friends, and rushing with a tremendous force from them, escaped by the door, a short distance from the house, a dark mountain stream separated the bawn from an adjoining meadow, a narrow and insecure plank of "*bog wood*" was thrown across it at a considerable height from the flood, which served as a kind of bridge, though rather a dangerous one, to connect the bawn and meadow, towards this bridge the woman directed her course, her friends in pursuit and alarmed at the danger, but other unearthly friends were there ready for her assistance, and to the amazement of all who saw her, she bounded over this precarious passage, with a lightness and agility little less than supernatural, while as those who pursued attempted to follow after, they were compelled to use the greatest precaution, in order to avoid being upset and precipitated into the stream beneath. The object of their anxiety mean while, pursued her flight through the meadow, until having arrived at nearly the opposite end she fell, and when her friends arrived at the spot, they found her quite exhausted and a long green herb hanging out of her mouth, which they all declared would effect her cure; but alas! before she could in her faintness draw it in, it disappeared from the rejoicing gaze of all who surrounded her, and they bore back the wretched woman, hopeless to her house, to a bed from which she never more arose.—Despair and gloom now sat on the countenance of her husband and relatives; but the priest rebuked them for their folly and credulity, and he bid them confide in God, and seek that relief from a medical practitioner, in a neighbouring village, which they had superstitiously expected from the creations of their own, and their ancestors wild imaginations, half hoping and half distrusting the benefit of any human aid, they applied to Doctor Mullany, the practicing Esculapius referred to, a notoriously ignorant and illiterate quack, who had been formerly a loblolly boy on board a man of war, and had returned home filled as he pretended with a most extensive, profound, and thorough knowledge of surgery and medicine, a very Chiron in his profession, and possessed of a most vehement appetite for whiskey; but the assistance of this worthy professor of the healing art, (who was now present and formed one of our coterie,) was soon dispensed with, and recourse was had to one of those skilful leeches, the *Mna Oultig* or Ulster women, who have retained a good reputation in Munster, as skilful herbalists ever since the period of the battle of the Boyne, when great numbers of them accompanied their husbands to this province, on their *Creaghs* or *Foray* expeditions and many of them remained behind, a few of those skilful Ultonians from time to time, still find their way to the South, and obtain considerable practice amongst the simple peasantry, who laud to the skies their skill in *leish* or medicine, and their profound knowledge of *pishoge* or witchcraft, one of these venerable sybils, had long exercised her calling at Bally,—and disputed the place of precedency even with the before mentioned Doctor himself, she was applied to in secret (for she was under the ban of the priest) and all the efficacy of herbs, and it was whispered, of spells were tried by her, but all proved of no avail, for the patient finally departed to join her friends, in their bright and pleasant abode in fairy land.—I expressed my surprise at the confiding simplicity which could entrust the unfortunate womans life, into the hands of such a vile pretender to medical skill.—"Och dear," said an old smoked and smoking beldam

beside me, if you knew of but half the cures those Ulster women have performed, you would not ask such a question, when my son, Phil (she continued) was a school-boy, he brought home with him many a night, two poor scholars from the West, who went to the same school with him, and 'twas no harm to call them the scholars, for there was nothing surpassed their skill in book-learning, or plants, or herbs, or *Pishoge*, and there was neither man or beast fell sick while they stopt in this country but they cured,—before they went away they gave Phil a bundle of ould sooty papers, which they assured him would teach him to turn lead into gold, to make a hundred of butter, out of a quart of cream, or to set any body he liked, with three words a dancing for the length of the day; he put them for safety between the rafter and the thatch of the house, but when some time after he went looking for them, they were not to be found and nobody could tell where they went to; Theige Brady told me that 'twas nothing good that took them with him"—“and I told you truth” said the sage Thadeus, “and as for the Pishoge women from Ulster, I’ll tell you what is as certain as that you are sitting there, for it happened to my own brother whom you must know sir, is a dancing master by profession, and he is alive and well this day, to prove every word I say, to be true in every particular.”—As I have been hitherto for the most part translating the Irish conversation of the different personages represented, I shall in the adventure related by the last-mentioned personage, continue to use my discretion in rendering or abridging his language, as shall seem most meet for the due satisfaction of “the gentle reader.”

Morthy Brady being on a professional sojourn, in a small hamlet in one of those glens, so frequent amongst the border mountains of Kerry and Limerick, took up his abode by special invitation, in the house of a farmer, from whose roof on careful examination, he found a larger number of flitches and hams of bacon suspended, than he had seen in any other house in the commune, after-hours he imparted some of his acquirements in the art saltatory, to the junior members of the family, and entertained over a glass of potheen, the elder branches with a well told-tale, a stave of the Cruiskeen Lawn, or Claur bug dale, or a strum on his cremona. In all his deportment he consulted the various tastes of the inmates, and in particular had his pinch of snuff, his anecdote and jest, for the ancient grandam who occupied the warm *Sheesteen* in the chimney corner, this ancient matron was originally from the land of Spells and Incantations, that hot bed of magic and witchcraft, before commemorated Ulster, and was strongly suspected to be by no means deficient, in the knowledge of her country,—with her, our friend Morthy formed a close intimacy, he was of an enquiring temper, and generally contrived to know a little more about the affairs of his neighbours, than the said neighbours themselves, the whispered reputation of the old Sybil was not unknown to him, and he was put to his wits end to have himself initiated in all the deep mysteries, of which she was the mistress, inuendoes, broadsides, all the great and small artillery of his ingenuity, were brought to bear on the old woman, he played on her vanity, regard for himself &c. but with little effect, at all events he determined to watch her closely, and the time arrived when he concluded his impatient curiosity, (if ever) was to be gratified. The eve of May when witches course the realms of air, careering on full blooded broomsticks, or invoke the presiding spirit of the elements by spell and charm at length arrived, the fire of Baal

shone that night on every hill, boys and maids danced around the gaudy Maypole, the horned cattle leapt the sacred flame, and good wives prayed for a blessing on the approaching labours of the dairy.

When the pleasures and duties of the evening were over, the fire-hearth was cleaned, the fire itself was trimmed and prepared for the reception of whatever wandering spirits of the air, or of the dead, should choose to partake of its warmth, and the family retired to repose. Murthy lay in a small apartment, separated from the kitchen, and not far removed from the fireplace by a boarded partition, whose many wide chinks gave him full opportunity, when ever he deemed it necessary to gratify his curiosity, by observing whatever occurred without to gorge that ravening propensity.—Full of anxiety he turned and tumbled in bed; he had kept a careful eye on the movements of the Ulster woman during the evening, but the placid composure which she manifested in her conversation and movements, filled his soul with horrible fears, that she was dreaming of no magic rite or unhallowed execution, and he saw her depart for bed with the rest of the family, with an air of simplicity and innocence, that harrowed his very entrails with vexation.—Full of rueful cogitations, he was thinking of betaking himself to sleep, when he thought he heard a soft tread without, he turned to a neighbouring interstice between the boards of the partition, and straining his eager eyes, he saw the old woman cautiously advancing towards the fire-place,—she looked around her suspiciously, and paused almost at every step to listen, anxious to ascertain whether she was watched; Brady scarcely breathed lest he should disturb her; when she assured herself that she was unobserved, she approached the fire-place and withdrew a stone from the wall, which he could observe to have been very exactly fitted in it, and from out of a hollow space inside where it had been, drew a horn which he afterwards found contained a kind of ointment, having procured this, she returned to the centre of the floor, and with an osier twig which she held in her hand, she drew an imaginary circle around her on the floor, this done she applied some of the ointment to the soles of her feet, and having replaced the horn and stone in their proper places again, and re-entered the circle, she pronounced in a low voice but with great distinctness in Irish, a well known rhyme of incantation, which Brady had often heard to have been used by witches for their ungodly purposes, though before now with little credence, the effect was instantaneous, with amazement he beheld the witch transformed in a moment into a hare, and dart up the large chimney and disappear. Brady scarcely gave himself time to make a reflection on the strange-metamorphosis, he formed his resolution, at once started out of bed, and rushed to where the stone had been replaced, unloosed it and took out the horn, and having applied the ointment in the manner he had seen her use it, replaced the horn and stone again—formed the circle on the floor with his rod, and muttering the words of power, found himself instantly changed into a similar animal, and bounding up the chimney he beheld the metamorphosed hag at a short distance in the moonlight, proceeding at a tolerably quick pace across the country.—Brady of course followed the same direction, but he took the precaution to remain out of sight of his guide;—having cleared the glen, they soon struck up the mountain, and after about an hours hard coursing they entered an open and desolate moor, covered with purple heath, whose aspect of savage desolation and rudeness, filled our poor dancing master with fear and misgiving of heart; to stop short now would however be useless, and he had to disencumber himself of

his new form, of which he saw no chance except by accomplishing his adventure. They soon gained the centre of the heath where the ground was less encumbered, and Brady beheld before him a large assemblage of the species to which he now belonged, who were forming themselves into a kind of irregular line, which was momentarily increasing by fresh arrivals from different parts of the moor:—panting and tolerably fatigued from his rapid journey, he boldly approached his old friend, and placed himself beside her in the ranks, and resolving to do as he saw her do. By times the influx of new comers were decreasing, until finally the assemblage appeared to be completed, thereupon a few who seemed to be leaders, advanced from the ranks, and rushed with extraordinary fleetness along the line, which now extended as far as the eye could reach across the heath, which was but partially illuminated by the light of the moon, as it broke in fitful gleams through the struggling clouds, that quickly floated through the sky,—the object of inspection being obtained, the leaders crowded together in short consultation, and then scampered off to their different quarters,—in a moment an universal murmur ran through the entire assemblage, and one, more important than the rest separating from the line, announced to them that the business of the night could not be gone through, for that an uninitiated stranger, and of the opposite sex had intruded amongst them; an universal confusion followed the announcement, the regularity of the meeting was instantly broken up, and with execrations in every mouth they betook themselves to a general flight. Brady, the wicked cause of this untimely dispersion, on the first announcement of his unhallowed presence, withdrew through the reer from the side of his Ulster kare, who began to eye him with great fury as the cause of this calamity, and he quickly retraced his course along the moor, in the same line with that which he had pursued on his arrival, he saw with fear the breaking up of the party, and carefully in his flight avoided all contact, with the several broken groups who seemed to return in the same direction with himself, at the open to the glen however, he awaited the approach of his aged hostess; whatever terrors might be in the meeting, they were necessarily more endurable than the thought of continuing in his present shape, and perhaps be the next morning hunted down by a fox hunter. It was not long until she approached, Murthy boldly brushed up and stretched his legs to keep beside her; she instantly knew him—her eyes flashed fire, and every now and again her snarl and the display of her teeth convinced the dancing master, that his safety lay in the space that separated them; his evil star however, often brought him into nearer contact than he desired, for though she evidently was desirous of hastening home, still her anger frequently induced her to stop short, and in that case, his hapless sides and back and limbs were certain of being severely bitten,—the blood trickled down his hide, and ere he reached home he smarted all over with the anguish of her repeated venomous inflictions.—They were now arrived at the house, the hag scaled the wall, and was in a moment at the mouth of the chimney, the professor of the poetry of motion was close at her heels, and just as she was going to make her downward plunge, the opportunity of a glorious harvest of revenge presented itself to his aching jaws, and deeply and forcibly did he bury his teeth in the haunch of his now powerless persecutrix,—the action was that of an instant,—a scream preceded her fall down the chimney, Brady sprang down after her, glutted with this act of retribution, and became the auditor of the muttered spell, which restored her and him to their pristine forms:

the effect of the dancing master's bite was horribly apparent on the old woman next day, her ready tale concealed the real cause, but the wound confined her to her bed some time, while the inflictor of it, all scarified and torn as he himself was, deemed it prudent to remove himself as far as possible away from the rage and the secret machinations of the beldam.

Circumstantial as this adventure was, in names, places, and probability, as it seemed to all auditors, doubt could no longer remain on any mind, of the power of an Ulster witch, for good or evil; one of the party, however, deeming it right to enforce proof with additional proof, by what he deemed a relation very relevant to the foregoing, assured his neighbours, with a most awful and sepulchral tone of voice,—that happening, when a young man, one night to drop asleep on the fire hearth, when all the family had gone to bed, he awoke in some time during the night, and beheld seated beside him, in the very dress which he recollected she had worn when he was but a garsoon, some years before, his old grandmother, who had been then dead many years, she was smoking a short black dudeen, or pipe, with great vigour and animation, and seemed most particularly intent on her very praise worthy occupation. The sleeper awakened, rubbed his eyes to assure himself that he was not in the company of the departed, and finding that his first suspicion was but too true, his hair instantly shot out in various erect positions, and his blood seemed eager to curdle in his veins, he endeavoured to arise and fly, but found himself incontinently pinned to his situation, to become the terrified witness of his ancient mother's exertions at the pipe; when she continued for some time, to the great discomfort of her grandson, to enjoy the luxuries of her fumigation, a slight rustle on the hen roost made her start from her seat, and she proceeded towards an apartment at the lower end of the house, (the door of which was opened,) wherein slept the sisters of the unwilling witness of this scene, and it is a positive fact, that unless these same sisters had afterwards confessed that they themselves, to the great risque of the hair of their respective heads becoming grey, had seen the same unearthly spectacle bend over them in their bed, their brother, would, owing to an unwarrantable insinuation of the school-master, have been suspected of his being labouring under a fit of the *delirium tremens* at the time of such extraordinary vision, but then these sisters, it was shrewdly urged, did not see the pipe, and the veracity of the ghost see-er was in that fact about being strongly questioned by the pedagogue, but for a public appeal made to the entire assemblage, as to the known propensity frequently evinced by ghosts, to regale themselves with the smoke of a pipe, and this was illustrated by a story of a ghost, which haunted the ruined abbey of Askeaton, in the County of Limerick, and who, like the Sphinx, which devoured such unfortunate Thebans as could not expound her dark enigmas, sat astride a wall of one of the religious buildings, which stood beside the high road, smoking a pipe, and from thence, propounded to the nightly traveller, in a deep and hollow voice, accompanied by a laugh which excited terror rather than risibility, the subject of a rhyme, which ran thus,—

Pioppa mah tobbauk dho morkach a teampuil
Agus dein sho raun do sin.

i. e.

A pipe of tobacco for the rider of the church,
Make a rhyme upon that, or you're left in the lurch.

Death was the penalty of inability to give a proper answer; and for many years the blood thirsty fiend bestrode the sacred ruin, dealing death on such ill-fated wretches as were forced to pass that way, as nobody had yet been found of sufficient hardihood and wit, to give a suitable response;—the country rung with tales of the frequent murders committed on the passengers, so that in time, nobody would venture out for miles around after night fall,—when at length, a village bard inspired by whiskey, the genuine hyppocrine, undertook the perilous adventure of exorcising her by the witchery of song. The powerful verse which dislodged this dæmon, shews that she was neither very captious, or very fastidious, and that she required but very moderate poetic stamina in an opponent, to surrender her fatal dominion; the village Œdipus, when he approached the ruin, beheld the flaming eyes at a distance, shooting a red light across the scene, which was believed by the peasantry to be the *tiúne geolane*, or ignis fatuus, which had lured many to their destruction, he heard issuing from the surrounding gloom, the fearful sounds of its voice pouring forth the baleful verse, and replied firmly to the command given in it,—

Do chirta yotsa veh a Pharahis an aum so,
Na veh mar sault en shin

i. e.

'Twere fitter for you be in Paradise far,
Than riding up there, like a ghost as you are.

The spell was broken, the spright was vanquished, but unlike the before-mentioned Sphinx, instead of dashing her head against a rock, she, in the immemorial manner of ghosts, uttered something resembling a growl, and disappeared in a huge puff of the smoke of her own beloved tobacco pipe, never more to return, and urge the country people to make delectable verses.---“Why then by my soul,” said Doctor Mullany, the physical character before-mentioned, “if my friend *Doctor Brady* here, was near Askeaton, when that same poetic ghost was fishing on the ould wall for verses, she would not have been suffered to mount her ould *garrane* so long, and wink so purtily at the boys, for he would have given her something to carry with her, that would smack more of genius and learning, than that humdrum verse about Paradise.”---“More shame Doctor,” said Brady, for the ghost to let herself be taken in by such *ramayshe*, “besides, ’twasn’t in the bargain, don’t you see, that she wanted him to make a verse on tobacco, but the spalpeen knew nothing about it, I’ll be bail he was no smoker, or he’d speak till morning about it, and break her heart in her, with his beautiful praises of the leaf.”---“Aye, botheration would he” said the Doctor, “I wish by my faith you were there, and *mourne* ’tis you would blister her with your allusions to Nebuchadnezzar, and the nine muses; but she was a ghost in a thousand, or she would have paid him for his purty verses.” The schoolmaster shook this “excellent critic” by the hand, and old Brady handed him his mull; the former bethought himself of his rival, it was a moment when he found his own reputation was in the mouths of men, and he wished that that intruding pedagogue was present, that he might be witness to the loud acclaim with which he was hailed, the first of bards, and so, being “blinded by excess of light,” he may never more raise his head in rash competition,

his name was mentioned muffled up in an insinuation against the sound sense of his Patrons and the Doctor deemed the opportunity favourable to relate a recent misfortune of the luckless Pedagogue. "It seems that having been dozing in bed one night between sleeping and waking, he heard a knocking at the door, and something called out Mister Phelim M'Quill: Phelim imagined it might be some one of the neighbours that wanted him, perhaps to go for the Priest, or may be said the Doctor, for myself for some one dying, or for a midwife for some woman in the straw, so smelling the whiskey at any rate, whether it was a wake or a christening up he got,—the moon was shining brightly through the chinks of the door, and he looked through one of them to see first who was outside, but deuce a one could he see, so rubbing the sleep out of his eyes he opened the door, and what in the world should he see on looking out, but the entire field before him filled with his friends, the "*good people*," moving along in the moonlight, all dressed out in green jackets, and mounted on brisk and active little horses, that seemed impatient of stop or stay, to be sure, if master Phelim did not get into a fright when he saw them instantly gather round him, 'tisn't day yet, his nightcap was near walking over his head, the hair of which began to stand upright with alarm, and he made a bounce back to close the door, but the good people had taken possession of it, and if he was pulling at it until cock-crow it would not stir an inch on its hinges for him.---' Yarrow come along Phelim my jewel,' said one of them to him, 'come away with us, for we have something of more importance for you to do before morning, than to stand there shaking your jaws, like a great big goose as you are.' Well wondering what they could want, and half dead and alive as he was with fear, and seeing there was no use in straining at the door or saying no to them, giving a scratch to his pole, and putting his best leg foremost, just as he was, he was obliged to march out; he saw they were all mounted, and seeing there was neither horse nor mare for himself in the field, he began to hope at least they would not take him far; but they did not stand at a baulk, for all this, for in the corner of the field, they spied a large white buck goat, on the back of which, they mounted my gentleman, desiring him at the same time not to open his mouth while on his back, or 'twould be the worse for himself, though not quite confiding in the ability of the animal to bear him, he saw 'twas useless to grumble; but the goat, in spite of all that, shewed he had the spunk in him,—the good people cantered away, as if old Belzebub himself was at their tails, and the *Puckaune* cantered on, resolved not to bate an inch of turf to the best of them:—over ditches and hedges, hills and dales, through heath and through furze, through bogs and through woods; they scudded along, like the winds in swiftness,—Phelim I'll be bound for him, never cried ochone, for a spur, or for his cat o'nine tails, the goat had light heels, and did not want them; away they went, their bridles ringing merrily along, until they came to a broad mountain river, where one by one they all leapt across as easily as if it was only a little stream by the ditch side; the schoolmaster kept looking on until it came to his turn, *monnom!* says he to himself, here at any rate they must leave me, for good to be sure as the Puckaune is, she must baulk the leap: the Puckaune however was not of the same opinion, he raised himself on his hind legs, and in a thrice was over at the other side; now Phelim when he was in the humour, liked to give merit its due, he would sometimes to be sure un-

" devalue some of his neighbours, and people too that the world knows
 " he couldn't hold a splinter or a rush with, and seeing what an amazing
 " fine leap the goat had given, and thinking but little about the caution he
 " had got to keep his tongue at ease in his head, he cried out in the full-
 " ness of his heart, " my soul to the dickens, but if I was to lose Kate and
 " the childer for it, but that is as fine a leap as ever a goat made before,"—
 " yerroo be the powers! he had no sooner opened his mouth and said it
 " than he found himself thrown on the flat of his back amongst a clump
 " of briars and brambles that grew along side the cliff, down which he
 " tumbled, rolling from thorn to bush, and from bush into briar, so that he
 " thought the very sowl was torn out of his carcase, until he came splash
 " into the water below, lucky enough for him that he fell into a shallow
 " pool and out of the current of the flood, or he would never have returned
 " home to his wife all tattered, and torn, and bruised and dripping wet as
 " he was, to tell what happened to him, or to swear against praising the
 " merit of man or beast ever more."

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

You ask, when to my bosom prest,
 Why thus you feel my throbbing heart?
 You say it never seems at rest,
 But wishes from its cell to part.

 I'll tell thee, lovely Mira, why
 The little captive beats so high.

 Thy heart, the magnet's power conceals;
 And like the faithful steel is mine,
 While thus, the loadstone's virtue feels,
 And pants and throbs to join to thine!

THE DYING ROSE.

O Stella, mark the beauteous rose,
 Which on yon branch so fragrant blows,
 Fresh from its stem, the flower I'll tear,
 A present for my lovely fair.

Here let me place the blooming flower,
 Within thy bosom's sacred bower;
 But see, its blushing smiles decay,
 It droops—alas! it dies away!

Say, sweetest flower, why didst thou die
 Beneath the warmth of Stella's eye?
 But ah! what summer flower could blow
 Between two hills of driven snow?

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THE FIRST MURDERER,

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

The following sketch was written at the command of a society of which I was a member, the subject was prescribed, and I was limited in time.

An officious fellow who looks over my shoulder while I write, objects, "that the society had no more power to compel me to write on their subject, than Sancho had to make his prisoner sleep in a dungeon, and that the fact of my having written a certain number of bad verses within a given time because they bid me do so, only serves to shew that their voice had the same effect upon my mind that a hot-bed has upon a cucumber."

To be serious, I have endeavoured to combat the dangerous sophistry, which from the existence of evil, would deduce the existence of the double principle of the Manichees. I have endeavoured to shew; that without the existence of evil, man could not possess free will, and consequently, could not in the eye of supreme justice, merit either punishment or reward.

A careful reading of that magnificent error, "Cain," has induced me to hazard this audacious attempt, may I hope that a good cause has not materially suffered through the inconsiderate rashness of an unskilful advocate.

THE FIRST MURDERER.

Scene, a Solitude.—Time, Midnight.

Cain.—My limbs are overworn, but sleep comes not,
Travel and toil, and weariness of heart
Have tired my body down, but sleep comes not,
Or if the body sinks into repose,
The wretched spirit struggles still the more,
Tearing itself with suicidal rage
Like a chained vulture—still and natural rest—
The soothing calm, that smoothes the rugged brow,
And kisses from the closing lid, the tear
Flies, like a timid dove, my abhorred jail,
—Adah! oh wretched Adah! more beloved
In this dark hour of misery, than in joy,
How can I look upon thy gentle sleep,
Broke with unbidden sighs, and see the tea.
Steal down thy pallid cheek, that in the day
Mantles with smiles of foud hypocrisy?
How can I look upon thine innocent grief
And thy mute wretchedness, that has no voice
But in its silence, and the saddened smile,
That cuts me to the heart,—the savage heart,
——— Inexorable thing, whate'er thou art
Which making me, didst make me what I am
A chaos of dark passions; can it be
That since my guilt has made the guiltless wretched,
Thou wilt refuse to strike me from the face
Of this, thy fair creation, which thou lovest,
And plunge me in the gulf from whence I came
An undistinguished atom, 'till thy voice
Called me to life and punishment,—

Adah. (*entering*) Oh Cain,
Why hast thou left me, thus, in solitude,
A solitude more fearful, since I know
Thou art enduring agony, alone,
In this thy midnight wandering;—it is cruel
To be thus churlish in the hour of grief;
I well remember in a happier time,
At such an hour as this, in such a light;
We forth have wandered by our placid stream.

That glittered with the bright unnumbered stars,
Kindled by heav'n to guide us on our path,
And, as we strayed, we poured our happy souls
Into each other, and the joy thus shared
Grew brighter, as our pure and innocent minds
Drew near unto each other, 'till—

Cain.— Oh Adah !

Torture me not.

Adah.— Beloved Cain, why wilt thou
Refuse to share thy sorrow as thy joy ;
Why wilt thou wander solitary forth
To tell thy grief unto the pitiless winds,
And fill the dark, dull forest with the sighs
That should be uttered to my heart alone.

Cain.—Adah, my best beloved, I cannot bear
To see thee as thou art, I loathe the life,
The quick vitality of suffering
Which gives me but the power of feeling pain,
And yet I feel no grief, save grief for thee,
For myself—only rage.

Adah.— What rage—oh Cain,
Speak not thus wildly—oh ! my sinking heart.

Cain.—Why should I fly thus vainly from the wrath
That with relentless fury hunts me down,
And stabs me thro' the sides of those I love,
What have you done—what has the innocent child
Whose smiling confidence shall be repaid
With the dark heritage of guilt and shame,
And the averted eye, and muttered curse
That dogs the footsteps of his fatal sire,
And with a foul and venomous taint, will cling
Unto the last and purest of my race,
'Till, as prophetic seraphs have foreshewn
The desolating waters shall o'erleap
Their boundaries, and bury with their waves
The evil and the good, in one huge grave.

Adah.—Cain ! I am terrified—my heart grows sick,
Oh Cain, let not thy misery make thee wicked,
Come to our leafy couch, and I will soothe
Thy troubled spirit into placid sleep.

Cain.—Adah, it may not be—leave me, I pray thee,
When that the moon sinks down behind yon mountain
I will return—look not so sad, my Adah,
Nothing can harm me now, for I am marked
With the Almighty ban—and pitiless death
Mocks at mine agony, and will not strike.

(*She covers her face with her hands, and is silent ; Cain departs.*)

*Scene, an Elevated Plain—in the distance, lofty Mountains—The night has nearly passed—
The moon is about to set.*

Cain.—The fearful struggle has gone down—a calm,
An hideous calm has settled on my soul,

My spirit seems to stagnate, and the passions,
 That, like remorseless whirlwinds, have uprooted
 My wretched mind, are brooding on the ruins
 In dark and ominous silence---my cold heart
 Beats with a motion, slow and regular,
 A bitter mockery of healthful life,
 For there is deadly strength in deep despair,
 And when we can no longer feel nor fear,
 And the shut soul sinks down within its prison,
 The callous heart resumes its measured task,
 And the chilled blood flows slowly thro' the veins,
 And the relentless frame, with iron gripe
 Holds in the bitter life,---which is a curse.
 — I have gone forth, amid the reeling crash
 Of the devoted forest, when the whirlwind
 Was walking in his fury,—I have gazed
 Upon the dark and shadowy conflict, 'till
 The clouds were cleft, as with a visible stroke,
 And the fierce lightning flashed forth like a sword
 Brandished by hands angelic,---and my heart
 Hath leaped to meet the blow,—but it passed by,
 Spending its rage on things that knew no sin,
 And this is justice---this, the---ah! he comes!
 He comes again, the dark and fatal spirit
 Whose counsel was the preface of my fall,
 Far thro' the gloom, I see his shadowy form
 And the still lustre of his evil eye,
 Making the darkness awful—he is nigh!

Mortal! thy hands are bloody——thou hast sacrificed.
 Cain.---Hast thou returned to gaze upon thy work?
 Look and rejoice, since evil gives thee joy,
 Thy counsel wakened me from happy ignorance
 To guilty knowledge---which has been a curse,
 Hence!—to thy hell, and leave me to my fate.

If ignorance is happiness, and guilt
 And sorrow are the consequence of knowledge,
 Must not the All-knowing, be All-evil——must not
 His pleasure be in that which is his knowledge,
 And what is that---save consciousness of evil.

Cain.---Fiend!—tempt me not again,——thy subtle voice
 Hath made me what I am---but yet beware,
 Eternal, and undying as thou art
 And passionless,---tho' evil—as the still
 And awful gloom of thine unchanging brow
 Tells in its dark serenity——beware!
 It may be thou art not impassive, and
 The immortality of settled hate
 Will break the wasted fetters which enchain me,
 I feel there is a deathless thing within,

Pent in the dungeon of this earthly frame,
But were it free——'twould grapple thee.

Alas!

Unhappy worm!——and dost thou threaten me,
And dream of an equality,——and rave
Of prisoned strength, which being free could harm me;
Dust, as thou art, thy very rage is earthly,
And with a sordid sense of bodily pain
Thou threat'st, what thou fearest, and in vain
Strainest thy bounded fancy, to conceive
The suffering an eternal thing may fear;
Passionless, thou hast truly said, I am,
And being passionless, am free from pain,
These are the petty curses of mortality,
Mine essence is immortal, and above them
Whate'er I suffer,——if I suffer——thou
Canst never dream——I am not of thine order.

Cain.—Spirit! thy voice is awful in its coldness,
And a strange shuddering, which is not fear—
What should I fear—is creeping thro' my flesh,
There is a deathless light within thine eye,
Immortal—but not happy—and a gloom,
The shadow of a spirit which is evil
Sits on thy brow——whatever is thy power
Thy works are fatal—and thy wisdom bitter,
Thy knowledge brought a sense of degradation
And filled my mind with gloomy phantasies
And fancied injuries——and dark revenge.

Revenge!——and who shall punish that revenge?
Is it the being whose eternal vengeance
Prolongs thy petty life, to make it wretched,
Length'ning its thread to plunge thee in the gulf
O'er which, from thy creation, thou wast hung,
Creation which thou didst not ask, nor seek,
And which thou couldst not—if thou wouldst—annihilate

Cain.—Would that I could so!—

Sordid worm!——the spark
Of immortality burns faintly in thee,
I would not yield the life which is within me
Albeit it may be bitter—and surrender
My quenchless hate—and sink into the sleep,
The dreamless sleep thou longest for, altho'
I know 'twould shield me from my Omnipotent foe,
I struggled for dominion—and will struggle
Thro' the immortal darkness of eternity,
The darkness which our strife has cast around us,
——I swayed an empire——oh! how beautiful
In its undying brightness——mortal thought

The First Murderer.

Is powerless, to light up within thy mind,
 Perception of the glory of the star
 Which was my natural throne and dwelling place,
 — Yet leaped I from that throne, into the strife
 Which I deemed better than the tame submission
 And servile homage which my heart despised.

Cain.—Seraph!—thy words sink deep into mine heart,
 Why should I bless the boon which is a curse,
 And bow to mine own ruin—what is here!
 — My heart beats faintly—and my breath comes quick,
 — And my life flutters—nothing visible
 Is drawing nigh—and yet—the very air
 Grows deadly still—and the bright stars are dim
 — And twinkle not—and the immortal thing
 Grows indistinct, as if about to fade
 Before a presence mightier than his own,
 — Yet on his brow, inexorable hate
 Is lowering, as he mingles with the air,
 — It will be momentarily upon me—God!

A Voice.—*Cain!*—

Cain.—(*inwardly and with difficulty.*) Here am I,

The Voice.—

Who is this, whose voice
 With words, that are not knowledge, darkeneth counsel,
 Arouse thyself, and answer, if thou canst—
 The voice of thy complaint hath reached mine ear,
 And fallen as thou art, it shall be heard.
 — Full of the guilty misery, thou hast dared
 To lift thine eye to the Omnipotent
 And tell him, his eternity is evil:
 — The fiend hath asked thee, why I have not made
 All creatures perfect, if I love perfection,
 But well he knows, that all created things
 Must be subordinate to that which made them,
 And that perfection is, Myself, alone,
 And cannot dwell in any thing, save Me,
 Well, too, he knows that when he was a seraph
 Holy, and pure, and happy in his sphere,
 He was thus happy, being near perfection
 And glittering with its brightness, tho' reflected:
 And when he fell—unutterable fall!
 And sprang from living light, into the gloom—
 Of an immortal and undying conflict,
 The horror of that change was his own choice,
 Nor can he blame the punishment he made;
 Chaos can well remember the dread hour
 When crashing thro' its silent depths, he came
 Down from the happy glory of his dwelling,
 Startling the voiceless waste with awful sounds
 Of hideous, and unutterable ruin:

—But he had free volition—had he not,
His state had been the blindness he has feigned,
The helpless homage which he doth despise—

— But which his treacherous guile would wring from thee.

I seek the rational love of those I make,
Who, feeling happiness—are, therefore, pious;
Blessing the giver for his gift, which called them
Forth from the mass, of which they were as atoms,
And gave them individual perception,
And set eternal joy within their reach,
Ev'n the fiend tells thee that he would not yield
The life which he has poisoned, and become
Once more, the nameless nothing which he was
Before I gave the being he has cursed
When first I bid thy father, Adam, be,
And in his nostrils breathed the breath of life,
Did he not, with instinct devotion, kneel
And worship Me, His Maker, and for what?
Save that I gave him life,—which life was joy,
If thou hast made thy consciousness, a curse—

—If willful guilt, and sure remorse have made thee
Shudder at immortality, and crave
Annihilation as a happier boon,

—Blame not the gift—nor giver—but thyself
Poisoning the fountain which thou canst not quench,
And making life itself—a living death;

—I gave thee consciousness—it is eternal,
Fly where thou wilt, thou canst not fly from that,
But with that consciousness, I gave thee power
To make the gift a blessing or a curse,
Thou may'st destroy the dwelling it inhabits,
But it will wander forth, and find another
Making the boundless space its element,
A wider prison-house—but not less sure—
Thou hast free will—and hadst thou but obeyed
The voice which I implanted in thy heart,
Thou hadst been happy—spirit is absolute,
And being virtuous—is therefore, happy;
Or, being guilty—therefore, miserable:
Ask thine own heart, does not the quiet sky
And regular beauty of the placid stars,
Sting thy polluted spirit with reproach?

—Dost thou not long for tempests—and the crash
Of elements drunk with fury—and the rage
That dwells in things inanimate, a sight
That in thy happier days had given thee pain,
But now, lights up a hope, that the dark strife
May crush thee into nothingness again?
But what is perfect, is immutable,
And the Eternal Will, which gave thee life
Will not revoke the gift thou hast misused,

The First Murderer.

—As for the fatal seraph—and his crime—
 And its unutterable consequence;
 —Seek not with rash and daring eye to look
 Into the awful realm, whose voiceless depths
 Peopled with silent horrors, are the dwelling
 Of what thy mortal sight, and mortal frame
 Would shrivel into nothing to behold;
 —Seek not the things beyond mortality,
 —Go forth upon thy path—and in thy folly
 Still not in thy heart the living voice
 Which tells thee that Eternity is just.

When my spirit hath fled
 From its prison of clay,
 —Gone forth from the dead
 On its measureless way—
 Open the grave, where the friend I lov'd best,
 Her pilgrimage over, is taking her rest,
 Tho' there beats not a pulse in the withering heart
 That worshiped her image—we never will part:

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Bid me not lift my thoughts on high,
 —I have nothing to do with the happy sky;
 Mine eyes are fixed on the silent tomb,
 —I only ask for its darkness, and gloom,
 —All I care—and all I know,
 That I'll moulder with all that I loved below:

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TIARNA NA CLANNA MAC DIARMUIDE.

It was near the gloomy close of a November evening, that two travellers were seen winding round the broken pathway of one of those dreary mountains which jut out into the Atlantic, along the rocky shore of Cape Clear, in the west of Ireland. The sky, which had been covered all day with a dense mist, now brightened a little towards the south-west, and just left room for the streaks of the setting sun to tinge with a blood red-glow, the snowy top of Caragaonar.

The boundless ocean seemed wrapped into sullen listlessness, unless at times, when a slight ripple, only heard as it died away, betrayed its ebbing. Far to the north and east, the horizon was enveloped in dark and heavy masses of cloud, which, reeling along, involved, "in all the vapoury turbulence of Heaven," whatever of a sickly and pallid blue might have appeared between the thinner mist. The entire prospect was sad and dreary in the extreme. No appearance of a sail was on the vast expanse of ocean that lay before them,—no sight of a human habitation cheered their drooping spirits; a cow, which now and then was seen grazing on those green patches which vary the monotonous horror of the wildest mountain, turned up her bleached and widened nostrils to the sky, and, in melancholy lowings, foretold the approaching storm. Along the surface of the water, skimmed the wing of the shrieking sea-fowl, whilst the cormorant, wheeling from the wave, screamed along the shore. The howling of the wind became louder, and its cold more piercing, as it dashed amongst the cliffs the loose foam that lay upon the shore;—a deep and troubled swell began to disturb the broad body of the dark water, and the big round drops of rain proclaimed an almost instantaneous torrent.

Our travellers had now come under an immense piece of rock which projected over their rugged pathway;—they were both females, and their dress bespoke them of a higher rank than those who usually dwelt about that place. One of them appeared to be nearly twenty-eight or thirty years of age;—her person was tall and majestic,---her head finely moulded, and her pale and expressive features received much animation from her large black eyes; her nose rather straight than aquiline, wanted but little to entitle it to the standard of Grecian beauty; her mouth small, with soft and pouting lips, was set off by a somewhat prominent chin, and a plentiful crowd of black ringlets, which flowed in all the wildness of infantine innocence, overshadowed her broad forehead;---her entire appearance was that of a woman born in, and accustomed to, the highest rank in the order of society. The other, was, in stature, less, and though possessed of features less regular, and of a person less commanding, may take a high place in the rank of feminine beauty:---her cheeks, naturally of a sanguine complexion, were heightened by her exertion in forcing against the blast which sometimes blew full in front. A copious flow of fair hair added to the loveliness of her soft and dimpling features. The travellers were wrapped in huge brown cloaks, which concealed the large straw hats that covered their heads. They leaned for a while under the brow of the projecting cliff, and wiped their foreheads which had been wet with the drifting snow and spray. "You feel fatigued, Amy?" said the taller lady,---"No, no," answered her companion, "all I fear is, lest that uncivilized mountaineer may have deceived us---or that

we ourselves may have lost our way, and we have not the consolation of beholding even a single but in this wilderness, from the inhabitants of which, we may have hoped for some information,—though, perhaps we could do no worse than make too frequent enquiries;—think you we are likely to be discovered ere we reach this outlawed castle?" "On your account alone, I feel any thing like fear," said the other,—"for myself, I have supposed and expected the worst, and I only hope that I may not perish until I shall have avenged my husband;---but I had no right whatever to permit you to be the companion of my journey, or the sharer of my fate,---it was sufficient that one should only fail in the desperate attempt." "I thought," rejoined Amy, looking up with a languishing look, in which was mingled a little of reproach,---"I thought I left you no doubt as to my devotedness to you,---that I had fully satisfied you as to the connection of my fate with yours,---and you now almost upbraid me with selfishness." "You wrong me, my dear girl," said the lady, "believe me, you do. But what say you?---do you think our English friends will be prepared to realise their promises to us? I appointed a signal when we should have effected our purpose;---a lighting torch fixed on the battlements of that castle will be the sign for them to land, and they have agreed to conceal themselves behind that rugged cape until the hour." "But how shall we be able to divert the attention of those mountaineers who keep eternal watch on the coast," observed Amy, "and who knows that we may become inmates of the dark hole immediately? Blisset told us that the watch was continued both day and night incessantly; and though his escape from the subterraneous dungeon was miraculous, yet he found much more difficulty in eluding the vigilance of the centinels." "For all this, I have sufficiently provided, Amy,---let us be but once there, and for the accomplishment of the rest we trust to Providence." "But why," said Amy, "has not Blisset accompanied us? surely he must have known the way to this outlawed place?" "You forget," answered the other, "that he escaped by flight, and that he is a Sassenach.---This circumstance, together with his having baffled them, would expose us all to destruction; they know not that he is alive, they imagine that he shared the same fate with those unhappy wretches who were thrust into that hole with him; this cave, has, from its great depth, a communication with the sea, so that all the bodies thrown into it, are carried away by the surf, and dashed to pieces amongst the rocks; he, by good fortune, plunged in unperceived, and by the dint of very hard struggling, and at the risque of suffocation, endeavoured to swim off for a considerable distance, until, by lying concealed some time amongst the pieces of rocks, he at length effected his escape to the nearest English garrison: but of his master he could gain no intelligence whatever."—"I think," said Amy, "it is better for us to proceed,"---not wishing to permit a recurrence to the melancholy event,---"for see, the night is approaching fast, and the snow is descending more rapidly." Accordingly, having again wrapped themselves in their large cloaks, which had fallen over their shoulders, they went forward with as rapid a pace as the roughness of the road, and the pelting of the increasing storm would permit them.

They were now clearing the last point which terminated one of the sides of the bay, at the bottom of which stands Ghilchodh Castle, or, as it is pronounced in English, Kilcoe. Though a pitchy darkness had already covered the entire sky, yet, the earth appeared as bright as if the moon shone forth in all her midnight brightness. Large broad flakes of snow

fell in thick heaps from the heavens. All around was one extensive tract of dazzling whiteness, except where a huge black torrent, increased by the melted snow, tumbled headlong from the brow of some lofty mountain, carrying large masses of rock and earth along with it, and bounding with a noise and tumult that was truly appalling. Their path lay along the brink of a precipice, beneath which, the billows dashed, and in the deep caverns dug by the force of the waves into its sides, the sea groaned under their feet. A complete impediment to their journey now appeared; an immense body of troubled water rolled rapidly by them to the brink, and deviating from its natural course, leaped wildly over the steep, into the ocean below; to attempt crossing it was certain destruction; it had become dangerous even to stand near the margin of this flood, as the ground on each side was continually loosened, and carried away by the violence of the current. To ascend was impossible, as frowning pieces of rock almost overshadowed their narrow path, and they were obliged in many places to stoop, in order to afford themselves a facility of proceeding. Driven to such extremity, and surrounded on all sides by destruction,---the ocean roaring and boiling below, the steep and impassable mountain above, and the torrent resistless and overwhelming in its fury before them,---their only resource was to return: this could not be much in their favour, as they should have to traverse a dangerous path, which, in broad day light, few would think of travelling. They now attempted a return, and had come to an opening in the cliff, through which they were enabled to gain a prospect of a great part of the mountain over their heads, when they suddenly perceived a light bounding along on the surface of the torrent which swept down the steep,---this passed on, when another, and another appeared, and at length, millions of sparks and small splinters of burning wood flew over their heads; this incident revived the hope of their vicinity to some human habitation. Afraid to call for any assistance, they awaited in mute terror the event of this extraordinary appearance; they had not remained long in this situation, when the hoarse but deep barking of a dog struck on their ears, and immediately the shout of a man re-echoed through the mountain. They knew not whether to remain as they were, or to fly; before, however, they could have time to come to any determination, they were startled by the shriek of a flock of sea-birds which had built their nests on the verge of the cliff, and being roused by the noise of the dog, had all fled up together; at once, two or three bullets whistled by them, and striking against a piece of hard rock near our travellers, fell flattened at their feet. A loud scream now first discovered to the fowlers the situation of the wayfarers who soon caught the hurrying steps of some persons approaching near. Impassioned exclamations in the Irish language were distinctly heard, and almost at the same moment there appeared above them two fierce looking figures, holding blazing torches of a kind of oily wood, which is found in great plenty under all the marshy grounds of Ireland. They were accompanied by a huge dog, whose shaggy coat and fiery eyeballs were extremely terrific;---unaccustomed to the sight of strangers, he sprang forwards at the ladies, and would have torn them, had he not been called off by the men, whom, with a smothered growl, he instantly obeyed. Astonishment for some time kept them all silent,---the men gazed in wonder on the travellers, who dared not, through excess of terror, utter an expression. Amy had shrunk from their view, but the other, making an exertion beyond the usual tone of her deportment, and assuming a majestic air, addressed the rude huntsmen in English, and using all the ges-

ticulations impelled by fear or entreaty, explained to them her situation, and besought them to conduct herself and her companion to some place where they might pass the night more comfortably than where they were at present. The men looked at each other as if for explanation, and muttered a few words which were unintelligible to her, notwithstanding which, perceiving that her words made some impression on the mountaineers, she renewed her entreaties;—they comprehended her meaning, though apparently ignorant of the expressions used to convey it, and beckoned her to go back for a short distance, whilst they proceeding forwards, still over their heads, led the way. Amy was assisted to rise by her less timid companion, who encouraged by this unexpected succour, hastily drew her cloak in closer folds around her body, and went on as rapidly as her guides, who conversed between themselves, and, when stopping to trim their fir torches, would sometimes cast a look behind.

The appearance of the mountaineers corresponded to the awful sublimity of the scene around. One of them was somewhat above the middle size, and his features, though of an olive complexion, were finely formed, and had nothing in them, stern or forbidding; his habits of life had given them a wildness, which nevertheless, was only visible when under the influence of any passion;—he wore the ancient dress of his country,—a tunic, or short coat of a saffron colour, a kind of trowsers made tight to fit close to the shape, boots formed of deer or goat skin badly tanned, and a black felt hat with a broad leaf and conical top;—his thick black hair was tied up in that kind of knot known by the name of *glibbe*, and his upper lip was covered with the *cromleah*, or moustache, generally worn by the old Irish chieftain;—a horn, adorned with a long green tassel was slung at his breast;—a broad leather belt encircled his delicate waist, from which hung a long broad knife, and a short but wide cloak thickly plaited depended from his left shoulder. His companion had the appearance of a more determined character;—his size was almost gigantic;—his complexion was of a deep black, and a long scar that ran across his face, together with the bushy *cromleah* upon his lip, added much to his natural ferocity, and inspired terror in the breast of the beholder;—his dress was almost the same as that of the other, with the exception of the horn and the boots;—he had a long rifle slung at his back, and in his hand he bore that of his companion;—he seemed much more advanced in years than the other, and though so ferocious looking, promptly attended to every word spoken by him, who in fact appeared to be his superior. They had proceeded for the space of forty or fifty yards, when the guides made a sudden halt, and stooping to the ground, succeeded in removing a large stone which blocked up the entrance of a pathway that lay between two projecting cliffs; up this passage they led the ladies, who now perceived a winding pass cut along the mountain, and which terminated in a valley not far distant; thither they were directing their steps, when the younger huntsman addressing his attendant by the appellation of Donacha, appeared from his manner of speaking to be giving some commands which were immediately obeyed. Donacha delivered his fir torch, and proceeded at a rapid pace along the narrow road which led down to the valley. The wayfarers knew not what to think of this occurrence, and fear, together with the consciousness of not being understood by the guide, prompted them to express their thoughts to each other:—“Alice Howard!” said Amy, pressing the arm of her companion close to her side, “Alice Howard! we have fallen into the hands of

banditti."—"Bandittit!" exclaimed the guide, as he stopped to trim his torch, "Howard! who speaks of Howard? who is Howard?" Amy shrunk from very fear, when she perceived that she had been understood; but the other, not at all daunted at the appearance of his countenance, as his dark eyes lit up with a sudden glow, answered firmly, "My name, sir, is Howard, and my companion here has been expressing her fears lest we may have fallen into the hands of robbers." "Robber is rather a harsh name for a person who has been in the act of rendering a service," replied the mountaineer, "had we been persons of that description, we need not have brought our victims from the spot where we found them; after having plundered them, we could easily have pushed them off the cliff into the waves below,—thus"—shewing the manner with a motion of both his hands joined, as they now stood on the eminence of the valley, where a large chasm in the precipice discovered to their view, the ocean beneath;—"but," said he, "allow me to ask you how far you may be going, and what brought you to the dreary spot where we first met with you?" "Our intention," said Alice, "was to have reached the castle of an outlaw, named M'Diarmuidh."—"M'Diarmuidh!" replied the mountaineer in astonishment, "M'Diarmuidh! I happen to know that outlaw, as he is named, and this encreases my surprise, as I am certain that he has never been honoured by the acquaintance of such persons as now accompany me." "His name," replied Alice, "has been extended too far, and too widely for himself; whilst the unoffending infant shall want its parent, and the youthful widow deplore her husband, so long shall M'Diarmuidh's name be known and remembered with detestation; even as the lightning blazes but to scathe, or the steel shines but to destroy, so hath the name of M'Diarmuidh been to the orphans and the mothers of the sons of England!" "The tongue," said the stranger, with great emotion, "the tongue that injures most, is ever ready to accuse; think you, lady, shall not the worm which is trodden under foot lift its head against its destroyer? Shall the wearied stag lie tamely down to be torn by the tooth of the meanest dog, and not rather keep his hunters at bay? Shall the heart which is broken, the bosom which is riven by unmerited persecution, lie cold as the wave which throws its strength on that beach,---shall it without a struggle be calcined into dust;---shall its best blood be poured on the land which first heard its beating, and shall it not cry aloud for vengeance? Revenge is the only comfort left to the children of woe and desolation!" "If woe and desolation have made fewer the sons of Ireland," said Alice, "it is because they have acted basely and traitorously to their lawful sovereign:---the olive branch of peace has been held out too often, but the assassin's knife, and the murderer's rifle have been the sole returns." "Let not the soldier speak of fear," hastily replied the mountaineer, "nor the tyrant of justice---nor yet the Sassenach of assassins!"---"All that guilt can claim its own," interrupted Alice, "may here be found---and chief of all, rules here---the infamous M'Diarmuidh!" Amy had long endeavoured to restrain the impetuosity of her companion; but in vain, and all attempts to that effect served but to infuse double vehemence into her tone:---as she repeated the last sentence, her eyes became dilated, even fire seemed to flash from them, and her pallid features were covered with a passing glow, like the golden but momentary brightness of a cloud floating in the west at sunset. The stranger stopped, looked sternly at Alice, and raising his voice, said,—"Whosoever you are that came hither to insult an unoffending outcast, hearken to me,---thus far have I treated you

with meekness,---I would have conducted you safe to your journey's end,--- have entertained you hospitably, and dismissed you unhurt, for never hath the house of M'Diarmuidh been closed against the wayfaring stranger.--- now the die is cast :---my language henceforth is that of the conqueror; you are my captives, and I will shew you my power; know, lady, that I am that infamous M'Diarmuidh!--the rebel to his liege lord, the traitor, the assassin, and the murderer!"

They had already passed the valley and were standing on a rugged beach, when this conversation thus terminated. M'Diarmuidh immediately applied his bugle to his mouth, and blew a mad sound which re-echoed amongst the mountains they had left; at once the ferocious looking man whom they had seen before, appeared with five or six other wild figures bearing torches of the same kind as M'Diarmuidh raised aloft. A thousand *failltes* were shouted out, but he, appearing not to notice those expressions of joy, cried out to them in the Irish language, and pointing to our travellers, gave, in a hurried and impatient tone, some directions to his attendants. The apprehensions of the travellers were by no means lessened by the departure of the outlawed chief; although so violent, his presence might seem to afford better protection than what they dared to expect or hope from their present guides.

They had just come within sight of the castle (if it deserved the name) of the M'Diarmuidh. It was built on an immense piece of black rock covered with sea weed and white shells. The height of the base from the level of the sea may be about ten feet, and the high water mark encircled the front of the rock a foot below its superficies. To the north of the rude edifice, and at the distance of less than a quarter of a league, were piled upon each other huge frowning mountains, which themselves were bounded by a long wild marsh. A pleasant bay intervened between, thickly planted with small islands, or rather large brown rocks in fantastic forms, which, in a stormy evening such as this, had the appearance of a fleet of boats anchored there. To the south-west was perceived the wild but romantic situation of Cape Clear, which to a fanciful mind appeared to extend its arms towards the small island lying before it, like a father vainly stretching out his hands to save his child from the whirlpool that threatened to engulf it. The ruins of the little chapel that formerly stood there, in which monks of the Franciscan order officiated, were scarcely visible. Far to the north-west, and almost opposite to this, the fastnett of Caragaonar reared its head, at the base of which hailed and thundered an immense body of water. That part of the sea washing the rock of Kilcoh is called the bay of Bealtamuir, from a small village which lies at the corner of the base of the triangle. The edifice itself was about forty or fifty feet in height, and had it been built on a plain, would afford but poor defence for its inmates. But, situated as it was---the rock sown ocean in front---mountains at each side, and a wide marsh bounded by a deep glen in the rear, it could have defied the united force of multitudes, though defended but by its present inmates.

Unlike the tall castellated buildings of the Normans in former days, it possessed no outworks, no court yards, no deep moats, portcullis or drawbridge. The materials composing it were taken from the sea-shore, where large stones may be found in abundance. As it stood, it presented the appearance of a place of defence got up in haste, and contrived in extreme necessity, and as a last resource for preservation. Long dark passages built in the

body of the wall facing the sea, into which the light was admitted by loopholes, served instead of battlements and watch-towers.

The snow had now ceased, but the wind became higher, and the roaring of the sea louder, as it lashed the craggy beach, along which our travellers and their guides proceeded. Alice went on in a bold determined manner, and her gentle companion, now seeing the little utility in shrinking from what could not be avoided, exerted unusual resolution. Their savage attendants exhibited no signs of pity, nor yet did they attempt to offer the slightest rudeness. They were left to clamber over the rocks and stumble through the entangled sea weed by themselves.

They ascended to the entrance of the castle by means of steps cut rudely in the rock; the passage to it was at the south side. A very narrow door-way afforded them ingress. The aspect of the interior was such as corresponded to that of the outside. No bards awaited the return of their chieftain, and welcomed him home with the song, as in the happy days of Ireland. No banquet was spread at all hours for the wearied traveller, nor sparkled the *mòrat* in the golden cup from the hands of kneeling pages. Centinels were pacing to and fro, along a path dug in the rock, armed with long carbines, and, now and then, conversing with each other. Their dress and arms were nearly the same as those of the persons whom we have already described. Into this abode of gloom and terror, Amy and her companion were conducted by two of those who had led them thither;---the rest had remained without to relieve the centinels. The first apartment into which they entered, occupied the entire length and breadth of the building. The dark roof was arched so as to give it the appearance of being lofty. Musquets,arquebuses, rifles, and old rusty swords were piled around the walls, and in one corner could be perceived an old harp, the strings of which were broken. A blazing fire on the hearth threw its heat around, and made amends for the inclemency of the weather abroad. They were suffered to remain there but a short time: one of the men went out and immediately returned carrying a torch; he beckoned to his new guests to follow him, which they according did; a low door which they had not at first perceived, was opened in a corner of the wall, through which they disappeared; a narrow flight of steps made in the thickness of the wall led up to another door, which, standing ajar, discovered to them a small square chamber or rather dungeon. Into this they were compelled to enter, which, when they did, their conductor, turning the rusty key on the outside, immediately departed. It is impossible to describe their feelings, as they heard the retiring steps of their gaoler waxing fainter, like the last voice of an echo. All hope was now nearly lost, on account of the imprudence or impatience of Alice. She, however, did not entirely give herself up to despair; and, perceiving that her lovely companion exerted herself much beyond her natural resolution, assumed a *nonchalance* which she did not really feel. Looking round her prison room, she endeavoured to find some passage which might afford a chance for flight. She called to mind what her husband's servant had communicated to her, respecting the dungeon dug in the rock, and conceived new hope from this recollected information. She took down an iron lamp which lay on a large high table, and examined every part that seemed to offer any hope, but though the walls were old and damp, and the floor broken, still the apartment appeared to defy the efforts of at least its present occupants to escape from it. About seven or eight feet from the ground, they could perceive some-

thing which answered the purpose of a window. Though the extreme top of it was only seen, it might have been eight or ten inches in circumference, so that to attempt getting out by that small aperture was impossible. They could distinctly hear the sea dashing against the end of the building, where this prison room was situated. "At least," said Alice, after searching to no purpose, and casting many a wistful look at the hole, through which she could see the heavy black clouds rolling over the heavens; "at least we will endeavour to climb up here, and discover in what part of the castle we are confined; my strength, I fear is not equal to the removing this unwieldy piece of furniture," and she caught hold of the corner of the table which resisted the repeated attempts to remove it, made by her and Amy. They were in this anxiety, when, loud cries and exclamations in the Irish, re-echoed along the shores, and were heard above the noise of the breakers. The billows lashed with increasing thunder the rock on which the castle stood, and the spray and foam were driven through the hole into their apartment; the loud wind wailed through the chinks of the wall, and threatened to overturn the rude and loosely built edifice itself. Even something like the distant report of cannon was heard, in the short intervals of silence that the wind afforded.

Curiosity was now wrought to intensity,—fear, hope, and a host of contending passions gave energy to their efforts, and with one sudden struggle, they succeeded in throwing the heavy table on its side. By turning it over in this manner, they at length brought it under the aperture. Taking an old worm-eaten chair, which was in the apartment, they placed it upon the table. This experiment fulfilled their wishes; Alice fearlessly mounted this temporary platform, and looked out on the scene below. The prospect was truly dreadful. The broad, black waves mounted proudly and exultingly over the small islands that intersect the bay of Bealtamuir, and to a poetical imagination, the foam which they tossed aloft presented the idea of so many barbed war horses dashing over a field, whilst their snow-white manes waving in the wind, was contrasted with the sable armour which girt their breasts and flanks.

She perceived that their prison was situated at the angle which faced the north, and whilst endeavouring to catch a view of a light on the distant ocean, she heard the grating of some heavy bodies along the rocks at the other side. As she drew back her head, she again perceived afar off, a flash, and soon after, she heard the report of cannon rebounding amongst the opposite cliffs. "We must now await the event in patience," said she, as she descended from the table, "I trust all is as I wish, if so, we may soon hope for deliverance." "See you aught of the frigate, behind the cliff?" said Amy, with renewed courage; "No," replied Alice, "it is impossible on such a night of storms and darkness to see it." The noise had now somewhat ceased, but still an unusual bustle and hurry seemed to be going forward, almost under the chamber in which they were confined.

With limbs tottering from fatigue and fear, Alice again mounted her scaffold, and once more ventured to look abroad: nothing save the direful screaming of the mountain bird, roused from repose by the loudness of the tempest, struck her ear: still, however, faint murmurs were heard from that part of the building, where the inmates were supposed by this time to be engaged in their revels; and, now and then, a shout arose, which raised a wild echo through the vacant walls. The hopes of the prisoners were revived; but they considered it, as yet, rather premature to present any signal to their friends at sea.

Their lamp was just expiring, and seemed as it were to lengthen out its flickering flame, in order to afford them time to provide against the emergency. An hour had passed, whilst they were engaged in thinking of some expedient; at length, Amy recollected a long silk scarf which she wore suspended across her breast and back, and tied at her side: this, she proposed should be set fire to, and hung out at the loop hole in the wall, as it would answer the purpose of a torch. Alice immediately took the hint, and holding the extremity of the scarf, applied the other end to the flame; the light fluttering silk caught the fire at once, and was drawn blazing up, she thrust it out at the aperture, and waving it many times in the air, let it drop, when it became so far consumed as not to permit her holding it any longer. They were now enveloped in utter darkness, and remained for the space of ten minutes in breathless expectation, awaiting the issue of the signal. This at length was broken by the loud bellowing of distant cannon, which assured them that the sign was seen and acknowledged: peal after peal was heard, until at length, the mountains at either side answered each other with tongues of thunder.

All was nearly hushed within the building,—even the shouts were heard no more. Again she looked out upon the waters, and thought she perceived at a distance something like a light keeping a steady burning: nothing else could be distinctly seen on account of the darkness which brooded over the waves.

The period spent between doubt and fear by the prisoners was dreadful; now listening to catch the remotest sound,—now straining her head through the hard rugged stones which formed the casement, to perceive the gleaming of a solitary torch, which might have been left in the banquetting hall;—at one time pacing the narrow apartment with hurried steps,—at another, leaning, with her pure pale cheek propped by her hand on the corner of the large table; Alice awaited in suspense the issue of her hazardous attempt. Amy, whose less daring mind and more sensitive spirit, seemed but ill suited to danger or hazard like this, leaned against the damp wall of her dungeon, and like “the trembling vassal of the pole,” was sensibly alive to the least suggestion or motion of her companion. Within that meek and gentle form were concealed feelings which were unconscious of their own power, until elicited by some energetic external cause; whilst hope whispered, they slumbered,—but when grim despair came lowering, and the last ray of expectation fled, they then rose buoyant above the wreck of effeminacy. The hardened spirit breathed that all was lost, and nothing left for fear; her unwonted fortitude rose wildly, like that unnatural strength “delirium gathers from the fever’s height.”

After watching for a considerable space of time at the narrow aperture, she heard the dashing of oars in the little bay; she dreaded lest the ignorance of the mariners in navigating so dangerous a creek, may prove their own destruction;—her anxiety was worked up to the highest pitch. Whenever they were driven near the cliffs on the south side, they could be perceived by the contrast their dark figures made with the snow,—but when the little bark was again dashed out into midwave, she entirely lost sight of them. At length, however, they could be seen attempting to land, but on a part of the rock considered the most dangerous;—a boat filled with men was now seen under a projecting piece of rock, which one of the crew held with extended hands,—the stern at one time raised to a level with the crag, by the force of the billows, and now sinking as if into a fathomless gulph be-

neath,—sometimes the entire frame squashing the wave at every heave. With difficulty, a small anchor was cast out from the poop, and made to grapple with the rock; but just as they were about to effect their landing, a huge wave came roaring in their rear,—the rope snapped asunder,—two or three who stood on the gunwale; were swept off,—and the boat was swallowed up in the horrid vortex. An involuntary scream burst from Alice, as she beheld them disappear;—shriek followed shriek, until at length, the inhabitants of the castle were roused from their repose. Lights now gleamed from all sides from the hands of the wild looking figures who issued forth to know the meaning of this unwonted disturbance. All around was the height of tumult and excitement,—and as she fearfully watched the motions of those who were searching every corner of the creek for an explanation of the shrieks they heard, she could perceive in their drowsy and haggard countenances, the strong effects of their violent potations. Long streaming torches gleamed over the dark waters from the surrounding cliffs. The Irish had scattered, and but very few remained near the rock on which the castle stood; two or three were seen flying like stricken deer over the mountain to the north east. All was hurry and confusion; when a long roll of musquetry reverberated through the hills, from behind the rock where Alice supposed that the boat's crew had perished. The Irish were almost struck lifeless with terror, and for some time stood motionless as statues. A second peal, however, roused them from their torpor, and at once yelling out their war cry, bounded forwards in the direction of the castle. They were entirely without arms; for in their haste and confusion they had forgotten their usual precaution. Soon they gained the fort; and quicker than thought, they stood an impregnable body on the rock of the building. Deafening shouts of “M'Diarmuidh; aboo,” rose over the roaring of the tempest, which were immediately succeeded by a deep volley of barquebuses, which they had snatched from the walls as they ran along. Alice, saw with surprise that their chief was absent; and, recollecting that the edifice must have been left without one person within it but themselves, resolved to come down from her watching place; and attempt to get out; drawing in her head therefore, and throwing back the dark ringlets which overshadowed her face, she descended from the table, and suggested to her companion the propriety of seeking for egress from their prison. Amy consented to the proposed measure, and intimated her own wish to mount the temporary structure, and see how affairs were succeeding outside. She entreated Alice, first to rest for some moments, and endeavour to compose her spirits, which had been so violently excited by the terrifying occurrences of that night,—and ascending with the lightness of a sylph, took her station at the casement. Her white robe now and then blown back by the wind—her fair hair streaming “in all the wildness of dishevelled charms” over her neck and shoulders—and her cheek blanched by the keen mountain air, might give her the appearance of that interesting and amiable spirit called the Benshee, watching the issue of some party conflict, and trembling for the safety of her favoured chieftain. “There---there!” cried she, “our party has not perished---they rush out on their foes!---hark!” she exclaimed as a dreadful yell burst from the Irish on perceiving the least glimpse of their invaders. The noise of wind and wave was now lost in the din of battle---in the volley of fire arms, and in the shouts of the combatants, “They are routed---they are driven back!” said Amy, her interest in the conflict being highly excited, “there!---they are

dashed down headlong into the waves---they are now approaching the castle!" "What means that other distant shout?" said Alice faintly, as she leaned her head against a protruding stone;---"I know not," replied the other;---"aye! now I see---oh God! what multitudes are pouring from the mountain, headed by M'Diarmuidh himself,---they rush forwards, a moving body of flame,---Heaven save us! there is now no hope,---all is utterly lost!" "Hush, Amy, let them not hear you from below, keep a patient look out, but not too far, gird up your robe, lest it prove a mark for some well aimed bullet;"---Amy did as she was directed, and drawing herself in, kept her eye steadily watching the movements of the parties.

This sudden attack had quite sobered the Irish, who were in a state of vestial intoxication from the wine which had been drifted on shore as a decoy. Had they been taken in their moments of coolness and preparation, there had been from the beginning a hope of conquering them with much less danger, but now when roused from utter torpor and insensibility to the other extreme, the contemplation of the event must have been dreadful.

The conflict was at its utmost height. The assailants endeavouring to approach the castle, and the assailed employed in repelling their attacks, and making many fruitless attempts to drive them back into the sea. A dense cloud of smoke enveloped the combatants, but the steady and well kept-up firing---and the frequent tumbling of dead bodies into the waters, told that the battle was incessantly continued. It appeared that the English had gained reinforcements from the frigate behind the cape, for the mountaineers were seen endeavouring to retreat towards the castle which lay in the rear; this movement, however, only proceeded from the necessity of defending the fort from a party of the assailants who were hurrying along the swamp to attack it.

In this position they had continued for some time---and presented a picture, every feature of which was fraught with horror. More than half of the Irish employed in keeping the invaders off, and preventing others from landing, naked from the waist upwards; the strong sinews of their brawny busts protruded from hard exertion from the skin which covered them.---their leather belts, squeezed tight around their waists, from which hung large pouches made of goat skin, with the hair turned out;---their large bare feet torn by the flinty stones, with many a track of blood along the ground;---the effect given to their features by the cloathing of black hair on the upper lip, and the red, spotted kerchiefs swathed around their heads above which arose the thick plait of the *glibbe*, all corresponded with the wild aspect of marsh and mountain. and the wilder roaring of the deep. The bayonets of the red coat English marines effected great mischief. It was only when they came hand to hand that the Irish were compelled to give way---the naked backs and breasts of the poor mountaineers offered but little resistance to that horrid weapon, and victory had almost decided for the Sassenachs. In the rear of the castle, however, a better fight was kept up, under the shelter of the high cairns the assailed could take deliberate aim at their enemies, but even then, superiority of number had the advantage, and the balance inclined in favour of the English. Affairs were in this state when the morning broke slowly from the east.

Amy still continued in fearful silence at the window, awaiting the issue of the battle, when the early dawn exhibited to her view the dreadfulness of the prospect beneath, and now and then making abrupt reports of what she

saw to her companion ; she had just been in the act of turning quickly round, and was crying out with a loud voice, " Heaven be praised—there is Howard himself !" when a bullet aimed perhaps at the fluttering white robe, but aimed too surely, whistled by and entered her left side which was exposed to the window!--uttering a faint shriek and pressing the wound with both her hands, she fell back against the wall. At the mention of the name of Howard, Alice started up and ascended the platform,—the first person she beheld was her husband hurrying from the hill. Her first act was to scream out and waive her robe in the hope of being able to make herself seen. Not perceiving this to be the case, she leaped off the chair on which she stood, and ran towards the door, forgetting that all egress was denied her. She had not even recollected that Amy was present, so much was her mind engrossed by the joyful tidings she had heard. She thought that it was surprise alone made her shriek, but the jolting of the table scattering the blood which flowed from her side, first intimated to her the dreadful event. She now forgot every thing as she gazed sternly on the ghastly face of the lovely young woman who remained leaning against the corner of the room, her eye glassed with the tear of anguish—her lips pale and quivering—her look fixed on Alice, and the blood spouting from the wound made by the bullet. She ran towards her, clasped her in her arms, and kissed her parched lip,—“ you are hurt my Amy,—oh God ! you are wounded ! Why did I permit you to accompany such a forlorn creature as I am !—speak to me, my poor Amy,---speak to me, my love---lean your head on my shoulder, and I will bind up your wound---take courage, all will yet be well,---I only am to blame.”---She threw her arms around the slender waist of the dying girl, and wiped the cold dew which sat upon her temples. Tearing her robe in pieces she bound it tight about the wound, which stopped the blood for some minutes ;---with delight she saw her cheek assume its natural colour, and her lip its soft vermilion. But---it was transitory ;---it was only the hectic that announces approaching dissolution. Amy opening her eyes, looked at her companion, and faintly smiling, whispered “ all is over---take no more trouble with me, for my days are numbered,---the ball was well aimed.---I feel it tearing my vitals”---and she uttered a deep sob as she pressed convulsively on her side, “ I die content---you have found your husband, and I my brother,---carry me to my native land that the maidens of England may visit my grave,---the wish is foolish”---and she smiled again, “ but no matter---it would console me in my last moments---farewell ! Alice---farewell my sister ! tell Howard that I died for him---no more---adieu ! --oh !”---and her head fell on the breast of Alice, as the last breath escaped from her lips. Struck dumb with grief and terror, Alice Howard for a long time gazed senseless on the lifeless hand of Amy, which she yet held firm in her own. At length when the paroxysm was over, and when recollection came, she started up---dragged down the chair, and placing the dead body of her companion upon it, she ran, shrieking out the name of her husband at the window, in vain she tried to burst open the strong door which was fastened too well on the outside---she hurried about the apartment deprived of sense and unconscious of what she was doing, and then presented herself at the casement in the hope of meeting with the fate of Amy. At length she heard the rush of people below, and soon the steps of some one were heard approaching this chamber of desolation. The next moment the door flew open, and she sunk lifeless in the arms of her husband !

The morning which arose on this night of storms and massacre was bright and sunny. The sun beams playing on the snow clad mountain tops shed over them a rich golden glow;—the sea not yet entirely at rest rose in mock billows not unlike the marked furrows of a corn field. It was fair as a morning in November may be. Not many signs of last night's conflict were visible, except a few broken swords, or torn kerchiefs, or now and then a faint track of congealed blood.

The English had become masters of Kilcoh castle, and would have burned it to the ground had they not been prevented by Captain Howard; and such of the Irish as had escaped the bayonet of the marines fled to the mountains and concealed themselves in their deep ravines until the Sassenach should have departed.

A kind of mattress covered with black stuff and which was brought from the frigate, formed the bier on which the remains of Amy were brought from the castle. A long pinnace decorated with black silk streamers floating mournfully over a pavillion erected in the stern, was moored at the bottom of the rock. The oars were all muffled---and the six rowers sat on their benches, motionless, waiting for their sad freight. The procession began to move slowly towards the shore, following the corpse which was borne by four marines in uniform. Alice and her husband walked at its side in deep woe. A strong guard of marines followed by their Lieutenant, with bayonets fixed and trailing on the ground, in the centre of which was M'Diarmuidh, brought up the rear; the appearance of the entire party was sad and sombre as the morning was glad and enlivening. They took their stations in the boat---the dead body was placed in the pavillion and the boatmen moved quickly from the rock. They soon arrived at the ship which was lying at the other side of the cape, and they mournfully lifted on its deck the bier on which reclined the remains of poor Amy.

It had been intimated to the unfortunate M'Diarmuidh that he should take his trial before a court composed of the officers of the frigate. The necessity of the times compelling the government to adopt this mode of determining on the life or death of the rebel when found in arms against his liege lord. The practice itself, though it may seem barbarous in these days of mildness and forbearance, yet possessed no horrors for the *Cavaliers* in the days of Cromwell, as well from its frequent occurrence, as from the trifling value set upon the lives of the "mere Irish." At this time, however, though their victory had cost them dear, the English soldiers exhibited, in their manner of treating him, not the least sign of disrespect towards their prisoner; perhaps they may have been influenced in this by the example of Captain Howard.

The necessary forms of justice were observed in this particular; the Captain of the frigate presided as judge of the Court. There seemed not much necessity for entering into any detail concerning the guilt of the outlaw---his crime was sufficiently evident. During the time that the judge was addressing him, he remained standing, with his arms folded and his dark eye fixed on the countenance of the speaker. A melancholy wildness seemed to settle on his features---yet, no tremor of the lip---no change of colour---no involuntary start of horror betrayed his unwillingness to die, as he heard the sentence of immediate death about to pass from the lips of the

officer. His whole demeanour was such as gained him the good will of all---for, even when bound by the shackles of prejudice, Englishmen venerate spirit and honour in an enemy. Universal silence pervaded the entire spectators---not a sound was heard, until the pause before the sentence, when Captain Howard came forth and bowing addressed the court in favour of the culprit;---a distinct murmur of approbation and applause now arose, and cries of "save him---save him!"---burst forth. The only emotion perceived in the countenance of M'Diarmuidh was when he saw Howard interposing in his behalf: his face became flushed---and he bent his brow in seeming displeasure,---however not a word escaped him. "I have done much for England," said Howard, "perhaps not more than befits a subject, but yet gratitude is due to the subject who has toiled in her cause. I ask not a benefit which will make you lose by granting, but which will make me truly rich. You will not desire the extinction of a luminary because it is sometimes obscured,---destroy not then the spirit because it has erred. I ask you but to save him until we reach England,---and then let the tongue plead for its benefactor---he has protected me in the hour of peril, and I will return the obligation. I ask him not to become a traitor to his country, but he can become an obedient subject to our government,---his talents can have wider scope, and will be more honourably exerted than in the wild foray of an outlawed bandit. England will extend the right hand of fellowship to the enemy with whom she is reconciled.---Cut him not off in the bloom of manhood."---"Tempt me not with hope," hastily interrupted the chieftain---"tempt me not with the expectation of pardon from foes with whom I dared, but could not, cope. Alone of all my land, shall I swear fealty and submit to the iron rod of the stranger? See where that sunbeam falls upon the castle of the M'Diarmuidhs,---but does it brighten it as in its days of gladness? Look how that sea bird wheels round its battlement.---There its masters stood, and all the land exulted in joy.---The song of the minstrel was heard in its halls. Where have they gone. Here I stand the last,---a fugitive---an assassin---a murderer---a rebel;---I am proclaimed---outlawed---banished; who would have cared for the villain M'Diarmuidh? my sole resources in my path were that last hold---my band---my sword; that ye have hunted me from;---the eagle rules in the cliff alone---the cormorant nestles in the rock---the stag fleeth over the hill, but to the native of the soil a refuge is denied; my band that would have followed their chieftain to death, have been swept off from the earth,---the wail of their widows and orphans is alone heard among the mountains, my sword is broken, and its fragments cast into the wave---then what is left for a M'Diarmuidh. Ye would take him to the land of the stranger and hang him? Know then, that he is still the same as if the half of Monona could call him her lord. Have I not preserved *you*? Yet they call me cruel. Have I not been goaded to undutifulness.---Have I not---but, it is silly;---heard ye not the wail of the woman?"---and he pointed to the mountain from which a woman's funeral cry was distinctly heard.---"Where is her habitation!---where is the prop of her house---where---but laid low by the bullet of the Sassenach---the Sassenach!" and he dwelt on that word with agony, and repeated it with vehemence---"Lo!---it is my Benshee,---I come!---I come!"---and waving his hand to those around him, he sprang over the bulwark, and sank into the waters! The act had been so sudden and unexpected, that in their confusion they had not time to

save him; they hurried to the pinnacle for that purpose—he rose once, and then sank to rise no more, and the bubbles that came up told that his brave spirit had departed!

The English did not long remain in that melancholy spot, for a wind springing up, they unfurled their sails and stood out to sea. Not a man on board but was concerned for the fate of the unhappy outlaw, and Alice remembered him with regret, for he had preserved her husband.

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I have often visited on a calm summer's evening, when the sunbeams seem to pant upon the waters, this romantically situated castle---the entire of which exists as yet. It distinctly views its own image on the little Archipelago that lies before it, on the isles of which I have often sat, and mused on the days that are gone by. The peasants who live near it, never pass without muttering a prayer for the departed soul of the lady who died there; and for the chieftain who sleeps beneath the wave. There is a piece of timber shewn, in which is pointed out the hole made by the ball that killed her: and they yet retain a superstition concerning the room in which she was a prisoner; the purport of this is, that if any two persons enter at the same time this apartment, one of them will shortly die.---It has obtained the appellation of "*uaig na mnyden*"---or "the virgin's grave."

Though this is probably untrue, yet I have not heard of any person who attempted to perpetrate this dangerous chamber. I was often tempted to transgress the precept, but I confess something like terror precluded my entrance---I have been more than once lingering on the old staircase in the wall, but could never summon resolution enough to go farther

SONG.

There is an eye of azure blue;

'Tis thine, if thou canst gaze, my love! (*Sotto Voce.*)

There is a cheek of rosy hue;

'Tis thine, if thou canst praise, my love! (*Sotto Voce.*)

There is a hand of snowy white?

'Tis thine, if thou canst sue, my love! (*Sotto Voce.*)

There is a heart of love and light;

'Tis thine, if thou canst woo, my love! (*Sotto Voce.*)

There is a shining golden braid;

'Tis thine, if thou canst kneel, my love! (*Sotto Voce.*)

There is a gentle smiling maid---

She's thine, if thou canst steal, my love! (*Sotto Voce.*)

SACRED MELODIES.

I.

From the land of the foe and the stranger they came;
And they stood in the home of their fathers again,
Their hands were uplifted—they spoke not a word—
When Eedras unfolded the book of the Lord.

'Twas a day of rejoicing—their freedom was won;
In the blaze of its glory the proud temple shone,
The victims were burning—the incense rose high,
And wafted its volume of sweets to the sky.

Yet they wept—as in rapture they silently gas'd,
'Twas in Judah once more that the holocaust blas'd;
They wept—for they thought on the hist'ry of years;
And the heart in that hour had no language but tears.

II.

Oh thou, who the bliss of thy presence dost prove;
When the purest of spirits thy glory proclaim,
How joyful I feel at the homage of love,
That's rendered to thee in thy odorous fame!

How I wish that on earth the same spirit of light
Would pervade with its soul-cheering glance ev'ry part;
That to serve thee—to praise thee, were all our delight;
And the bonds of the blest would unite ev'ry heart.

Then, this earth to a love-lighted shrine would be changed;
And mankind would bow as one brotherhood there;
Nor would peace with her censor of sweets be estrang'd,
Nor the bright eye of faith be suffus'd by a tear.

Then—then, thro' the clouded horizon of hope,
The glow of thy truth in its splendour would beam,
And her own pensive smile which in sorrow awoke,
On the pale cheek of Patience more bright would be seen.

THE BATTLE OF CLONTARF,

A Report of a Meeting of the Eccentric Club.

"And who are the eccentrics?" My good sir, that is a question which to ask "argues yourself unknown," but in pity for your ignorance I will afford you an opportunity of becoming acquainted with our illustrious society, not by regularly sketching their characters *à la mode de Bruyere*, but by allowing them to describe themselves, for what saith an ancient author? Even this plain sentence; "speak that I may know thee."

The society having met for the dispatch of business, on reference to the order book, it was found that the first business for the night was to take into consideration Mr. O'Donnel's poem on the battle of Clontarf, which he had promised to submit to the criticism of the members. Mr. O'Donnel having been called on by the president, took his seat in the poets' corner, and commenced to read as follows;—

'Twas on the plains of Clontarf
That the Danes and Norwegians their neighbours
Had so numerous a clan,
That the Irishmen ran—

here the poet was suddenly stopped by a roar from Mr. Hoolooohoo, that would, if delivered in the vicinity of a churchyard, have effectively dispelled the slumbers of all that reposed there,—“Oh, Mr. President,” said he, and stopped for a moment, as if overwhelmed in a flood of indignation, or rather as if his words in their hurry to get out had jammed each other at the portals of his ponderous lips, “*oh tempora, oh mores, cead milh dhiaoul*, what words or what language can describe.”—“Upon my word,” said captious Conway, you have tried three languages already, and unless you take Greek or Hebrew, I know not what language can satisfy you”—“the horrible, atrocious and false charge,” continued Mr. Hoolooohoo, (regardless and probably unconscious of interruption,) “the groundless and absurd imputation cast on the valor of my native land,—

Look all around this lovely isle,
Its fields that with such verdure smile,
Each bubbling fount, each rolling river:
Could cowards such a land defile—
The very earth exclaims no—never.

shall then Mr. O'Donnel in verse as contemptible as the insinuation, dare to assert in the teeth of history, that at Clontarf the sons of green Erin fled like—like”—

“Like dogs with tin cannisters tied to their tails,
Down, down, down derry, down,”

sung Mr. Cooke, “I see friend you want a simile,” but Hoolooohoo frowning at such unworthy aid, continued his speech, “I call on Mr. O'Donnel in the name of outraged truth and justice, to retract his unworthy and ma-

licious assertion, I call on him to vindicate his abused countrymen from a charge that was never made!" said O'Donnel, gravely reading the verse through—

"Twas on the plains of Clontarf
That the Danes and Norwegians their neighbours
Had so numerous a clan,
That the Irishmen ran
To cut down the foes with their sabres.
The Danes stood before them in pride,
Former conquests of new hopes creative;
They had conquered all Shetland,
And England and Scotland—

"The devil they had," said Conway, "why, Mr. Chairman, the poet is resolved to be full as great a conqueror as any of the heroes whose prowess he describes,—his victories over history will require another poet to celebrate them. The Scotch, sir, were never conquered by any invaders; the Irish were indeed subdued by the northern pirates.—

"Never" thundered Hooloo-hoo.

"What, not in the days of Turgesius?—No,—that history is an allegorical description of fat pigs." Here a roar of laughter loud and long assounded our Irish antiquarian, who, however, without altering a muscle, proceeded thus to the proof of his point.---"A Danish vessel laden with acorns, was shipwrecked on the south coast of Ireland, near a monastery; the monks used the acorns to feed their pigs, and as they fattened on this diet, the monks called the year annus Turgesius from *turgeo* to swell and *sus* a sow," but I grant Mr. O'Donnel to be in error when he says, that even the illegitimate descendants of the Irish, which the Scotch indisputably are, could be conquered by the vagabond Danes.

Mr. O'Donnel who looked unutterable astonishment at the Turgesian theory, stated without entering into irrelevant controversy that it would be found that what he had stated respecting the conquests of the Danes was precisely true, for---

They had conquered all Shetland
And England and Scotland,
Except what was kept by the native.

Here Conway again rose, and was beginning a new philippic, with, "Mr. Chairman, in Murray's English Grammar, page"---when a unanimous cry of "read—read"—sent him in a furious rage to his seat, Mr. O'Donnel continued,---

They joined in a desperate strife,
For the slain many mothers lamented,
Arrows, javelins were thrown,
And the bayonet and gun—

"Mr. Chairman," said Conway, "I must be heard! was there ever such a glaring anachronism as the introduction of fire arms at the battle of Clontarf? Sins against grammar and metre our society seems disposed to tolerate, but I must raise my feeble voice," and he roared like the Homeric Stentor—"I say, I must raise my feeble voice."—

"Not another note higher," interrupted Cooke, "if you do not wish to destroy my sense of hearing for ever."

"And protest against this monstrous violation of historic truth."

"I will save the learned member's lungs," said O'Donnel, "for had he but kept his temper for a single moment he would have found the violation of historic truth to exist merely in his own mind,—

Arrows, javelins were thrown,
And the Bayonet and gun
Were *not* yet used, because not yet invented,
The bravest from sweet Munster came
With Brian Boru at their head sir,
And from Morven's high hall
The gallant Fingal—

Hooloohoo and Conway both rose together, but the chairman decided in favour of the latter, who to the utter astonishment of the meeting opened on us with a parody on Pope's Homer,

Fingal! Fingal! oh! at the very name
My rage re-kindles and my soul's on flame;
'Tis generous anger and becomes the brave,
Dup'd by the stories of a fool or knave.

There never was such a hero—he only exists in the lying legends of Macpherson, or the still more apocryphal and interminable tales with which the Irish antiquarians amuse, or rather abuse the public.

Hooloohoo is perfectly mad on every subject connected with Irish Antiquities in reply to Conway, delivered a speech which we are completely unable to report—he spouted seven hundred lines of Ossian in Irish, which he asserted surpassed Homer in melliflence and grandeur, and contained history to the full as true, and far more accurate than the works of Tacitus and Livy, and in conclusion, abused poor O'Donnel most unmercifully for having thrown a doubt on the existence of Fingal, by bringing him down to so late a period; to this O'Donnel replied by completing the stanza

From Morven's high hall
The gallant Fingal
Would have come but alas! he was dead sir;
For Brian then tune the loud harp,
And relate of his courage the story;
Who after the strife
Led a very long life

"he was killed on the field of battle," whispered Hooloohoo;

Led a very long life
In verse and the annals of glory,

said Mr. O'Donnel closing the paper and coming over to the table * * * Just at this moment our reporter was called away, and on his return he found the meeting about to adjourn, having resolved that the business of the next night should be the receiving of Mr. Cooke's essay on burlesque poetry, and the conferring the degrees Bachelor of Merriment on Mr. O'Donnel, and Doctor of Merriment on Mr Cooke. The proceedings of this meeting shall be forwarded by an early opportunity.

SECTORIUS.

LINES BY LEUMAS.

The rosy morn with gladdening red
 Had smiled the darkness away ;
 When Emily rose from a sleepless bed,
 For this was her bridal day.

Her maids were hasting to deck the fair
 An offering at Hymen's shrine,
 A fillet to bind her jet black hair,
 With roses of white they twine.

And pearly satin in richest folds,
 With jewels of dazzling light ;
 The lace---the gauze---the lama of gold
 Were blazing with diamond bright.

My merry steeds greet, her father cries,
 The joy bells mirthful sound ;
 From Ratler's* feet, see the fire spark flies,
 Jet Bess is pawing the ground.

Why tarries my daughter, the mother calls ;
 Her lover, why thus delay ?
 The nobles wait in the marble halls,
 Then hie thee to church away.

Ah hasten, a voice at her chamber sighs,
 Ah hasten my Emy to me,
 With tardy pinions the morning flies,
 While Edward is waiting for thee.

She heeds not the noise of her father's train,
 She hears not her mother's call ;
 A death pang shoots through her burning brain,
 Her maidens are weeping all,

A winding sheet was her bridal robe,
 A mattock the husband wed ;
 A funeral bier the palfry she rode,
 And a grave her nuptial bed.

The above is a true story. In march, 1825, the Hon. Miss E----- dropped suddenly dead while in the act of dressing for the marriage ceremony.

* Ratler and Bess her two favourite horses.

IRISH POETRY.

According as a nation advances from barbarism to civilization, its condition becomes less picturesque, and its language less poetical. In the progress of artificial life society gradually assumes a tame and uniform aspect, and in proportion as a language is made subservient to the purposes of science and commerce although its vocabulary may be enlarged, it loses the bold and figurative character of its primitive state. The scope for individual prowess is continually narrowing—the passions which stimulate to enterprise are checked or disguised, and the language which was glowing and illustrative from being made the almost exclusive vehicle of feeling and imagination becomes chastened down to the sobriety of cold reflection and conventional forms.

It will not, we think be denied that at the period our language ceased to be cultivated, it was more highly poetical from the imperfect state of our civilization, than any of the European languages of the present day. Let us not be understood however as coinciding with the opinions of those who sneer at our claims to early civilization. These persons have for the most part, substituted hypothesis for argument, and sophistry for facts, but whilst we assert that Ireland was the Goshen of the moral world, during the reign of Gothic darkness, we are willing to admit that our advances in artificial life even at the period were comparatively limited, and that for some ages previous to the English invasion, the retrograde which had taken place in the Irish mind was very considerable.

However much the national character has suffered in its enthusiasm, and the language in its purity, the Irish temperament still continues ardent and imaginative, and our national tongue being radically euphonic possesses even as yet great facilities for versification. The extraordinary powers for extemporaneous composition which our Irish *improvisatori* exhibit, furnish a striking illustration of this assertion. From the properties of its mechanical structure, it appears more musical than any of the modern languages of Europe. It is more sonorous in its quantities and more vocalic in its construction than the English. Its modulations are as delicate—and its terminations more varied than those of the Italian, and it may be said to combine the majesty of the Spanish, and the suavity of the French, without the croaking gutturals of the one, or the nasal monotony of the other. To some we doubt not that this opinion may appear to proceed from an overweening nationality; but we must say for our own parts that our judgment on the subject has not been hastily formed, and that in its adoption we have endeavoured to preserve the impartiality of the judicial temper unimpaired by any undue prejudices. An occurrence which has fallen within our own observation may serve to give a greater degree of credibility to our words, with persons unacquainted with the Irish language. A poor Italian happened to travel some time since through the interior of this county. He was equally unacquainted with the English and the Irish tongue, and could only judge of either language from its harmony. When he heard English spoken, the words appeared to grate upon his ear with peculiar harshness, but his countenance brightened up, and his whole manner evinced the greatest delight on hearing the liquid and sonorous flow of the Irish language. With such powerful col-

lateral causes, it is not to be wondered at, that our poetical temperament should survive the changes of society, and it cannot be questioned that even at the present day, (although the quality has degenerated,) the quantity of poetry produced by the lower orders of this country exceeds that of any other people in Europe.

It is true that minstrelsy is no longer a profession in Ireland. The pageantry of the feudal times is long since faded into the dreams of history. The chieftain is no more—the castle is a ruin, and the festive hall is still and grassgrown. But the genius of the people remains eminently poetical, and although the harp is rent and broken, the spirit that informed its chords has lost nothing of its fire and of its tenderness. *Filleas** continue from time to time to arise amongst us, and to cheer the sorrows and the privations of humble life with the light of song. We admit that the pervading spirit of our poetry, like that of our music is of a melancholy and in some instances almost of an oppressive character, and that even its light effusions are “pleasant but mournful to the soul.” But few will question its power over a people acquainted with “the joy of grief.”

There is no species of Irish Poetry more characteristic than the *Caoín*—or death song. It neither exhibits those marks of identity which pervade the popular legends of every country, nor is it amalgamated with those extraneous allusions which distinguish the Jacobite relics and other political effusions, but preserves unbroken the essential traits of an ancient usage, and exhibits the Irish mind under the excitation of one of the most powerful passions. Unlike many other customs, instead of degenerating, it appears to us to have improved with time, and in its present extemporaneous state, it has frequently excited our feeling to a degree which the accompaniment of the harp, the choral and semichoral divisions—and the entire musical arrangement, which give such an artificial character to its ancient form would have been unable to effect. Whatever the influential causes may be, and we think they are very obvious, it must be admitted that no people cherish the memory of their departed friends with deeper feelings of love and veneration than the Irish. It is true that the expression of their sorrow like that of their other passions is often violent and exaggerated, and may grate rather harshly on philosophic ears—but for our parts we have not merely found matter for curiosity, but even for sympathy and interest, in the funeral ceremonies of our countrymen. It may be that silence and privacy are better adapted to the house of sorrow than the bustle of a numerous assembly, and that the silent throb and tear better express the feelings of the mourner than the loud voice of lamentation.—Yet apart from the difference of national temperament, we cannot help thinking that a little extravagance in this way is just as pardonable as the opposite extreme of apathetic coldness with which our more polished neighbours discharge the last sad offices of humanity. Although the beautiful sentiment copied by Gray from *Clio Magno* may be nothing more than the exposition of our frailty, it is certain that our sensibility to the endearments and tributes of affection becomes more acute in our last moments, and it was not perhaps the least severe of the calamities which the Prophet denounced against the impious Joachim, that there would be none to “mourn over him.”

From the enquiries we have made concerning the tragical circumstance that gave rise to the following effusion, we learn that Felix M'Carthy had been compelled during a period of disturbance and persecution to fly for safety to a mountainous region in the western part of this county. He was accompanied in his flight by a wife and four children, and found an asylum in a lone and secluded glen, where he constructed a rude kind of habitation, as a temporary residence. One night during the absence of himself and his wife, this ill contrived structure suddenly gave way, and buried the four children, who were asleep at the time, in its ruins. What the feelings of the father were, will be best learned from the following lamentation. We have been most anxious to give as clear an idea of the original as possible, to the English reader, and for this reason we have rendered some passages *verbatim* and have endeavoured as much as possible to transfer the powerful feeling and energy of the original, at the expense of those lighter graces of composition which are of very subordinate importance. In point of style the merits of the original are very considerable. It is superior to any specimen of Irish poetry we have seen as yet—both in chasteness of expression and harmony of language. Of these however the English reader can form no idea. In speaking of the process of translating Irish poetry into English, we shall not use Alfieri's figure by saying that it resembles transferring an air from the harp to the hurdy-gurdy, but we think it has been the impression of all who have attempted the matter that at best they merely succeeded in rendering the energy of the original, to the exclusion of those graces which are peculiar to the Irish tongue, and which form a part of its mechanical structure. The lament which we subjoin, concludes with a fearful curse on the glen where the accident occurred. He prays that the sun and stars may never shed their light on it—that the curse of the Most High may wither it up—that the “poison of its treachery” towards him may ever adhere to it, and he baptizes it “the glen of ruin, from that day forward, because in one night it made an old man of him, in the bloom of his youth.”

IRISH POETRY,

OR

LAMENTATION OF FELIX M'CARTHY.

I'll sing my children's death song tho'
 My voice is faint and low,
 Mine is the heart that's desolate—
 'Tis I will mourn their fate.

I'll sing their death song tho' the dart
 Is ranking in my heart,
 No friend is here my pangs to soothe
 In this deep solitude.

Irish Poetry.

Weep not the widow's grief to see,
 When wild with agony ;
 Nor mourn to hear the bridegroom rive
 Above his partner's grave.

But weep for one whose bitter wail
 Is poured upon the gale,
 Like the shrill bird that flutters nigh
 The nest where its crushed offspring lie.

Yes! I will sing this song of woe,
 'Tis life's last spark shall glow,
 Like the swan floating on the surge,
 That murmurs its unwilling dirge.

Thou Callaghan devoid of sin,—
 And Charles of the silky skin,—
 Mary and Anne my peerless flower
 Entomb'd within an hour,

My four sweet children fair and brave
 Laid in one grave—
 Wound of my soul that I should say
 Your death song in one day!

Vain was the blood of Eiver's race,
 And every opening grace,
 And youth undarkened by a cloud
 Against an early shroud!

Mute are the tongues that sang for me
 In joyful harmony;
 Cold are the lips whose welcome kiss
 To me was heavenly bliss.

Oh! but for him whose head was bow'd
 Mid Calvary's mocking crowd,
 Soon would I fly the painful day,
 And follow in their way.

Yet mourned not he in voiceless gloom,
 O'er Lazarus in the tomb?
 Rushed not the flood from his dimm'd eyes?
 Heav'd not his breast with sighs?

Yet for his kindred from the clay
 That earthward darkling lay,—
 Then do not chide that I should mourn
 For them that went return.

And mourned not the pure Virgin when
Her Son transfixed by men,
Writh'd in the throes of his dark agony;—
Then blame not me.

At midnight's hour of silence deep
Seal'd in their balmy sleep,
Oh! crushing grief,—oh! scathing blow;
My lov'd ones were laid low,

Methought when bow'd this head with time,
Around me they would twine,---
Nor reck'd that I should mourn their lot,
A thing of nought.

'Twas meet to him affection they should prove
Who gave them *all* his love,
And to old age the night concede
Their path to lead.

Beauty and strength have left my brow,---
Nor care nor wisdom have I now;---
Little the blow of death I dread,
Since all my hopes have fled.

No more,---no more shall music's voice
My heart rejoice,---
Like a brain stricken fool whose ear
Is clos'd 'gainst earthly cheer.

When wailing at the dead of night;
They cross my aching sight---
They come, and beck'ning me away;
They chide my long delay.

At midnight hour---at morn---at eve,
My sight they do not leave;
Within---abroad---their looks of love
Around me move.

Oh! in their visits no affection's lost,
I love the pathways by their shadows cross'd;---
Soon by the will of heaven's king,
To their embrace I'll spring.

I pity her who never more will know
Contentment here below;---
Who fed them at the fountain of her breast,
And hush'd their infant rest.

Her faded eyes her anguish speak,
 And her clasp'd hands so weak—
 'Tis she alas! of Erin's slaughters
 Hath seen* the ruin of slaughters.

As the next piece regards the popular superstitions, it may not be unnecessary to give a summary sketch of the principal personages which figure in Irish phantasmology.

The *dhaoine maha*, or good people, is the generic title under which are comprehended all our supernatural visitants. It includes not only the *Pooka* species with its varieties, but also the *Benshee*,—the *Fetch*,—the *Lenauntshee*,—the *Sheefraogue*,—and the *Clanicaune* or *Leprichaune*. As must necessarily occur in a science which is so very fanciful, the specific traits are but indistinctly shadowed out, and the nomenclature is charged with the perplexities arising from a vague and indefinite system. Having consulted some of the modern *senachies* and *filles* on the subject, we shall endeavour to give the reader some idea of the prevailing notions concerning the traits and functions of the shadowy tribe. The reading portion of the British and Irish public have been long since introduced to the *Benshee*. Neither the ancient mythology nor the beautiful superstitions of the south, furnish any personage equal in power and pathos to this melodious apparition. It is but fair to add also that she continues to linger longer amongst us than the rest of the spectre tribe,—and there are thousands to be found even at the present day who have listened with shuddering interest to her song of sorrow. The concern which she appears to take in the fate of mortals,—the fidelity with which she discharges her funeral office,—her melancholy aspect, and the wild sweetness of her unearthly dirge, render her a great favourite with the sons of the *Gäel*, and her name is generally pronounced with affection and veneration.---The *Lenauntshee* however, is either still a stranger, or only partially known to the British public. It bears a strong resemblance to the attendant genius of the ancients; but on the whole, its character is benevolent, and its influence propitious. It watches with fond anxiety over the object of its predilection, and assists him in every doubtful and dangerous emergency. The famous *Cuthullin* was much indebted to its exertions, and many of the marvellous feats which he is said to have performed, are explained on this principle. In one of the popular legends in which mention is made of his prowess, he exclaims, on seeing the slaughter caused by his invisible friends,—*Clinim na buillie tromma tieumh is nie fhicim an lamh do bheir*,—that is, "I hear the quick weighty blows, but I do not see the hand that gives them."

It must be admitted however, that the *Lenauntshee* has not been uniformly a propitious visitant. On some occasions it has exhibited traits of a very opposite character. It has seduced the young and the thoughtless from joys of the social circle,—compelled them to seek the solitary heath and mountain lake, in melancholy communion and absorbing converse, and dried up all the joyful springs of the heart, until its victim "smiles no more," and amidst the unavailing caresses and endearments of anxious friends, droops to an early grave. These instances, however, are rather rare, and its disposition is on the whole benign and philanthropic.—The

* This last expression may appear strange to the English reader, but it is a literal translation of the original.

Pooka is a malignant sprite which exults in the destruction of the human species. It stands upon the brow of some darkling mountain, and slays with its breath whoever has the rashness to approach the lonely region over which it presides, or it descends to the highways and kills and maims the benighted traveller, and exhibits the strangest metamorphosis with extraordinary ease and celerity.—The *Claunicaune* or *Leprichaune*, is the most unique species of the *dhaoine maha*, both in costume and profession. It is well known that they are all followers of Crispin, and well acquainted with hidden treasures, but possessed of such supernatural cunning, as in most instances to be able to baffle the sagacity of the most acute persons. Although the point of the following piece has suffered by translation, yet it possesses, even in the original, very little intrinsic merit; we merely introduce it for the purpose of illustrating those cases of abduction in which the good people have been sometimes concerned. It is said to have been sung by a young bride, who was forcibly detained in one of those forts which are so common in Ireland, and to which the good people are very fond of resorting. Under pretence of hushing her child to rest, it appears that she retired to the outside margin of the fort, and addressed the burthen of her song to a young woman whom she saw at a short distance, and whom she requests to inform her husband of her condition, and to desire him bring the steel knife to dissolve the enchantment. This latter circumstance bears such a strong affinity to one of the leading principles of the Rosicrucian philosophy, that had we leisure for the enquiry, we think we could demonstrate some striking analogies between the vulgar and the learned superstition.

CUSHEEN LOO.

Sleep my child!—for the rustling leaves
 Stirr'd by the breath of summer breeze,
 And fairy songs of sweetest note
 Around us gently float.

Sleep! for the weeping flowers have shed
 Their fragrant tears upon thy head;
 The voice of love hath sooth'd thy rest—
 And thy pillow is a mother's breast.
 Sleep my child! &c. &c.

Weary hath pass'd the time forlorn,
 Since to your mansion I was borne—
 Tho' bright the feast of its airy halls,
 And the voice of mirth resounds from its walls.
 Sleep my child! &c. &c.

Full many a maid and blooming bride
 Within that splendid dome abide,—
 And many a hoar and shrivell'd sage
 And many a matron bow'd with age.
 Sleep my child! &c. &c.

Oh ! thou who hearest this song of fear,
 To the mourner's home those tidings bear,
 Bade him bring the knife of the magic blade,
 At whose light'ning flash the charm will fade.
 Sleep my Child ! &c. &c.

Haste !---for to-morrow's sun will see
 The hateful spell renew'd for me ;
 Nor can I from that dome depart,
 'Till life shall leave my withering heart.

Sleep my child ! for the rustling leaves,
 Stir'd by the breath of summer breeze,
 And fairy songs of sweetest note,
 Around us gently float.

The last piece we subjoin, is a translation from one of the poems of Timothy O'Sullivan, better known by the name of Taiddigh Gaeligh.

It has been executed by one, whose exalted genius, and eminent proficiency in Irish literature, constitute him a worthy successor to our immortal bard. O'Sullivan's poetry is exclusively of a devotional character, and although inferior in point of style to some M.S. pieces on a similar subject which we have seen, is remarkable for a depth of feeling, and energy of expression which we have seldom seen equalled, and which it is very difficult to transmute into another tongue. It possesses one striking recommendation, that of reflecting the character of the bard himself with singular fidelity. The early part of O'Sullivan's life was unfortunately very dissipated, and during that period, he composed some licentious songs, but afterwards, being touched with remorse for his conduct, he was resolved to atone for his former criminality, by the fervour of his penitential exercises,—entered on a pilgrimage, and dedicated his lyre to the cause of religion.

• • • • • • • •

ON THE LAST DAY.

Oh ! after life's dark sinful way
 How shall I meet that dreadful day,
 When heav'n's red blaze spreads frightfully
 Above the hissing with'ring sea,---
 And earth thro' all her regions reels
 With the strong---shiv'ring fear she feels.
 When that high trumpet's awful sound,
 Shall send its deep-voiced summons round---

And starting from their long, cold sleep,
The living dead shall wildly leap !
Oh ! by the painful path you trod,
Have mercy then---my Lord ! my God !
Oh ! thou who on that hill of blood,
Beside thy Son in anguish stood---
Thou, who above this life of ill,
Art the bright star to guide us still ;
Pray that my soul, its sins forgiv'n,
May find some lonely home in heav'n.

J. J. C.

LETTERS FROM FLORENCE.

NOTE TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

The collection of letters which accompanies this note are the production of an esteemed and valued friend. They were written some months ago during a residence in Florence, and were never intended to meet the public eye. If, however, you consider them worthy of a place in some future numbers of your Magazine, they are entirely at your disposal, as I know my friend, were he in Ireland, would desire to lend his assistance to so valuable a publication, though he may possibly regret, that a hurried and unfinished correspondence with a relative, should be subject to literary criticism, particularly in its present imperfect state. The letters are certainly written in a diffuse and careless style, and require considerable revisal,—probably you would undertake the task :—for my part, I am quite incapable of doing so. The first letter of the series is more or less of a private nature, or at best, is but an introduction to the others. Would it not be advisable to omit its insertion altogether ?

Your's, &c. &c.

J. O'D.

Cork, 6th June, 1826.

Florence, 23rd September, 1825.

MY DEAR JAMES,

On my return last week from a rural excursion, undertaken at the suggestion of a medical friend, I found on my table a few paintings, which I immediately perceived were representations of scenery to me familiar “in days of yore,”—as also a small note in your writing, con-

taining the words, "*n'oubliez pas votre promesse.*" This indication of an Irish arrival, was quite sufficient to elevate my spirits, to animate my whole being, in anticipation of meeting some happier native of the Emerald Isle, and to dispel those pensive thoughts I love in this land of strangers occasionally to cherish. My servant, however, could give me no clue by which to discover to whom I was indebted for the parcel. It was left by a "*Facchino*," and came from an "*Inglese*," who, speaking neither French nor Italian, merely pointed to the direction, wisely suspecting, from the intelligent appearance of the porter, it would safely reach its destination. I was sadly perplexed,—I wrote a note to our Ambassador requesting to know whether an English or Irish gentleman lately arrived had paid his respects to his excellency. I then sallied forth to the bankers on the Piazza del gran Duca, to learn some tidings there;—I received no satisfactory information, and proceeded on my usual contemplative perambulations amidst those precious monuments of art, which were every where around me, leaving to time the explanation of the mysterious arrival of the parcel. As I was strolling near the celebrated Loggia, the architecture of which, I have so often ventured to describe to you, with perhaps the pen of an enthusiast,—my attention was suddenly arrested by the sound of a well known voice, to the broad and sonorous tones of which I had been accustomed in the buoyant days of my youth; when time, or a too close contact with the world had not yet dried up the sources of those harmless pleasures that made the years I spent in my native country appear like a dream of delight, which I can never hope will visit me again. I was at the moment contemplating that unrivalled production of the eccentric Cellini, the Perseus, and passing in review before me all the difficulties he encountered, and the vexations he experienced, before he had finished that master piece of art,—when the words "my dear friend, is this you?" reached my ears,—I turned,—judge my surprise—N—was before me,—his fine blue eye and honest manly smile, I instantly recognized, and though his appearance indicated less health than he enjoyed when we pursued our sports over the lands of * * * *—though his face was hid in the ample curls of huge black whiskers, which uniting under the lower lip, concealed from my view the peculiar formation of his chin; still his strong features, unaltered either by the circean power of modern fashion, or the more prevailing influence of time and indisposition, removed all doubts I may have entertained as to his identity. I knew the excellent associate of my happier hours;—the mystery was explained,—my blood warmed,—the next moment found me in his arms, and we embraced with all the affection of early friendship. Oh, how can I describe the pure unmixed delight,—the rapture felt by the sojourner in a foreign clime, when he meets the companion of his youth,—the native of the same land,---and the harbinger of tidings from that home, where dwells the objects of his fondest affections;—his heart swells with the fullness of the enjoyment,—all passing scenes become lost to his observation, and for the moment he yields himself to the uncontrolled influence of the noblest feelings. Poor N—, to him the rencontre was equally gratifying;—we have been together since we met;—I have already shewn him some of the lions of Florence, which, without my assistance, his ignorance of the French and Italian, would prevent his seeing with satisfaction. I am pleased to learn my mother's health is restored:—would you could induce her, before winter assumes the ascendant, to change the cold and humid atmosphere of Cork, for the genial and regenerating cli-

mate of this country;—three months residence on the Chiaja of Naples would insure her existence for years. Maria, if I may judge by those specimens N—brought, has wonderfully improved in landscape painting; those last three years. Her view of Turk lake by moonlight is exceedingly well finished,—it has a vast deal of the rich colouring and romantic wildness of Salvator Rosa, though it wants, to obtain my unmixed approbation, a little more of his softness in the outline. Prince Corsina, who, saw the drawing this morning, says it exhibits great promise in the “young Artist,” but thinks the lights and shadows are not sufficiently defined for moonlight scenery.—Will Maria forgive me for parting with her beautiful view of “Blackwater Bridge—” I assure her, it is in the possession of a nobleman, whose attention and kindness has been unremitting during a three months lingering confinement to my sombre apartment, owing as usual to a fit of rheumatism.—He took so great a fancy to it, from its resemblance to a landscape of Claude Lorraine, belonging to his brother, that I requested his acceptance of the painting, and it now occupies a post of distinction on the walls of the Palazza Strozzi.—N— informs me that you dread my feelings for my native country are not so warm as they were wont to be—that the classic ground of Ausonia has weakened my attachment for the land of my forefathers—that the sun of Italy will seduce me into a constant residence on the shores of the Mediterranean, and that Mola di Gaeta or the enchanting Baïæ, will be the future sojourn of an Irish absentee.—My dear friend, you do me every injustice in supposing that any thing I see around me could produce such an effect on so enthusiastic a patriot as I am proud to say I am.—On the contrary, the distance which divides us serves only to make my heart turn with a more restless anxiety to the country of my birth, and with a more ardent longing for the sweet home of my affections—though in the midst of Italian Scenery, alternately splendid and desolate—in one direction delighting by the verdure of its soft and delicious vales—in another astonishing by the sublimity of its rough and majestic mountain tracts—though surrounded by the mighty monuments of Italian genius, and the mouldering momentos of its former greatness—though occasionally cheered and delighted by the Godlike recollections that still cling,—though the spirit is fled—to this wreck of a country—still I have not forgotten;—I cannot, I will not forget Ireland and the dear friends—the beloved few that fortune has yet spared me. Were you acquainted with Italy you would receive this assurance—My heart sinks with grief and despondency, when I reflect on the fallen fortunes and desolate condition of her people, when I feel that imperial incubus which is pressing heavily and fatally on its intellect, and its resources rendered more galling by the recollection that all her plans of regeneration have failed whether animated by the enthusiasm of the sons of Lombardy, or directed by the master genius of Napoleon. With such thoughts within, and such objects around me, often does my memory recur to the happy hours I spent in the society of my family, under a parental roof, and by the cheerful fireside;—often does the silent unsocial discomfort of my apartment, with all its sombre grandeur,—its faded frescos,—its heavy misplaced ornaments, remind me of home, and of all the unobtrusive comforts of an Irish dwelling.—Fear not then, my dearest James, that I can ever forget you or Ireland, and though my health may oblige me to reside in Italy this winter, I trust returning summer will find me in the bosom of a family I venerate and

love. I am delighted to learn you still prosecute the study of the Italian with unceasing assiduity and attention, and that you have become as enthusiastic an admirer of the literature of this country, as ever were Eustace and Byron.—Apropos, this reminds me of your laconic epistle;—"n'oubliez pas votre promesse," as I suspect it refers to a pledge I had given in a former letter to send you a historical sketch of the progress of illumination in the modern Italy with a short account of its most celebrated writers; I can redeem this pledge now with more facility than I probably then anticipated, as I very fortunately employed the hours of confinement to my room in arranging my ideas on this subject, in order to prepare for so formidable an undertaking, in case you insisted on my performing a promise I had made with something like Quixotic presumption,—I had my common place and literary diary before me, and Muratori, Tiraborchii and Lanzi were continually within my reach,—the two first to revive my recollection of the early history of Italian literature; and the last to restrain my too warm admiration of some favourite authors; the result of my reading and reflection I shall transmit you whenever a more certain and less expensive conveyance than the courier who takes this, affords me the opportunity; at present you cannot expect much more than a mere introduction to prepare you for the line of observations I mean to pursue in future letters. Indeed I have already taken up so much of this in describing to you my feelings on meeting an old friend whom I had always connected with my earliest and happiest associations, that I fear I shall be forced to check the flow of my ideas, and leave off the subject rather abruptly. Will you give me credit when I assure you I have undertaken this task; not with the vain hope of adding to your stock of information; for your hours of study have been more profitably employed than mine; but with the intention of proving to you how large the room you occupy in my affections; and with the fond desire of removing an impression you appear (I infer from your laconic epistle) to have received unfavourable to me from my long silence, and I will freely admit my unwarrantable forgetfulness. The space within which I intend to confine my speculations must be limited;—the arrangement I was able to make is necessarily hurried and imperfect;—so much has been already written; and written *well*, upon Italy, that my observations can scarcely aspire to more than the humble merit of furnishing you with an outline more or less accurately drawn; of the prevailing and influential features that have characterised the use and progress of its literary history. I aim merely at giving an abstract and gratifying my friend James by a few occasional reflections as resulting from a superficial acquaintance with Italian literature.---I leave you to acquire from abler writers the rich ample and voluminous details; I trust you will glance kindly over the few sheets I shall forward, in which I will attempt to trace with perhaps feeble and transient pencil, the past literary glories of this fine people, and at the same time that I shall claim your sympathy, while I unavailingly deplore; and would willingly forget their present political degradation.

It is, you must know, to the writers and princes of Italy, that we are indebted for the restoration of long neglected literature;---it was they who first *effectually* burst through the darkness of the middle ages---opened to us the stores of antiquity---displayed to us those intellectual treasures which were so long buried amidst the ruins of Roman greatness, and taught us to appreciate the wonders of ancient lore. To them do we owe some of the noblest productions of modern genius;---from them must we acknow-

ledge, that some of our greatest poets have borrowed the richest ideas that beautify their works, and on them must we look back with veneration as those whose illumination first dissipated the clouds that concealed from our view the rugged heights of Parnassus. True it is, that long before the Italians had shaken off that mental gloom which hung over their country, the work of *partial* regeneration was attempted beyond the Alps. Nay, before the present dialect of Italy had received any regular form of grammatical construction, the language of Provence had acquired an elegance and harmony of expression essentially poetic. True it is, the Troubadours were inspired, and sung their rich poetic lyrics to celebrate the prowess of Charles Martel, and the victories of Charlemagne, before Italy, the land of song, could boast of even the meanest versifier. True it is, that whilst the writings of Virgil and Horace were forgotten or neglected in the country where once they had afforded so much delight and interest, the roving poets of transalpine nations had in their enthusiasm opened to admiring Europe those abundant sources of Arabic fiction which afterwards formed so pleasing a portion of modern literature.—True it is the Italian sonnet is supposed to have been taken from the lyrists of Provence, and that the shackles of rhyme are borrowed from the evanescent effusions of its itinerant bards, yet after all, to Italy is our gratitude due, for the blessings which the restoration of letters had shed upon Europe; for the poetry of Provence was ephemeral and ineffective—its language has dwindled into a Patois, with which the honest peasant of Southern France is now alone acquainted, and the most admired productions of her poets have fled by like the passing light of a meteor, and are forgotten;—or at best are only to be found in the stately shelves of the Escorial library or hid amidst the parchment lumber of Monkish records. I must close my remarks, as I anticipated, abruptly.—Scarcely enough of the sheet remains to convey to you the assurance of my esteem and affection. With kind remembrance to all friends.

Ever your's, &c. &c.

H. O'D.

THE POWERS OF HOT WATER,

OR THE

NEW KERRY STEAMER.

All know Glentiesk—'tis near that lake so famous,
That beats the Swiss and British lakes so hollow;
No Kerry patriot, I'm sure will blame us,
If in this modest brag the Scotch we follow,
Who boast that nought can match, far less exceed
The wonders found on t'other side the Tweed.

The Powers of Hot Water.

Glanbeek presents a wild and woody steep,
 Where rocks seem tumbling down the mountain's side,
 There Pat O'Donoghue kept herds and sheep,
 And oft to Cork on pony would he ride---
 Pat was a strapping youngster, lean and bony,
 And 'twixt two firkins rode upon a pony.

Nought contreband did honest Pat convey,
 Although exciseman some such thing might utter;
 Careless he jogged along the King's high way,
 As well he may who only carries butter---
 I can't say if first quality or not---
 Pat said it was, and took what e'er he got.

Pat dearly lov'd to lounge about Cork streets;
 'Twas a strange contrast with his native vale;
 There, pastry cooks displayed their tempting sweets;
 And endless shops their various goods for sale;
 But most he gazed on what all else surpasses;
 Cork's famed variety of pretty lasses!

One Peter Pimley kept a little shop,
 In Blarney lane, perhaps 'twas in Blackpool,
 Where country boys were wont to take a drop
 Of Native---just to warm 'em when 'twas cool---
 Great friends they were---tho' differing, both were aly ones;
 And Peter often showed his friend the lions.

Peter took Pat along the busy quay
 That runs from Patrick's bridge down Lee's south side,
 Where sloops, ships, pleasure boats, in close array,
 Now rest on mud, now float upon the tide;
 After long silence, Pat thus op'd his lips---
 "I thought the world had not so many ships."

But by and by a Steam Boat hove in view,
 Portentous rushing against wind and tide,
 Volumes of smoke from iron tube it threw---
 Pat crossed himself, and in amazement cried,
 "What's that advancing with such mail-coach fury,
 A ship---with chimney--like the Porter Brew'ry?"

And now she nears us---bless me what a clatter,
 As if three bolting mills were working there,
 Or two mad roaring factions met to batter
 Their drunken heads at Castle Island fair!
 Am I awake?---In truth in what appears?
 For I can scarce believe my eyes and ears.

But let what will, below stairs light the faggot,
That drives this monster up the frighten'd Lee,
Above stairs it should seem, a merry maggot
Fills every bosom with high mirth and glee,
To be so gay on deck what can besot 'em,
With such a devil's furnace at the bottom?"

"Troth Pat, there's nothing strange in your surprise,"
Said Peter, "I myself felt equal wonder,
When first the Steam Boat met my startled eyes,
With speed of light'ning, and with noise of thunder---
Such rapid motion, without-oars or sails,
Made one at first believe 'twas drawn by whales,"

"Upon my soul," cried Pat, "a natty guess---
A harnessed whale would give a power of motion---
But 'twere the devil's own gang that could impress,
Such hands as that to serve upon the ocean,
And yet they say that elephants so big,
Are much less hard to manage than a pig."

Says Peter---"there's no witchcraft in the case,
The art is simple when you come to know it,
Nor whale nor devil here has any place,
As you yourself will own, when I shall shew it---
And in a word---believe me I'm not punning,
'Tis boiling water sets this vessel running."

"Avast! friend Pimley," answered honest Pat,
"Although I'm but a Kerry mountaineer,
Yet not so great a ninny for all that,
As to be humbugged by a tale so queer,
You might as well convince me by your blarney,
The Devil's punch-bowl's greater than Killarney!"

Of water boiled, I know the power and use,
Without it, what would come of us poor sinners?
It tender makes the toughest hen or goose,
And cooks potatoes for our daily dinners,
With it, who whiskey, lemon, sugar, brings,
Can make a liquor fit for Irish kings!

With mischief too, as well as good, 'tis big,
Unless you handle it with caution due,
'Tis excellent for scalding a fat pig,
But ugly business, if it scalded you---
In short, your friend, tho' sprung from country folks,
Is not to be entrapped by city jokes!"

The Powers of Hot Water.

Peter aware that reasoning would be vain,
 Pat's stubborn incredulity to move,
 Soon as the Steam Boat had dismissed her train,
 Took him on board the actual case to prove,
 Matter of fact, said Hudibras long since,
 Of demonstration is the sovereign prince.

Pat stepped on board, tho' not with right good will,
 Although the fire was out, the chimney quiet,
 Some apprehension trembled in him still,
 Lest flames below again might raise a riot;
 But all was safe---his friend was not deceiving,
 Pat saw, and own'd that seeing is believing.

'To neighbours, Pat's return was always dear,
 Sure as they were of something to amuse,
 He lov'd to talk, as well as they to hear,
 And ever come with budget full of news---
 Truth might not always give him things worth mention---
 What then? he draws, like others, from invention,

But all Pat's former story telling glory,
 Is nought to what his present hoard displays,---
 No wonder that the marvels of his story
 Were heard with silent, open mouthed amaze,
 Tho' some mayhap internally were crying,
 "Lord how this world of our's is given to lying."

Among the clowns who heard the wondrous tale,
 Was one John Bawn, a wight of sharp repute,
 Who thought how best he might himself avail
 Of boiling water his own ends to suit,
 For thus, he argued with consummate art,
 What drives a ship must surely drive a cart.

He had a restiff steed, ycleped a garron,
 Of strength enough, but obstinate and slow,
 Which hated any road to drag a car on,
 But voted it a bore up hill to go,
 Now then, quoth John, if boiling water forces
 A ship to fly, what will it do to horses?

John fixed a day for trying on his nag,
 The virtues of his new discovered notion,
 A boiling kettle, where the brute should flag,
 Was in the cart to give him quicker motion,
 Within a milk-pan some live coals he got,
 To keep his little boiler scalding hot.

Short time was lost in waiting for the trial,
For soon they came to bottom of a bill,
The unsuspecting nag made firm denial,
And 'stead of moving upwards, stood stock still,
John was prepared to make his nagship jump,
And poured the boiling kettle on his rump!

Jump sure enough he did, and gallop too,
Not with a Steam Boat's steady forward motion,
But like a bark deserted by her crew,
Tossed to and fro upon the troubled ocean,
Nor was it long, ere kettle, man and load,
With broken cart, lay scattered on the road.

Unhurt in body, but in mind distressed,
Sad from the ground the baffled artist rose,
Contending passions laboured in his breast,
And first he swore that Pat should feel his blows,
But after thought—a very sage adviser,
Whispered that silence would be vastly wiser.

"For accident," said he, "I'll let it pass,
A thing quite credible with steed so vicious,
Were I to blab—no Kerry lad or lass
But would esteem it as a jest delicious,
And well they might both mock me and despise,
For giving credit to Pat's monstrous lies."

STANZAS.

As lightly o'er yon moonlight sea,
Which shows the faint star's pallid gleam,
A silvery mist at times will flee,
But shadow not the placid main;
Lending the mirror'd light a softer grace,
Like modesty's bright veil on beauty's face.

'Tis thus above the sinless soul,
In its own purity arrayed,
The clouds of care and sorrow roll,
And lightly on the surface fade;
Whilst calmly bright, and free from every stain,
The smiles of Heaven, enshrined within, remain.

THE ENTHUSIAST.

Again, fair images, ye flutter near,
 As erst ye shone to cheer the mourner's eye !
 And may I hope that ye will linger here ?
 Will my heart leap as in the days gone by ?
 Ye throng before my view divinely clear,
 Like sunbeams conquering a cloudy sky !
 Beneath your lightning glance my spirit burns,
 Magic is breathing,—youth and joy returns.

• • • • •
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But ah ! they cannot hear my closing song,
 Those hearts for whom my earliest lays were tried,—
 Departed is, alas ! the friendly throng,
 And dumb the echoing spirits that replied ;
 If some still live this stranger world among,
 Fortune hath scattered them at distance wide ;
 To men unknown my griefs must I impart,
 Whose very praise is sorrow to the heart !

Again it comes ! a long unwanted feeling,
 A wish for that calm solemn phantom land,—
 My song is swelling now,—now lowly stealing,
 Like Æol's harp, by varying breezes fanned,
 Tears follow tears, my weaknesses revealing,
 And silent shudders shew a heart unmanned :—
 —Dull forms of daily life before me flee,
 The PAST,—the PAST alone, seems true to me !

FROM GÖTHE, BY ANSTER.

After a long and eventful life, which has laid many a burthen on my weary spirit, though it has also sent many a rushing tide of bliss through this still impassioned heart, I am at last sheltered in the depth of a solitude, which I have been able to create around myself in the midst of the din and bustle, the elaborate trifling, the pompous nothingness, and the plain, downright, plodding industry;—the rapidly and harshly alternating sights and sounds of revelry and of wretchedness; the tumultuous pleasures, whose voice is as loud as the shriek of the agonising pangs that are fearfully endured, or—more fearfully ended---and that too, in close neighbourhood, which makes the contrast more shocking, and the condensation of ill-assorted shapes of trial and enjoyment, of heroic suffering and selfish profligacy, of cant and religion, pretence and sincerity, into one narrow spot, nothing short of a grotesque and monstrous exhibition of tragi-comedy: in the midst of all those objects that go to compose the *material* of a large and popular city, and that truly convert it into a miniature of that huge *panorama*, of bewildering

dreams and conflicting passions denominated **THE WORLD**. It is not in wrath or in bitterness, but in gentle sorrow, that I have gradually withdrawn from every thing like active co-operation in the stirring scenes that are in progress around me:—though I still love to pursue into its recesses the worth which shrinks from the broad and vulgar admiration of a boisterous crowd, and is sure to receive at my hands the homage so congenial to its own over-timid and sensitive nature, as well as the support and encouragement so necessary to sustain its hopes and counterbalance its infirmities;—and though I have yet remaining, sympathy, full and fresh enough, to listen with interest to the history of some unnoticed sufferer, and soothe the pangs it is no longer in my power to heal. The activity of mere bodily exertion is considerably abridged by my advanced age; and the current of my affections has grown somewhat slow and languid in proportion as the physical channels, through which they have been used to flow, are worn away and enfeebled:—while the fountain itself, as its sanctuary is crumbling fast into decay about it, and the ruins are splashing into its bosom and choking its bed, is as pure as ever, but not so deep or so sparkling.

The greatest events that have ever chequered the destinies of mankind have happened in my day: and I have not only witnessed but borne a considerable part in them. In the prime of manhood, when my frame was vigorous and proudly erect, when the great passions that urged me to the field of ambition and glory, struggled fiercely, and, for a while, triumphantly, with the softer and more insinuating ones that invited me to luxurious repose, the mighty conflict between the new and fascinating opinions that were then broached and were spreading rapidly over the world, and the old institutions of government, religion and manners, which they aimed at unsettling and overthrowing, not only kindled the zeal and awakened the alarms of those who were more immediately concerned in propagating the one and in upholding the other; but sent its fire into the very heart of domestic life, in the most retired recesses of the most distant provinces;—where every youthful spirit was animated by the dazzling picture of that **LIBERTY**, which alone was said to be capable of working out the regeneration and purging away all the dross and abuses of mankind. To the young, thus panting for wild and terrible enjoyment, and thirsting after that beauteous vision displayed by the genius of poets, orators, philosophers and theorists, and ineffectually decried by the humble and calculating prudence of sober-minded and timid men, it was a matter of no consideration whatever—not worth the trouble of reflection—what a vast amount of confusion and bloodshed; of public devastation and ruin, of private anguish and destitution and guilt, would be offered as the price of this political redemption; and what a hecatomb of broken hearts and wrecked hopes—of innocence violated,—beauty defaced and dishonoured, and happiness crushed,—would be immolated on the altar, and involve in disgrace at once the temple, the priests, and their deity!! If these gloomy and disheartening anticipations *did* actually occur to some one of the visionaries who joined to the ardour of a sanguine temperament, the sedateness and steadiness of a reflecting mind; they were quickly dismissed as unworthy of the thinker himself, and as unsuited to the grandeur of the vast enterprise which—whatever might be its issue, the weal or the woe of millions—still held out in *that very grandeur*, its most seductive temptation to the noble-minded and inexperienced; which, moreover, if

the projects it grasped at should happen to be realised, would present to the gratitude and admiration of the universe an unbounded extent of utility—so consoling as to make men forget, in the exuberance of the harvest, the tears and the toil of those who perished while the seed was casting in, and the heat and brunt of the day were to be borne. These prospects, the influence of which was so deeply felt and widely diffused, were at first of that undefined and shapeless character which their probable remoteness, and their apparent impracticability must have lent to them. There was a visible glory kindling and beaming in the distance, and athwart the heaven of our hopes there was unfolded a flaming scroll bearing for its *LEGEND*, (amidst a thousand words that could not be decyphered, by reason of the very light in which they were traced, or of the throbbing yet joyous anxiety of those who were gazing on them,) an assurance of final *VICTORY* and triumph. This indistinctness in the details, accompanied by the vivid impression of reality as to the main result, made the pulse of nations beat quicker and fuller; and each individual breast relied, with a more unhesitating confidence, and a sharpened appetite, for the promised bliss, on the general and perhaps obscure intimation dealt forth, of the approaching disenthralment of the souls that were sunk down in bondage, or smitten by the despot, or goaded by the taskmaster. Each nation felt or imagined a series of wrongs of its own; each individual had an unproclaimed or a published catalogue of his peculiar grievances—endured and reluctantly submitted to, on the ground of some vague or fluctuating respect for the well-being of society, but for which he cherished a lurking wish to be avenged on the cause that produced them. No matter whether these hardships were generated by the morbid condition of their own mind and feelings—or were exaggerated by their passion for revolution and change; or, if real, whether they might not be increased rather than remedied;—or, finally, if partially or totally remedied, the remedy itself might not be lasting; or again, if lasting, it might only have shifted the load of inconvenience or oppression to another quarter of the social system, where it might press with equal force, perhaps, and greater bitterness.—The glorious vision was after all sure to be looked upon as the mysterious prognostic of the liberation of each real or imaginary sufferer: and the mist and clouds, brightening though they were, that still hung over the prophecy, could not but prove favourable to the fond interpretation that the honest and sensitive and warm hearted—though mistaken enthusiast might choose to put upon it. Even those who had no particular vexation to complain of;—who were flushed with youth, and elastic with health, and buoyant with the ennobling consciousness of independance in mind and fortune; who were proud of their high rank and still prouder of the beneficence of which it afforded so many opportunities; even they were not altogether exempt from a participation in those thrilling anxieties, that made their way into every mind that was not entirely bowed down in natural imbecility, or in contented ignorance. The generous and the good that belonged to this class, were, during the prevalence of those agitating hopes and fears, influenced mainly by an ungrounded and deceptive estimate of human nature, formed hastily out of the prototype that they found within themselves: overrating of course its tendencies to what is benevolent, as well as its capacity for progressing towards what is perfect. It is only the best men—though certainly not the greatest—that have always nourished this amiable delusion when in a contemplative retreat, and, in some

instances, have, staked their lives, property and exertions; or embodying the dream in something like a practical and tangible shape; and have only surrendered it as unattainable, when it has been shown to be productive of disorder or ruin—when either its votaries or its objects—or both, have fallen victims to the unsound but well-meant absurdities that have sprung out of it.

In every people, therefore, that had any pretension to civilization, and together with its benefits and blessings, inherited also some of those blots, imperfections and infirmities that have beset its growth and advancement, and have cleaved with almost uniform tenacity—to all the forms which it has been known to assume, there were not wanting numbers—as well of those who felt themselves aggrieved, as those, who, themselves unharmed, were resolved to hazard every thing for the sake of vindicating the obsolete or trampled rights, and pulling up by the roots the inveterate abuses and corruptions of the whole community. The apprehension or the desire of this “coming” change—which “threw” its vast dimly-defined, and tremulous “shadow before,” filled, deeply and agitatingly, the souls of men, and prepared them to meet, in terror or in rapture, any withering or benign aspect that the visitation should clothe itself withal, whenever it would descend on the kingdoms of the earth, and discharge its burthen of storm—purifying at once, and transient; or perhaps wrap them up in the darkness of anarchy and blood, and heap the ruins of all that was valuable and venerable in the ancient form of things, upon its now unredeemed corruption, and its unpropped feebleness,—rendering that corruption, permanent, and that imbecility, ferocious.

The delicious dreams of political regeneration, and of individual as well as of social perfectibility, that used formerly to amuse the scholar in his retirement, and console the visionary philosopher for the actual sorrows and calamities that fell to his own lot, or the lot of others, were at the period I am speaking of, not only as bright and captivating as ever, but looked like something fast ripening into a palpable existence;—to be no longer the calm and beauteous light descending from heaven, and throwing its hallowed splendour around the dusky cell of the dreamer, and on the mystic page he was devouring, visible only to the eye of him whose imagination had created it, whose fancy varied and enriched it, and whose proud and solitary spirit was gladdened and warmed by its presence: but to become a luminary of the firmament, spreading its glory on the mountain tops, and sending its visitation of life and heat and vigour and freshness along the remote and parched vallies: to become, in short, a thing of REALITY, destined no more to come and disappear at any man's bidding; or to be governed by the capricious operations of any man's genius—be it morbid or healthy—--as by a species of magical incantation; or to be tied down to the degrading and dishonourable compact of an evanescent and fluctuating form of existence, recognized in one spot, and disowned in another; fitfully gleaming and vanishing in some sheltered and beloved retreat, like the restless spirit of innocent and murdered beauty, haunting the scenes of her young and earthly attachment, and revealing herself, in a paroxysm of that love which the grave has not extinguished, nor the stroke of death been able to cleave asunder, to that faithful and pensive mourner who still hangs over her ashes, and whose feverish and aching sight is strained after the cold phantom which so feebly corresponds to the vivid image indelibly traced on his heart, or to the once living and glowing and unstained and de-

voted creature that was clasped to his bosom. No; the vision was no longer distant and indistinct; it was not a thing to be smiled away, or laughed away, or scorned away. It was not a lonely visitant at the shrines of the devotee; nor a timid wanderer amidst the cloistered haunts of the studious; nor a dubious and casual sojourner at the head of some consecrated stream; nor a worshipped inhabitant of some hermit's cave, whose depth it occasionally illumined, and whose dreariness it enlivened: but—to the yearnings of the whole world which was either crushed and pining and struggling beneath the load of antient despotism, or, in consequence of the partial knowledge diffused, more or less, throughout its kingdoms, with proud dissatisfaction, and reluctant and murmuring submission, was barely tolerating the antiquated abuses that had been engrafted on, and grown up with the best and purest constitutions;—to the world, in general, thus acquainted with its real grievances, tremblingly alive to the right and the necessity of their address, awfully and fearfully agitated by the very consciousness—newly awakened—of the power that yet lay dormant, and that it might be either *perdition* or *salvation* to rouse into activity, feeling at once, and groping its way with mingled delight and terror, to the experiment of what would probably be effected by its own merely physical energies when combined with the quickening spirit (and of what quality that great moral agent should be) by which they must be guided; yet, in a more special manner, to the young, the daring, the enlightened, and the enterprising portion of mankind—*wherever* they were to be found, amidst all the discrepancies of natural habits and manners, all the antipathies of national rivalry, and the still greater diversities of taste, knowledge and civilization,—to those minds on which, the causes and motives that pressed with *some* degree of force in every other quarter, operated with peculiar and overwhelming force, because their sensitiveness made them more acutely and gallingly quick in the perception of the pressure, while their elasticity made them more fiercely rebound and battle against it; to all these classes of spectators—whether taken in the aggregate or considered in the detail as far as regards the more influential groups dispersed here and there, the glorious prospect, (previously ridiculed as an idle chimera or scouted as an impudent illusion, or perhaps generously pardoned for the sake of the amiable but misdirected philosophy that had fondly reposed upon it,) began to lose its character of dimness and of floating indefiniteness, and to assume a bold, broad and distinct outline together with an aspect as bright as it was majestic. To the anxious and enraptured beholder and the eager listener—whether, before this crisis, he were a theorist or a practical man, no matter—there came a spectacle ardently longed for, yet hardly expected as probable; there came whispering sounds of freedom, as if from the heart of the mountain solitudes where it had been left to wander and breathe and sigh alone; and they were, each moment, swelling on the ear and rejoicing the soul, and gathering into a mighty and rushing wind that was expected to purify and embalm whatever it should cross in its path, while the roar, as if of many waters, into which its voice was too evidently rising seemed to carry terror only to the quaking breast of the oppressor, and to infuse fresh hope and strength into that of the oppressed and the virtuous. It was no wonder then, that every people and every individual should have gazed on those sights which at this moment were more obviously assuming the shape and bearing of the redemption best suited to their own peculiar wants and claims; and

listened to those portentous voices that were heard alternately loud and low; sinking at one time, to the soft and soothing cadence of pity and consolation, breaking out, the next, into the wild and plaintive wail over the dead or the desolate, and, again piercing the very heavens with the shout of victory and the song of triumph—sure of being heard by “each in his own tongue” and interpreted into the announcement and promise of the boon, whatever it might be, for which each sufferer panted, and by which all the desperate and designing who did not suffer, hoped to profit. The fascination by which the warm-hearted, well-educated and inexperienced were allured into a love of the changes thus gradually yet irresistably making their way through the world, and into a participation of the risques that were altogether inseparable from their progress, was greatly increased by the connexion that was supposed to subsist between the schemes of moral and political improvement then set afloat, and the ever-clear, ever-honoured cause of literature, the sciences and the arts. Through the whole of their career—from their cradle in Egypt, and their nursery in ancient Greece, to their grave in the bosom of Europe amidst the ruins of the Western Empire;—from their resurrection and revival on the spot where they had fallen, up to the period of which I have been speaking, the latter half of the eighteenth century; during their occasional struggles and depression, their repulses and success, their transient obscurity and renovated lustre; in spite of the sanguinary wars by which the home of their repose was deluged, and in spite of the cold and crafty selfishness of the politics by which it was almost invariably disgraced,—throughout all these fluctuations in their fortune, and in defiance of all those obstacles that from time were planted in their path, they still breathed of the liberty from which they drew their life-blood, and beneath whose MATERNAL shadow they had grown up and prospered, and their attachment and zeal in behalf of that Deity from whom they inhaled immortality, were presented, to the mind of enthusiastic youth, as invested, with the strong recommendation of the tenderness of a close kindred, and the justice of a vast debt. Very little was detracted from the grace they might lend or the support they might throw, around any cause, by the heartlessness, impiety, insincerity, and mean and sottish profligacy of several among their votaries. Notwithstanding the stigma that was burnt into the character, and the blemishes that defiled the conduct of some who knelt before their shrine and assumed the office and authority of their priesthood, their own aspect was as pure, calm, and majestic as the heaven on which it was bent, while their response had all the solemnity and sacredness of an oracle, and all the clearness and decision of a mandate.

It would indeed be surprising if these or similar thoughts—to which a trembling pen, an impaired memory, a shattered mind, though a willing heart, can do no justice at this distance of time—had not *then* occurred to a young person circumstanced as I was, and exerted a good deal of influence over my subsequent actions. To me and the other ardent enthusiasts who thought and felt with me, in Europe and in America, the interesting and momentous projects on which we were hastening to embark, appeared to be nothing short of a mighty procedure that embodied—by the help of one common tie, and on a magnificent scale—the united demands of humanity that had suffered, and the high behests of God, who had willed that those sufferings should cease. The accordance was na-

tural and unavoidable between the shape into which the purest and most generous impulses of man's heart were moulded, namely a lofty and disinterested patriot'sm—and the form into which the varied creations of his intellect had cast themselves, that is, learning and the arts. In the one and the other of these exhibitions, we discerned nothing else but the longings of the immortal mind half-realized, and its bold and healthful products already massed into enduring solidity and into intensest splendour. Their union would, of course, reflect a reciprocal light and afford reciprocal aids. Not only the homely concerns of ordinary life would be ennobled by the new spirit that was to interfere with and preside over them, and the peaceful proceedings of legislation and government be rendered less futile and less obnoxious, but the sword itself, no longer grasped by the rude and untaught ferocity of a *mere* soldier, would have its edge tempered by a kindlier principle; and its flashing gleam, caught from the flame that the genius of philosophy had fed in secret and now blown abroad on the face of the earth, would be at once resplendent and salutary---would not lead on to victory alone (for what is *that* but another name for a field of carnage where by dint of brute force or skill or bravery or accident, one party *survives* and *outdoes* the resources, the numbers, or the courage of another?) but guide to that brighter glory in which itself would be eclipsed, and victory would be absorbed and forgotten---the guardianship of human rights and the stability of human happiness. The dazzling prospect thus disclosed to my enthusiastic temperament by the condition of the world at that period, combined with the many attractions which my own mind unconsciously spread out upon it, filled me with a pleasure of which the remnant has not yet ceased to glow, and which was not diminished---though it was stirred into an agreeable agitation---by the uncertainty in which its bright and promising issues were as yet involved. It was like the mid-day radiance of Summer reposing on the verge of the horizon and wrapping up the whole sweeping line of the distant hills and shining lakes and sparkling waterfalls---no longer audible or but faintly heard---and tufted villas and verdant bowers and grey ruins; with, here and there, the scarcely distinguishable slope of a valley; and an encroaching arm of the sea,---in one veil-like and vapoury shower of red light.

END OF CHAPTER---I,

FROM THE ITALIAN.

Youth of the year, O fairest Spring!
 Enchanting mother of sweet flow'rs,
 Of new-born loves, and each green thing
 That sprouts anew beneath thy show'rs,
 Thou shalt return; but canst thou bring
 With thee, my once delicious hours?
 Thou shalt return; but oh no more
 Can I be what I was before!

AMY GREY.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR SIR,

In compliance with your wish for more of Amy Grey's letters, I send you several, in which further mention is made of Lord Byron's works.—My friend's vivid admiration of his genius led her to make his poetry, and the effects of it, a frequent theme in her communications to me; but as she interspersed her reflections upon him and other authors with family affairs and every day occurrences, I am obliged to give you but fragments of some of her letters, omitting such passages as would prove altogether uninteresting to your readers, yet endeavouring to preserve the context, as well as those omissions would permit. There are two or three letters of old date, which I send merely as envelopés to the lines on passing events which are to be found in them, and which my partiality leads me to think worthy of notice. Allow me to say, however, that when I entrusted you with the former letters, I supposed myself to have taken the best method to secure my friend from censure, detraction, and in short, from "all uncharitableness;"—I considered a Magazine to be literally, a *safe* deposit for public stores, and in this idea, by the way, I advise you to close your door against deprecators.

I was not a little surprised, I confess, to find that you had given type to the uncandid criticism, and heartless banter of "a Quiz."—Upon his animadversions I shall make no further comment, than that, by supposing Amy Grey's letters to have been written in the spirit of *irony*, he has afforded something very like a proof of the imbecility which, in his zealous defence of the dulness of a certain Bishop, he asserts to be the leading characteristic of mankind, but which, in this instance, as on other occasions, may be considered, I trust, as an individual distinction. The most unpractised reader may perceive the sincere enthusiasm that dictated those letters,—availing myself of the words of a celebrated critic, I may fairly say, that the thoughts and feelings expressed by Amy Grey, "have an abstracted and unworldly character which belongs not to the sense of ridicule: they are drawn from conceptions of nature and poetry, undisturbed by the discord of contempt."—That she was equally free from irreverence of intention, and was consequently incapable of penning "blasphemous passages," is also obvious from the general tenor of her letters. It strikes me that the aspersions upon her, on this head, tend greatly to vindicate Lord Byron.—Exaggerating calumny was not able to devise against him a stronger charge than is now made on the unpretending page of a well meaning Christian gentlewoman. What then is the inference?

It need not be pointed out that there is no ground for the charge with respect to him, was indeed satisfactorily proved to his friends, not only by that passage in his admirable letter on Pope's works, in which he plainly asserts himself to be a Christian, but also by the following authentic statements of his opinions on religion, given in conversation with an intimate companion.

They were conveyed to me in the very last letter I received from A. G. and had been transmitted to her from good authority.

"I assure you I am very far from harbouring Deistical opinions; D'Alembert said, "*c'est un grand Peut être*,"—but we must not stop short at "scepticism,—we must believe,—I have never been for a moment without "religion. On this subject my imagination and my heart have always been "in unison; but I have not been well comprehended in my writings, or "rather my readers seek to *interpret* me, not to *comprehend* me;—my "enemies are obstinate in thinking me irreligious, because they wish to "think me so.

"Several persons who have interested themselves warmly and kindly in "my welfare, have expressed to me by letter their apprehensions that I was "not impressed by the truths of Christianity,—I have uniformly replied "that I am a sincere Christian, and I really think I am,—You too may be- "lieve me when I say so, for I do not know how to tell a lie, I detest "falsehood."—On another occasion he said, "I am supposed to be an In- "fidel and a republican,—I assure you I could *prove* that I am neither,— "but my poetry has often been interpreted into meaning quite opposed to "the spirit in which it was written, and because I spoke candidly as to "political cant and dissimulation, I am considered to be a revolutionist. "It is thought perhaps that I am going to Greece for the purpose of en- "couraging democratic insurrection, but those who think so are mistaken; "I can admire no form of government which does not combine a temper- "ate monarchy, a virtuous aristocracy, and a liberal, but not factious "representation of the people. Perhaps I shall be judged of more fairly "on my return from Greece, if I do return,—but I think it probable I "never shall."

One word more of Amy Grey.—Such readers as take an interest in her letters will derive satisfaction from the assurance (which I hereby give) that there is little or nothing fictitious about them but the names which I have substituted for her's, and those of her young companions,—not one of whom had read Lord Byron's works till they had reached the respective age specified; their reading being always under the superintendence of their anxious friend, whose uniform practise it was, to direct them to "chuse the good, and reject the evil," instead of leading them censoriously to dwell on what was exceptionable. I shall conclude by requesting that, since I am too remote from Cork to superintend the printing of Amy Grey's letters, you will be so kind as to revise the proof sheets carefully;—some mistakes of the printer's in the former letters have done injustice to the correct, though unstudied style of my friend. I should have prepared a volume of her correspondence with myself and others, under the auspices of a London publisher, but that I know her *rationality*—(which by the way may well account for her panegyric on Mr. Moore, as "Ireland's Bard."—She knew him in no other character)—would have led her to prefer the Irish press,—and with every good wish for the success of your public spirited exertions.

I am, dear Sir,

Your obliged, &c. &c.

* * * * *

LETTERS OF AMY GREY.—IV.

February 3rd, 1824.

As I foresaw, Belle “preached quadrille,”—and dancing, singing and talking prevailed for two or three days; but on the fourth evening, the girls voted unanimously for the recontinuance of our readings. Belle, however, on hearing that *Lord Byron* was our author, started from her seat, and said, she must instantly fly! The girls stared,—I looked ‘wondrous wise,’ and Belle, darting one of her dazzling glances upon us, (you may remember the *ebouissance* of her countenance) proceeded to say,—that she found herself under the sad necessity of shunning our society, for that she was under a vow to several “potent, grave and reverend signors,” never to read a line of Lord Byron’s writings. ‘She had been at * * *’ she said, ‘when ‘Cain’ was published, and that the anathemas then issued, still rung in her ears.’ I asked, if the sage friends above mentioned had read that poem, or whether they condemned it “unread.” ‘Two or three of them,’ she replied, ‘had really looked it over, and that the rest of the company, with such Sir Oracles for guides, waived the trouble of forming opinions for themselves.’ Here, Clara asked,—(I must tell you, I had read ‘Cain’ for her one evening that I found her to be in a mood of mind when the deep and touching ‘moral of the strain’ could not fail to have good effect.)—Clara asked, ‘if she (Belle) had not got a letter from her on the subject at that time.’ ‘She received it duly,’ she said, ‘and mentioned to one of her venerable friends, that she had heard from a young lady who had just read ‘Cain,’ and admired it extremely. He raised his hands and eyes devoutly, and ejaculated that he hoped the after life of that unfortunate young lady might not demonstrate the evil consequences of such a pernicious study.’—To those who know Clara, how needless will those pious wishes for her welfare appear!—I can only return the prayer, by one quite as fervent and well meaning,—‘that the wives and daughters of * * * and of all the damnatory gentlemen of their way of thinking, may be as purely virtuous, as steadfastly Christian, and as practically pious, as is the young lady who “admired ‘Cain’ extremely,”—who did not require to have the moral of that great poem given primer-like in a few prose lines at the close, but could discover rationally, to what even the most specious arguments of the evil power must tend,—namely,—crime, remorse, and anguish, involving in the wide ruin, all those connected with the fatal perpetrator of those deeds of darkness, to which pride, discontent, and infidelity so frequently prompt. Clara observed too, that Lord Byron had avoided the dangerous, though mighty example of exciting interest and respect, for that “spirit of evil who saith *nay* to all,” as the insidious *LUCIFER* is *duly* hated by those who have hearts to feel for Adah, the admiration that woman in her primeval perfection was calculated to inspire, or who have imagination enough to conceive the profound horrors of Cain’s remorse. I cannot help wishing that the many superficial readers who so intolerantly and rashly condemn ‘Cain’ as a dangerous and immoral work, could arrive at the knowledge of the sort of impression it leaves upon the minds of those, who living in retreat and tranquility, are comparatively free from prejudice, rancour and cant. I should have particular pleasure, were I of the world of letters, in bearing

testimony to the admirable effects produced by this work on the young and candid;---I would state that the most exemplary wife and mother I ever had the happiness and honour of knowing, who is considered by all acquainted with her, as a model of Christian perfection, assembled her lovely children around her, for the purpose of confirming them in Faith, Hope, and Charity, by the perusal of---'Cain.' To name her, were I writing for the press, would give authority to my words, and distinction to my page, but "her virtues open fairest in the shade,"---and in the shade she will live and die:---die! no,---there is no death for such;---

"Rise, muses rise! wake all your tuneful breath,
"These shall not sleep in darkness and in death!"

I refer you to Pope's immortal 'Temple of Fame,' where, through the all-anticipating powers of genius, my esteemed and valued friend has a niche secure.

When I see the wretched comments upon Lord Byron which issue from the daily press, but which, like the insect ephemera, have no visible effect but that of proving the strength of the light and warmth that called them forth,—I am forcibly inclined to wish that the manner in which his works are received and understood by the large unbiassed portion of the community to which we belong, was made public;—I mean the effect produced by them upon the numerous host of well educated literary gentlemen and gentlewomen,—"dwellers in the provinces," who reside in tranquil retirement, surrounded by the young, the lovely, the unsophisticated, and the unprejudiced. There, I will venture to say, wit and genius, under all their Protean forms, are more fairly appreciated than in "the great Babel:"---party-spirit and literary-pique being there comparatively weak. I wish my dear *---my "wisest, virtuouslest, discreetest, best!" that you would say so in print. I do not know any one so well qualified. Why, why do you not raise your voice,—a voice as powerful as it is sweet,—to silence those mistaken dullards who dole out their stupid spleen against genius and liberty, so indefatigably? Why not?—"Because you are a woman, and a recluse." Aye—but women have eyes in their heads, and recluses have hearts in their bosoms.—As for me, if I had but a spark of the immortal fire which gives such radiance to the writings I so vividly admire, I would use it in an endeavour still further to illuminate them. But, to admire, is all that I am capable of—"c'est là tout mon talent—je ne sois s'il suffit!"

* : * : * : *

You know, though I can write by the quire to you, and a few of the few; I never could arrange myself for print, so as powerfully to prove to the town-taught public, the manner in which the provincial public think of Lord Byron's works.---The little mouse who bit the nets set to entrap the lion, had sharper teeth than I have, so I may quietly leave it to the mighty monarch's own easy strength to accomplish, which nothing less powerful perhaps could effect,---i. e.---the putting down of those moral coxcombs, who would regulate the muses by the court of King's Bench,---send their officers of the watch with search-warrants to mount Parnassus, and lay taxes on the waters of Helicon and Castalia! --O rare ones! who have excited

women and children to advocate genius and liberty;---yet why not---“Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained *strength*!”

To return to them---my little ones---Rose caught Belle as she was sportively running away from our profane society, and, after a playful struggle, she humourously acknowledged that when she had given the extorted promise to her sage friends, never to read a line of Lord Byron's, she had, statesman-like, made “a mental reservation,” by which she was free to *hear his works read*! She then seated herself next me, and I read ‘Cain’ in my best manner. That “pure thoughts, wise thoughts, high thoughts,” were the consequences, you will readily believe. You will agree with me in thinking, that a *jury of twelve* well educated young gentlewomen, carefully brought up in religious principles and moral habits, were tolerably qualified to award *poetical justice*; and never was a more favourable verdict given to a defendant. I, “*moi petite femme*!” audaciously oppose it to that of the Lord Chancellor; at least until he has read the work, when his better judgment will not fail, I think, to confirm our decision.---Never do I deprecate party-spirit so much as when it touches upon authors. Oh, let there be fetters and warders for aught, but Genius; but as its very mistakes and wanderings may lead eventually to unexplored paths of truth and wisdom, it can scarcely be expedient to tie down with our Lilliputian cords the giant stranger.

How our friend * * * would smile at my *strictures*, particularly as he said lately, when speaking of me,---“that from living constantly in the society of children, I had got an habitual *mental stoop*.” It is true indeed, that I cannot, like the brilliant foreigners he so much admires, “carry myself upon myself, *like a crane*;”---but may I not, like the homely *wren*, mount on the eagle's back, and thus attain to a desirable elevation. At all events, he may rank me amongst the grubs who sometimes assume shape and form; get wings, acquire colours, bask in the light, and die in the sun!---In short, allow me to be, “*c'est toujours quelque chose*!”

“*Un Papillon de Parnasse*,”

A. G.

LETTERS OF AMY GREY.—V.

February 5th, 1824.

With delight, exultation, and in short, “*mille affetti insieme, tutti raccolti al cor*,” we heard of Lord Byron's safe arrival at Missolonghi. The horrible fear that he might be seized upon by the barbarians on his passage, had taken such possession of my mind, that the relief from this alarm has elated me into unusual good spirits, and I ventured to go out to-day for some hours.

That the warrior-bard should distinguish himself by his benevolence, still more gloriously than by his genius, is a consummation that absolutely satisfies the imagination, and even fancy and the muse are wrapt in admiration

of reality. There is something allegorically beautiful in having the *Magnus Apollo* rush, on the wings of the wind, to the succour of the land of song and bravery! We of the provinces (the *Byronites*) are gratified beyond expression at our liege Lord's having thus nobly justified our enthusiasm, and fulfilled our wishes. How I do pity those who do not at this moment feel towards the heroic poet as we do; those poor slaves of party feeling and private pique:—"Men of palsied imaginations and indurated hearts, who take upon them to report of the course which HE holds whom they are utterly unable to accompany,---confounded if he turn quick upon the wing; dismayed if he soar steadily into "the region." Judges, whose "censure is auspicious, and whose praise is ominous!" (*I quote from Wordsworth.*) I am told that his reception in Greece was gratifying and affecting beyond description. Does not Buonaparte's prophetic description of him who could and would succeed in its deliverance, rush upon your memory? Yet he goes unattended by troops, unaccompanied by squadrons. "*Astra, castra,---numen, lumen.*" "This, this is solitude,---This is to be alone! What glorious, unprecedented singularity!" Sometimes, however, an undefinable terror, as to the issue of his undertaking, seizes upon me with the force of a presentiment; but I will cast off the gloomy and superstitious suggestion. Yes, he goes in the might of genius, the immensity of benevolence, on a mission of "good will towards men;" and aid from Heaven will probably support him in the great enterprise. He was born to be the tutelary genius of Greece,---he was amongst the first to disseminate there the blessed records of Him, whose word, I bless God, has gradually brought conviction to his soul. I was delighted with a note to a pleasing poem of *Wiffen's*, (whose translations you so much admire,) in which he enumerates various acts of his beneficence, and which may serve to give a just idea of the Christian spirit that animated him. I enclose a copy of that note, and also of a letter by the same author, which pleased me extremely---Show them to our friends, and to such *poetical adherents* of Lord Byron's, as you may meet:---a countless host in your part of the world. I did see the article you allude to, and am gratified by the honest provincial indignation that those metropolitan calumnies have excited. The errors and prejudices with respect to Lord Byron I should deplore, if I were not consoled by perceiving that, "there are select spirits, for whom " it is ordained that their fame shall be in the world, an existence like that " of virtue, which owes its being to the struggles it makes, and its vigour " to the enemies whom it approaches;---a vivacious power, ever doomed " to meet with opposition, and still triumphing over it; and, from the nature " of its dominion, incapable of being brought to the sad conclusion of " Alexander, when he wept, that there were no more worlds for him to " conquer."

I some time since, saw a letter from one of the Irishwomen mentioned in a note by Lord Byron, in which he is admirably panegyricised.

It is pleasant to learn that he excels eminently in *conversation*, and scatters his bright thoughts around him, with the lavish carelessness of that Sultan in the Arabian tales, who cast diamonds, rubies, &c., amongst his subjects with such princely profusion. How I delight in this universality of powers---this spirit of transmigration with which he penetrates into every thing,---appearing alternately as the poet, the wit, *le chevalier preaux*, the satirist, and the philanthropist. --This, this, is genius!

Adieu, though on this subject I never fear your finding me tedious.---
 "To him, there can be no farewell!" Any tidings you may get with respect
 to him, public or private, I know you will immediately communicate, as
 the interest, he now excites, is intense and universal.---Speed, Byron, Speed!

A. G.

LETTERS OF AMY GREY...VI.

March 3rd, 1824.

Indeed!-----pleased with my letters! never had a lady of
 the ink-bottle so rich and rare a reward!—No more *apologies*, I pray you,
 my dear cousin, for having shown them to him, as I happen to have honesty
 enough to acknowledge the very lively pleasure I take in his approbation.
 But what cannot good-will and cleverness effect? Does not ——'s admira-
 tion of my scribblings remind you of the genius of philosophy extracting
 use and beauty from the bubbles thrown into the air by an idle child. This
 is as it should be! but since he has gone so far as to ask me to produce
 myself *in print*, I must changemy tone, and ask in reply, (*Irish style*) why
 he considers me as an enemy? i. e. why does he wish me to write a book?
 for he cannot suppose that there would be a *second Newton* on the sub-
 ject—No—but we should have a Sir Richard Phillips, without doubt, dis-
 puting, aye, and perhaps confuting his very ingenious theory as to the
 light and colours displayed in my airy nothings.---Besides where is the
 woman that does not write well now a days, that is to say, good fluent
 English, and French; *au grand galop*.---If you or he know of such a per-
 sonage, point her out to me, she will be such a treat as a rarity. My
 little Rose indeed has some charm in that way---she can *not* write *cour-*
amment yet. Her album would be "white and unwritten still," but that
 I sometimes sully its whiteness. I am making a sort of poetical experi-
 ment upon her, and think it promises good success,---at all events she is
 not "*blasée sur tout*," like so many of the over-informed young ladies of
 our day,---and there is a charming self-ignorance, and ignorance of evil
 about her, an innocent glee, and youthful freshness, and an unfastidious
 tolerance of the faults and follies of those about her which are well worth,
 on an average, all, that purple women can acquire, or communicate. She
 has been much *conversed with*, I allow, and her long *tête à tête*, or rather
cœur à cœur with her old friend Amy Grey, has not, I trust, been without
 good consequences.

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Yes, I got the parcel safe---my best thanks are your's, for the books and
 music. To those readers who deprecate every departure of Lord Byron's
 from the *gusto grande*, how welcome must have been his appearance in

"the Deformed transformed."---There, the majestic sweep of his genius has a free vent, and the mighty torrent is likely, I hope, to pour on, in full force and grandeur.---It had occurred to me that a *sublime Faüst* would be a production worthy of the master-spirit, and ---"lo! it hath taken its stand in creation!" There would be bad taste in criticising that, or "Heaven and Earth" (which is, indeed, like the poetry on high,---(the stars) "a mystery and a beauty!") or any of the super-human performances so far beyond the powers of a lady's crow-quill; I leave them to those fine spirits who alone are entitled to take note of them; and even they must pluck their pens from the wing of a fallen angel when they commence the task;---I have heard some comments on the above named works which almost *chafed me*, but the sensible good humour of my friends of *Edinburgh* recurred to me,---"Why get cross on this, or any other subject?" is a question that I sometimes put to myself with good effect.---Bye the bye, what a neatly turned compliment the "judges of punch, porter, and poetry,"---Tim Tickler, &c., pay to the *Edinburgh Review* by keening over its decline, for, if it be *fallen off*, judge of its *first works*! In the same way, I delight in hearing 'the Pirate' spoken of as a *poor* novel---"the Lord of the Isles" as an *inferior* poem,---and to return to my liege Lord with unalterable allegiance,---to have the Hebrew Melodies condemned as indifferent lyrics, and 'the Island' as a *falling-off* in narrative. Such censure is, indeed, praise of the highest order; and how true is it that our enemies may be our best friends.

To return to my fair girls; our lovely Rose is still with me, blooming in unrivalled beauty and sweetness.---The details with respect to our beloved Clara's marriage you will find in the enclosed letter from Mrs. ---

Yes, the troubled waters of a stormy world now roll between her and me, but I feel that she will yet return---"the dove of peace and promise to mine ark!"---Emma * * * that beauteous "half-clay, nearly-spirit," has been at Castle --- for some weeks.---As no one interests me so much, I made an exertion, *un-homed* myself, and together with my father (whom she loves, and listens to enthusiastically,) spent a fortnight with her. Her health, I grieve to say,---yet why shed selfish tears at the approaching release of her heaven-born spirit,---is again rapidly declining, her apparent restoration, having been the temporary effect of her *mental* exertions, aided by power from on high. Angel's pitied her---God himself looked on his suffering child with compassionate tenderness, and sent her celestial succours.---Yes, oh yes! He forgives, pities, and relieves the pangs of an innocent and inexperienced heart. Borne away on the troubled waters of enthusiasm, if the youthful soul exclaim---"Lord, carest thou not that I perish?" He rebuketh the winds and waves, and saith unto them---"peace, be still!"---a holy calm succeeds, and Heaven is reflected.---Gaze on a gentle mourner, in life's early morning, and you will clearly perceive that she is still under the gracious care of a protecting power. The chastened sensibility of her melting eye---the soft serenity of her placid smile---the modest stillness of her meek manner, and the mild music of her soothing voice---all, all proclaim that she is favoured of Heaven, and that innocence is gradually strengthening into virtue. Soon is gentle resignation succeeded by fervent exertion, passive patience by active charity; and in the worship of virtue, and oblivion of self, she finds relief, remedy, and reward for youthful anguish piously endured. That the flood of adversity has passed over her soul is evident only from the

renovated beauty and encreased fertility of that mind which the uninterrupted sunshine of prosperity might have withered into decay,---and she,---over whose perished hopes and blighted wishes friendship had mourned in tender gloom, brightly emerging from the clouds which had obscured life's morning,---pursues her heaven-ward course, irresistably reminding allaround her, of the beauty, purity, and holiness of those realms of light and life, to which she points the way.

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A. G.

LETTERS OF AMY GREY.—VII.

February 18th, 1821.

With my usual "*magnificence de papier*," and poverty in all other materials for correspondence, I once more address you my dearest and nearest, wherever you be. Indeed I begin to fear that the foul fiend, *Ennui*, has taken possession of you. How can I otherwise account for your considering the arrival of one of my packets as "an event."---It is true however, that the remembrance of the gracious and graceful manner in which you receive the veriest trifles, may serve to dissipate my alarm as to your being under the influence of that fatal *Familiar*.

I will change the subject however, for gratitude is with me an ineloquent feeling.

I am not at all surprised to find that our very clever and pleasing friend ---is going to marry the mediocre little girl you mention. Some time since, before he had gone so far as to think of her matrimonially, I asked him, if he thought her pretty. He replied that he did, and that he was in the act of making verses on her *beauty*. I said I did not wonder at his selection of her, she afforded so wide a field for imagination! and thus it is frequently with imaginative people.---Love transmits his own bright tints and radiant hues to the objects of his admiration,---is charmed with the result, and forgets from whence it emanates;---as if a spirit of the sun were to admire the glowing colours and harmonised beauties of the rainbow, and leave the regions of light and life, to go in quest of the airy nothing.

Back to home.---My dear girls have all left me, except "my little one" ---what an exception!---She is "the very life of my soul," to borrow the poetical expression I heard a beggarwomen use to her child the other day; for poor Ireland is not a land of prose, to do it justice.

My heart's darling would not leave me, and has made an early spring here by her sunny cheerfulness and rosy freshness. Nature seems to revive under her airy step, as if she were *Flora* in person, moving in all the fragrance of morning, the radiance of innocence, the spell of beauty, and

the light of love.---But I am speaking quite *à la Phillips!* By the way, what has become of "THE Irish Barrister?" I have not heard of him of late. Why is it that he (Mr. Phillips) is thus designated and distinguished, when we can boast of a Canning, a Plunket, and a Bushe.

I have nothing *new* to say, (who has?) but that we yesterday got some new books, and new prints---a beautiful one of the deplored Princess Charlotte, which *must* be like her, as it has the air of a blessed spirit intent on bestowing peace, happiness, and freedom.---Rose was charmed with it, and exclaimed, Oh! she looks as if she was saying---"who shall I make happy?" Several times during the course of the day, I observed that her eyes were suffused with tears, looking, indeed, "like violets dropping dew," and she asked me various questions with respect to the Princess, Mr. Fox, and others of the mighty dead. In the evening she brought me her *Album*, the *first* she has had, for I was not anxious to advance her rapidly in the *black art*, by which the whiteness of so many have been stained. She requested of me to write on the first page verses on the Princess Charlotte that she could get by heart: I declined this task of love; feeling myself quite unequal to it. 'Well' she suddenly exclaimed, 'say that you *cannot*, in verse'---on this hint I wrote the following lines;---

I'll strew no flow'rs upon the awful tomb
Where death has seal'd a weeping nation's doom;
The dark avenging angel's raven wings
Sweep from the grave such idle offerings,

I'll shed no tears upon that holy ground,
Where Heaven weeps its softest dews around,
That the sad cypress, with eternal shade,
May mark where all that earth could give, is laid,

I'll breathe no sigh to mingle with that air,
That wafts aloft Love's heaven-reaching prayer---
Hush! there's a cherub leaning from on high,
Who, shudd'ring, listens to a parent's cry.

And see---through azure vistas he descends---
On sunbeams borne, to earth his course he bends,---
In whisper'd balm to tell to him who weeps,
Why Britain suffers,---and why Charlotte sleeps.

Oh! could men read the secrets of the sky,
And learn the import of that *mystic why*,---
Would they not think upon that burning tongue,
On whose blest accents "Truth, Peace, Freedom hung?"

And since the glorious patron of mankind,
To death, and dust, and silence is consign'd,---
Should they not study with rapt awe the page,
Where lives the spirit of the patriot-sage?

A. G.

LETTERS OF AMY GREY.---VIII.

October, 10th, 1818.

I was much shocked at the event you announced.---Your letter did not reach me 'till late in the evening:---I could not close my eyes,---and my thoughts shaped themselves into the enclosed lines. Johnson says, that genuine grief banishes poetical ideas from the mind; and I believe he says true. When the intimate affections are in question, or the ties of nature are severed, at least some time must elapse before the pen can render these feelings through the medium of poetry; but, on the other hand, such events as do not come home to the heart's core individually, yet awaken strongly the sympathies of human nature, startle the imagination, and that busy power gives to the mental eye what passes at a distance, with the sort of glaring, flickering, unreal, yet illusive light, that a flash from a cloud spreads far and wide.

The enclosed will perhaps convey to you a clearer idea of what I am endeavouring to express, than you could otherwise collect from your agitated friend,

AMY GREY.

P. S. Three of the young men who perished, were inhabitants of——, but, luckily, we were not personally acquainted with them.

STANZAS,

On the revival of Freedom in South America, in the Year 1818.

Still she lives! let winged winds
Bear o'er the deep the tidings vast,
That here the glorious exile finds
A land where she may dwell at last.

Banish'd by the tyrant, man,
From the realms she fain had blest,---
'Twas deem'd her earthly course she ran---
'Twas said self-slaughter gave her rest.

No;---led by her celestial guide,
(The radiant orb that westward goes)
Another world she then descried,
Far, far from her benighted foes.

There Nature's wonders, wild and great,
She saw, in boundless grandeur hurl'd;
With thoughts sublime her soul elate.
She bow'd to wake that slumb'ring world,

Then mounting Andes' highest steep,
 Near Heav'n the silent spell to break ;
 In accents sweetly clear and deep,
 Her arm upraised---she cried---"Awake!"

The magic of that mighty word,
 Sudden aroused each wondering slave---
 Almost they deem'd heaven's bliss ensur'd,
 For lo ! an angel came to save.

Oh ! a more brilliant vision ne'er
 O'er mortal eyes diffused its charm ;
 Hope never look'd more heavenly fair,---
 Truth ne'er assum'd a nobler form,

Than Freedom on that awful height ;
 Nature's bright halo 'round her glowing ;
 Well might man kindle at the sight---
 A sight, Earth's purest hopes bestowing.

Hark ! the fair angel wildly shrieks,---
 Horror and grief now dim her eye ;
 Sudden the foaming shore she seeks,
 And waves a torch and banner high.

* Alas---a struggling bark she spies,
 By thund'ring tempests madly driven ;
 And on the mast she well descries,
 The flag her bounteous hand had given.

For oh, there was one verdant isle
 In that far world she left behind,
 That still, through years of grief and toil,
 Had worshipp'd her in heart and mind.

The echo of her thrilling voice
 Had reach'd to that dejected land,---
 Oh, how her ardent sons rejoice !
 Instant they form a trusty band ;---

And now borne o'er the ocean wide
 Behold them near the promis'd goal,
 "On, heroes on!" fair Freedom cried,
 'Tis vain,-- Fate's billows o'er them roll!

* It is probable that every native of "our Island of sorrow" remembers the melancholy fate of a ship richly laden with our young countrymen, who, ever awake to the call of Liberty, were rushing, on the wings of the wind, to attend her summons in South America.

Hush, oh, hush, my weeping muse,---
Erin sickens at thy tale,---
And Europe's sons would all refuse
To listen to thine idle wail.

A. G.

MADAME DE LA VALLIERE.

She was so beautiful, so true, so fair
In that false court. Alas! what did she there?
And now before the monarch in his state,
As each orb were a gem of price and weight,
(So heavily the white lids drooped above
Those painful eyes of gentleness and love)
She knelt---while on her cheek the crimson dye
Vied for a moment with his canopy:
She spoke not, but one large and burning tear
Drop'd from her unrais'd eyelid, and so near
The monarch started as it fell, 'tis said,
On the rich cushion where his foot was laid.
But the next moment saw him turn with calm
Cold brow, and colder heart, "Adieu Madame!"
Faint, low was her response of agony,
Soft, woe-fraught, and intense, "Adieu Louis."

THE BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The first impression, perhaps, which a stranger receives, when visiting the gallery of the House of Commons, is, that he is looking down on a most uncourtly assembly. Having been habituated, when his fancy called this meeting before him, to view it through the medium of the high duties it discharged, encompassed with a shade of legislative gravity, he never thought of senators and senatorial office, without feeling something of that reverence which epic and historic grandeur exacts. But, when he looks upon an assemblage of men with no assumed exterior of dignity, and witnesses debates conducted with nothing more of form than the ends of fair discussion necessarily demand, he is almost as much surprised as an enthusiast in poetical reading, who, for the first time, beholds in his proper, and it may be, by no means prepossessing person—a living author.

As soon, however, as the first emotion of surprise has subsided, the stranger feels that if the aspect of the assembled Commons is less awful, it is more exciting than he had imagined it.—He feels also, how gratifying it must be to the popular spirit, that there is so little of separation between the legislators, and those for whom their talents are exerted,—so little of that cold statue-like majesty, which impressively, although in silence, warns you not to be familiar. In the House of Commons there seems to be scarcely any other than physical barriers between members and spectators, and these are bars which are much less influential in controlling the excitability of the spirits, than that kind of moral repulsion with which grave and stately ceremony stands sentinel for other assemblies, and protects them, even in thought, from any vulgar intrusion. This peculiarity very naturally arises from the relation in which members of the House of Commons are to be regarded. They represent the people, and they represent them, not as if they had been tamed to exhibit the tempers of their constituents in a gentle and conciliating light, nor as if they were caged and controuled like the representatives of the forest tribes at Exeter Change, who growl in their natural tones, at the direction of their keeper, and for the information of the curious. The members of the House of Commons are allowed ample latitude, and are (many of them at least) masters of themselves; and while each individual represents the peculiar class, who are his constituents or his admirers, the combined effect of all the individual energies is to convey a faithful, though a free representation of the dispositions and inclinations of the people for whom they legislate.

I have heard it said; that the House of Commons represents the property of the people. This is too limited a proposition. It is true; but it is not sufficiently extensive. Not property alone is represented,—the passions, and pursuits and principles of the people, find in the lower House of Parliament, advocates and protectors; nor is there an opinion entertained by any class of persons with respect to what should be the principle of government and legislature, which is not reflected back upon the public in the speeches or the practise of some parliamentary man. Are there persons in the country who reverence a sublime and rigid simplicity; who reduce all government to the rule of a procrustean equality, and measure excellence by one standard—that of economy;—who consider man in no other relation than that in which he is to be regarded as an animal, and would arrange the government of a nation by the same principles as those which they would observe in the economy of their stables? Are men of such views to be discovered in the nation?—They are not without their representatives in “the House,” who are to be found receiving with cheers of derision those visionary theories, by which men like Bacon, and Burke, and Canning, and Plunket have disgraced themselves; and welcoming with rapturous applause the pure and sapient opinions which have immortalized the memories of Cade and Jack Straw.—On the other hand, are there persons, who, regarding man as a creature of intellect and imagination, would have him governed by a system of somewhat more complexity than that which may accord with the necessities of the beasts that perish.—There are men, who have even the lights of philosophy transmitted, as it were, through a medium of chivalrous sentiment which tinges the pure rays with warmer and varied hues? The House of Commons can furnish representations for such minds, and for all the intermediate classes; from those who think of a human being as a creature visited by high imaginings, and to be educated ~~and~~

noble purposes, and all other poetical epithets and applicabilities, down to the sober reasonable people who very properly think of man as a creature whose business is---to "feed, and to be fat."---For all these classes there are fitting advocates and retainers in the meetings of the lower House.---So general should be the the sense, in which the House of Commons is to be called, the representative of the people.

There is, however, one very important particular in which the representation is imperfect. Class men according to the opinions---their passions---their habits---their political principles---and you may find them fairly represented; but when you come to judge of them by the degrees of intellect, you perceive, it must be admitted, only one class taken into account; men of inferior understanding are in this respect quite excluded from parliamentary practice and debate--I know that this assertion may be disputed. It may be said, that it would be neither just in principle, nor convenient in practice, to deny to foolish constituents the privilege of having members returned of like faculties with themselves. It may be also said, that to keep out such, would be impracticable, as in many instances, in cases of popular and unpopular electors, kindred spirits must approximate to each other, and a thoughtless majority must obtain a preponderance. Objections of this nature may be urged, and an almost universally admitted truth may be denied on the old principle that *what is, is not*, because it *ought not to be*. But observe how easily the full and plain truth shall put down all obstinate opposers. It is the practice of Parliament, a practice consecrated by a most venerable antiquity,---that various members, whether chosen by lot, or in the way of a voluntary and sublime oblation, shall consent to divest themselves for a season of their high faculties, and shall, in consideration of the necessities of the people, in order that every class may have its appropriate leader, condescend to act and speak in a manner no way removed from that in which they would have acted, had they been in reality such persons as those whose characters they for the time assume.

I said this practice was consecrated by its antiquity, an antiquity not to be measured by the recorded precedents of parliamentary practice, nor to be traced to its source in the formation of the British constitution. Those who seek the most conclusive authority in favour of our senatorial metamorphoses must ascend higher than the tameness of modern times, and penetrate into those regions where historical truth is hidden from the thoughtless, and disclosed to the wise, through a veil of allegory. The transformations of the Heathen Gods, and their assumption of human character, is familiar to all.---Various explanations of the stories recording these wonderful exploits have been offered by learned men, but I trust mine shall be found not less plausible than any which has yet been given. My interpretation is this:--The Gods assembled on Olympus, signified, in the allegorical language of the times, the Grecian legislators convened in parliamentary meetings, and the transformation of Gods into men, was nothing more than the assumption of some of the follies and vices incident to the constituents whom they represented. whom, perhaps, during the course of a long sitting, they had forgotten, but whom they were compelled to remember and resemble at the approach of a general election. This was the more necessary, because the language of these early senators was always fairly reported. Mercury, the *Interpres Deorum*, was a faithful short-hand writer, who never troubled himself by endeavouring to understand the meaning of the words used by the high personages for whom he officiated, but contented himself with giving

a literal transcript of their sentiments and expressions. If, therefore, a member was guilty of uttering thoughts too full of wisdom to satisfy his constituents, his crime was registered, and he must counteract the evil impression which his philosophy had created against him, by putting on a more antic habit than it would be pleasant to wear until the dissolution of parliament rendered it indispensable.

It may be objected to this interpretation, that no such allegories, as those of which I make mention, have been devised with reference to the British House of Commons, and that what has not taken place here, was not likely to occur in Greece. To this objection I have three answers to give, which, it they do not satisfy my reader, have at least the merit of satisfying and gratifying myself. First---The senators of ancient times may have been of different characters from those which it is our glory to contemplate; and may have been more likely to awaken feelings of reverence in which they would be regarded as beings of a superior order. Secondly,---the nature of the assemblies is of a different kind now, from what it was when the legislators of old time assembled on Olympus---The meetings were then held with closed doors, and there was no immediate and visible demand for any thing, but good sense, and good language---Now, in our House, no member knows that his constituents are not within hearing, and, therefore, every man feels himself called upon to sustain that character in virtue of which he holds his seat, and its attendant advantages. And in the third place,---if a member now, whose calling does not allow of wisdom or eloquence, happens, for a moment, to forget himself, the injury he suffers is of only a temporary nature, for our reporters rectify the mistake---They make the speech pass through proper strainers, and communicate to the public, nothing, but what suits the character which the speaker is bound to sustain as the representative of the intellect of his constituents.

This third difference between the assemblies of ancient and modern times would be sufficient, if there were no other reason, to explain why an allegory, invented to describe the senate of ancient Greece, might not be applicable to the British House of Commons. The reporters for our House apply themselves to the sentiments expressed, rather than to the form of language in which they are delivered, and they deal out, through the press, so much as suits their own purposes, and as the public taste requires. This is a controul over members of parliament very gratifying to the popular spirit; the member has his hour at night; he may strut and fret in the assembly where he is excited, and before the spectators in the gallery towards whom he may for the time, seem to feel indifference; but the reporter's turn comes in the morning; and as he weighs the speaker in his balance, so the public form their estimate. He sits during the night most unostentatiously on his obscure tribunal in all the consciousness of power, though without the ensigns of authority, and exercises over every creature, which it pleases him to honor with a local habitation and a name, a right of shaping and transforming, from which, in general, there is no appeal. With respect to many speakers, he is as the manufacturer to him who furnishes the raw material; with respect to others, he is a fashioner, who softens down all such attributes, as might separate the orator too far from the people, and revive again those allegories of the older time; and for the whole House, he is a wise interpreter who renders it unnecessary for any member to be more accomodating to the follies of his constituents at the approach of a dissolution, than he has been during the sitting of parliament.

A FRAGMENT.

The following verses were occasioned by a recent and awful event at Clonmell.

O! darkly roll thou river,
No joyous course be thine;
Or laughing sun-beam ever,
Upon thy bosom shine!

Deep mourner's tears shall fill thee,
Loud murmuring sighs disturb;
And ice-bonds captive chill thee,
Thy proud white waves to curb.

No gem along thy border
Be mirror'd on thy wave;
But weeds and wild disorder
Thy angry surges lave.

The timid deer shall ponder,
Nor of thy waters drink,
And doubting, fear to wander
Beside thy treacherous brink.

Two fond and beauteous lovers
Thy sloping margin grace;
The moon's soft beams discovers
Each mark'd and lovely face.

That witness in the heaven,
They choose to hear their vow,
And plight each promise given
Beneath her crescent brow.

She witnessed well their meeting,
And lit their guileless way;
And shone upon their greeting---
And then she pass'd away.

Too like a friend long cherish'd,
That fails in hour of need;
In beams and brightness nourished,
Can want nor sorrow heed.

Who now shall wake that beauty,
That floats along the tide,
Or rouse to love or duty
That soldier by her side?

Killarney during the Races.

O! who shall still the heaving
That bursts a mother's heart,
Her reason's light bereaving,
And one glad ray impart!

No voice is heard consoling---
Her child,—she vainly cries;
That eye in madness rolling,
One weeping drop denies.

And laughter wild is mocking
That anguish'd parent's breast,
As o'er her sad couch rocking,
She lulls her dear to rest.

And settles oft the pillow---
Then sings her fancied strain,---
That on the whitening billow
Her child shall come again,---

With graceful flowers entwining,
She wreathes the willow bough,
Each varied hue combining
To deck her idol's brow.

That brow needs no adorning---
The lily's leaf is there;
All wet like dewy morning,
But O! more cold and fair!

KILLARNEY DURING THE RACES.

Thursday, 29th June.

Killarney, as a town, possesses nothing attractive to the eyes of a stranger;—nothing that would suggest to his mind, its vicinity to the most picturesque and varied scenery that Nature in her most prodigal moments ever united in one circle. There are no large and spacious hotels, that would remind the English visitor it was the occasional resort of the wealthier inhabitants of his more fortunate Isle. There are no professional *ciceroni* that would tell the Continental stranger, he was near some favoured spot, where eloquent practitioners traded on the curiosity of others. The town appears to have been built in its present site, not in consequence of the scenery which surrounds it,—not in contemplation of deriving, like Cheltenham, Harrowgate, &c., support from exorbitant contributions on sum-

inter visitors. All the houses appear to have been erected solely for the convenience of its permanent inhabitants, who, with the exception of a few jolly blades that quaff constantly their "mountain dew" under the shade of the Arbutus, never but at Fashion's call, enjoy the beauties of their incomparable Lake. The higher class, are however, a cultivated and hospitable people, particularly attentive to the stranger, who will find no difficulty in being introduced to the coteries of the New-Street &c; provided he interferes not with the little private teatable talk which divides and distracts themselves;—provided he patronizes not one club in preference to the other; is courteous to all, and is a "*Liberal*" in Irish politics;—there is no town in Europe where he can more completely enjoy *otium cum dignitate*, in the true sense of that classic phrase.—Were I allowed to indulge a hope of being enabled at some future period, to quit the toils and retire from the anxieties of a thankless profession, which, while it offers no prospect of eminence and wealth, totally absorbs at once my attention and my time, I would turn to Killarney and seek for seclusion in the bosom of its mountains.—The lakes of Scotland, with all the romance in which they are enveloped by the magic wand of the northern Ariosto,—Como and Lago Maggiore, embosomed in Alpine heights, in a favoured clime and in classic land,—Cumberland lakes, in the midst of a rich, prosperous and frequented country,—Leman, with Mont Blanc in view, and Byron for its bard;—none, none possess the attractions of Erin's boast, sweet Lough-Leane.—Were it transplanted to any other corner of Europe, even amidst intolerant Turks;—were it surrounded by any recollections but those which Irish lore has shed around it,—it would be visited by pilgrims from every quarter, and we should have our own Moore abusing in rich satiric rhyme,—

"Those cursed round English faces"

to be met at its borders, unsuited the wild and romantic irregularity of its appearance; we should have the fine imagination of Byron sojourning amidst its Isles, and the luxuriant fancy of Erin's bard fleeting o'er its waters.—But alas! it is one of the sad anomalies of Ireland, that here Nature too, is disregarded, and, though she is presented in her most beautiful forms, and is glowing in her brightest radiance, man does not exhibit towards her that profound and rapturous worship she so abundantly receives elsewhere:—Oh man! man! thou creature of impulse, and victim of caprice, thou machine that's guided by any hand bold enough to touch thee,---I could, like the Grecian philosopher, weep for thy follies,---I shall not, like Heracitus, sneer at thy absurdities.

Even at the present moment when there are so many new and peculiar excitements connected with the favoured spot---when independant of those lovely attractions in which nature is robed,---there exist other inducements more likely to bring together the lovers of the turf, and to summon from all parts the rambling votaries of pleasure;---when, in short, the Killarney Races are about to commence for the first time, got up on a scale of splendour and liberality worthy of the noble patrons who have come forward in their support, and truly characteristic of those spirited individuals who have been active in their promotion; even at such a moment we do not observe in the town all that busy stir, and bustling preparation, apparently so aimless, yet really so indicative of purpose, and containing in itself so much substantial enjoyment---a scene which is so obvious and familiar elsewhere.

Many an honest landlady who had fitted up her lodgings for the reception of those fashionables, who, in her delusive dreams, she foresaw were to honour Killarney at the races, now sighs over the expenses she has incurred, and sinks, under the destruction of those hopes of emolument with which she had fed her imagination.---The melancholy notification, "apartments to be let", still figures at many a window, and though the first day of this eventful meeting is to be ushered in by to-morrow's sun, yet, Killarney does not seem so crowded as I had fondly anticipated.---Limerick has not sent her lovely daughters---nor the Curragh many sporting friends;---England no fashionables,---and Cork, but a few idlers. What is the cause of this disappointment? Is it that the world is determined to offer no encouragement to any exertion directed to promote the amusements or improve the condition of our neglected people? Is it that fashion has not yet impressed its stamp on the infant gaieties and venerable attractions of Killarney to give them current repute amongst those submissive adherents, who at her command would patronise the wilds of Yorkshire, or dissipate their wealth in the monotonous quiet of southern France? No; I would fain think another and a stronger reason is to be found, in the unpropitious period at which the dissolution of the late Parliament took place; which by directing the attention of every country, shire, town and borough, in the Empire, each to its particular interests, and, by turning the stream of men's ideas into the sea of politics, has removed for the moment every consideration of amusement, and the whole energies of the mind are concentrated in the exciting focus of contested elections.---Kerry, too, by the disastrous occurrence that took place last Sunday in Tralee, is in a state of alarming ferment, and all the unhappy results of a desperate struggle, are palpably and distinctly in prospect, when the election re-commences. Under those concurring circumstances, it is not perhaps altogether surprising, that the Races should not be by any means so well attended as I had expected. However, from the preparations that have been made to meet the convenience of all---from the agreeable society which exists amongst the respectable circles in and near Killarney, and from the determination evinced to be gay and good humoured, I do hope to spend a few days of rational enjoyment.

Friday, 30th June.---Long before I had shaken off the dominion of the drowsy god, the morning sun already scattered those clouds which the preceding evening, with awful threatening, had thrown o'er the mountains, and Nature appeared to welcome the approaching meeting with gladdened smiles and auspicious animation. O'Donoghue seemed also pleased at an undertaking which added to the enchanting beauties of his demesnes---for all around was tranquil and serene. A stream of the *friezed* population was observed at an early hour flowing towards the Course, and, before twelve, all the greased axles and antiattrition-wheels in Killarney were in full operation.

The Course is most delightfully situated about two miles on the Donloe road---on the borders of the Lake; and surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills, which, by their irregularity of formation---to the south and west, terminating in elevated peaks, and presenting to the view a very marked and serrated outline---to the north, rounded off like a Titan's grave, and to the east, sloping in wooded declivities; create a pleasing bewilderment in the mind. Directly before us, the Lake displays its silvery bosom in wide expanse, giving an extensive prospect of its isles, its cottages and its wood-

ed hills:—a gentle ripple played over the surface, without disturbing its tranquillity, and a grateful breeze issued from the distant heights to mitigate the scorching rays of a meridian sun. In the front ground, and immediately under, is "Point;" which, deriving its name from its sudden intrusion on the Lake, forms, from its crowded plantations, an agreeable residence, and a most picturesque addition to the entire landscape—in near relief. Rinaldo's Isle—the lovely Innisfallen, clad in the verdure of its lofty ash, extends its lengthened front, concealing from observation, the entrance to the narrow defiles which lead in devious windings to the enchanting varieties of the upper Lake. In the distance, Turk-Mountain, vain of its symmetry, and its wooded scenery, rises in stately and undisturbed majesty over its own Lake, of which it might seem to be the gigantic warder. Precisely opposite the course stands beautiful Glenah; next, rugged Tommis—still farther in the back ground, and enveloped in distant obscurity, is the mighty range of M'Gillicuddy's Reeks, lifting their lofty summits into heaven, and struggling with prodigious Mangerton, which swells towards the south east, for dominion over the surrounding scene—on the left, Ross Castle, clad in the glories of traditionary lore, boldly lifts its feudal turrets, reminding the Irish antiquarian of the stern power and unbounded authority of its former chiefs. Close by it, and nearly concealed by the variety of wood which intercepts the view, appears the whitened roof of Reen Cottage, celebrated for having received under its hospitable protection, after a melancholy accident in Innisfallen, Hallam, the polished and philosophical historian of the middle ages. More to the east, Droumhumper Castle peeps from behind a projecting hill, which partly hides it from the view, and the venerable trees of Cronin's Park, proud of their rich and ample foliage, lord it in the distance; while the picturesque inequalities of the Glanfleek mountains, terminating in the towering "Paps," give a noble and imposing completion to the whole. On the summit of the rising ground behind, stands Aghadoe Church, whose ivied ruins give a romantic appearance to this barren and unwooded hill. Turning towards the right, Lakeville becomes a prominent object in the landscape—continuing in that direction the eye passes over the awful beauties of the Gap, and at last rests fatigued by intensity of action on the distant Iveragh hills.—Such is the enchanting situation of this delightful course;—Is it possible to conceive any scenery more splendid?—Is it in the power of any pencil to sketch the faintest outline of it?—When such a landscape so rich in magical illusion, and again, breathing so fine a spirit of repose and softness, is chequered by the accidental accompaniment of lordly equipages, and brightened by a vast variety of gay and fashionable costumes. Yet such was the scene by which I found myself surrounded, when I mounted the stand-house, at about one o'clock to-day.

It is beyond the feeble effort of my pen, which can aspire to nothing more than humble detail, to describe the sensations at the moment, of perhaps too enthusiastic a mind. It appeared as if by the power of Aladdin's lamp, I had been transported into some enchanted region where all my feverish dreams of felicity were about to be realised; my bosom was bursting from the excitement. No wonder I should have felt my own heart expand from the delicious influx of joy at once pure, exuberant and unembittered—rushing in upon me from so many external sources, and mingling with that as yet untroubled and natural current which swells freshly up from the deep fountains of the youthful soul. It would be surprising if

I could have resisted the fine influences shed on my mind and feelings by the varied and exquisite scenery which lay before me in dim and distant magnificence, or in the nearer charms of distinct and delicate beauty; or if I could have remained indifferent to the equally potent spells of that moral influence which came from the gladdened looks and radiant countenances, and animated gestures, and humming voices, and love-revealing whispers, and loud, boisterous mirth of the various groups by which I was at that instant surrounded. This may not come up to the overwrought estimate of *happiness* conceived by a philosophic dreamer, and sighed for by an ascetic religionist—but, if there be a species of joy on earth that can be at once innocent and social, that does not shut out NATURE and yet cordially links itself to MAN—it was the enjoyment of this day.

Although I looked in vain for that first-rate and gorgeous assemblage of rank and fashion from the more distant parts of the kingdom, which, in my mind, the scene and the occasion ought to have brought together, still the meeting was by no means trivial or scanty; and if there was not enough to satisfy my patriotism, there was enough to minister to my thirst for rational gratification and amusement. The stand was crowded by the most fashionable residents about Killarney—underneath was a variety of cars, carriages and splendid equipages—scattered about was a vast concourse of the peasantry of the country—in every direction were seen the alert and practised, as well as the clumsy equestrians, moving about this interesting scene of pleasure and pastime, and adding unconsciously to the gaiety of the whole.—I found on my arrival, the Course in a state of peculiar animation. Equestrians were seen moving with rapidity towards the starting post—the honest peasantry were pressing with all the anxiety inspired by this novel scene, towards the railing near the winning-post, and the stand-house supported an immovable group of fair fashionables, whose intense gaze in one direction was an additional indication that the sport was about to commence. “*Clear the Course;*”—“*clear the Course,*” now resounded from all sides;—the long note of Spillane’s bugle was at last heard, and six horses issued from the distant crowd, and passed, fleet as an arrow, along the northern part of the Course—here the *coup-d’aîl* was truly splendid; they appeared to move together as if by the impulse of some exquisitely regulated machinery—so unvaried and equable was their speed, and so fixed and steady were their riders.—But soon they began to separate; the distinguishing colours of the horsemen, were easily discernable, and the mettle of the animals became now a subject for speculation.—They had started for the Kenmare stakes, to run two mile heats, round a Course, a mile and half in extent. Clanwilliam, Mr. Croker’s colt, appeared to me to be the general favourite; next, Fanny, Mr. Studdard’s mare; Mr. Hunter’s Fib, and Major Crosbie’s Lilius. The race was most admirably contested, and exhibited great judgment in the jockies—Clanwilliam, at first holding back, conscious of his speed, but not confident in his strength, and at the second round pressing forward with redoubled energy, Fanny showing both strength and speed, and Fib’s Jockey displaying great tact and skill. At last the struggle arrived, the whipping for the post commenced, and Clanwilliam won by a head and neck of Fanny:—Fib coming in third, and Crosbie’s Lilius, Fourth.—It was afterwards ascertained by the testimony of two gentlemen, that Fanny went inside one of the posts, which, by the laws of the turf, placed her in the same situation

as a distanced horse, and deprived her of the privilege of running any more that race. After a good deal of discussion respecting the *bolt*, it was decided by the Stewards that Fanny was distanced. It was the general opinion from the result of the other two heats, that she would have won the race, had not this very unlucky accident occurred.—Age and strength telling against the colt Clanwilliam, Mr. Hunter's Fib won the other heats, and gained the plate.—The day terminated with a badly contested saddle race, and we all returned to Killarney gratified with the events of the past hours, and already revelling in the anticipation of tomorrow's amusement.

A few reflections before I retire to *balmy sleep*. A person acquainted with the previous treatment of a horse to prepare him for the Course, and with the reducing regimen many an unfortunate jockey is forced to undergo to *weight* him for the occasion;---or a person, who, uninfluenced by the excitement of the race, can abstract his mind from the intoxicating scene around him, and calmly observe the cruel punishment an unhappy animal sustains while he is exerting every muscle and fibre in his whole frame for the attainment of victory;---such a person will undoubtedly think that the amusement it produces will very imperfectly counterbalance the inhumanity of man. But alas! how few! how few are there, that permit their minds to entertain such kind-hearted reflections, or allow their conduct to be influenced by such humane considerations. Man, whether his epicurean propensities are to be administered to,---whether his goodly appetite is to be sustained, or his enjoyments are to be promoted, will never allow his humanity to interfere,---it will never prevent the cackling inhabitant of the farm yard from being roasted *alive*, to procure, by its sufferings, a *diseased* liver for the tasteless stomach of the pampered epicure,---it will never prevent the fatted calf from undergoing a slow and lingering death, to satisfy the *gourmand's* eye by the whiteness of its flesh,---nor will it relieve the race-horse from pain, by inducing him to forego the exciting enjoyments of the turf.* To the majority of persons, then, horse racing is an object of high gratification, and the English, in particular, have been celebrated since the reign, I believe, of James the First, for their fondness of this sport, and for the perfection to which they have brought this *now* enviable art. It appears to be peculiar to them, like the bull fights in Spain, and chariot-coursing amongst the ancients; if I may except the extraordinary exhibitions during the Carnivals at Rome, where eight or ten horses elegantly and fancifully bedizened, start *without riders*, and struggle for success, with all the anxiety of rational man. To those, then, who have been accustomed to attend the St. Legers at Doncaster, where they have observed fortunes changing hands with the rapidity of lightning, or the Egham and Epsom races, where they have seen royalty, and nobility, and the lordly cit, in all the glitter of unbounded wealth,---the Killarney races may appear unworthy of attention;---for no money was stirring, no sprig of royalty was

* We cannot help applauding the humanity of our contributor, though it be at the expense of his consistency: but the obvious reflection is this; that until the whole system of *tastes* and *habits*, prevalent in a people, engendered by their circumstances and ministering to their appetite for pleasure,---however morbid and debased that appetite may be---shall have undergone a *gradual* and therefore permanent alteration, it will be to no purpose that either individuals *lecture* them, or senates *legislate*, them into what is so fancifully termed ---humanity to the brute creation,---EDIT.

there,---but Nature has lent her assistance, and her unrivalled beauties must recompense us for the poverty of our purse, and the absence of our aristocracy.

First of July.---Fortunately for the half famished cows, and impoverished crops of the country, this morning did not open so auspiciously as did yesterday. The clouds were thickening in the atmosphere, and occasionally distributed to the parched ground some of the stores of rain they had been hoarding up, during the last three months. After repeated showers, the day, however, cleared, and about one o'clock, the course was again enlivened by an undimmed and uninterrupted sun. Lord Headley's plate of £50, was to be run for. Before I enter into the detail of the proceedings, I most anxiously seize the opportunity of holding up for the example of the aristocracy of Ireland, this intelligent and hospitable nobleman,---this social and polished peer,---this excellent and encouraging landlord, who, retiring from the gaieties of London society,---quitting the exciting sports of an English country life, and leaving the intellectual resources of continental travel, has come to live in the quiet enjoyment of the scenery of Killarney, where his hospitality, kindness, and his generous benevolence, have won him the esteem and respect of the whole country. Were Ireland blest with a few more such men, she would not be as she now is, thrown back in the scale of civilization;---she would not be poor and disconsolate,---she would maintain the rank that Nature intended for her,---her green fields would vegetate with prosperity,---her sons would be no longer aliens in their native land, and the Emerald Isle would be contented and happy. But to return,---Clanwilliam, Fanny, Mr. Beamish's Mercury, and the Kerry Mule Waxend, started for the plate. Clanwilliam, after excellent running, won the first heat. The second, after a desperate struggle, was gained by Fanny, and then came the tug of war for the third heat, when unluckily, Clanwilliam, in the second round, fell, and the young jockey was thrown, which gave Fanny an easy victory. After a very unequal race between two horses for private bets, the day terminated by the amusing operations of qualifying horses for the "hunter's plate" to be run for, next Thursday. To entitle the horses to be entered, they were to carry a rider over a six feet drain, a four and half feet wall, and a sporting double ditch. The execution of this task was performed by five horses, with various degrees of perfection, but without exciting our visible muscles by a single fall.

Monday, 8th July.---I rose this morning, anticipating the utmost gratification from the fine amusement which this day promised to me. I had never seen a stag-hunt on the Lakes, but I had often pictured it to my imagination as the most delightful scene possible. I had often taught my fancy to listen to the echoes of the surrounding hills, as they reverberated to the music of the hounds, and I had often painted to myself those romantic heights, crowded with people on foot cheering on the dogs, and the whole Lake covered with boats anxiously pressing forward to the principal point of attraction. The glories of romance in my mind were thrown into the shade by the superior celebrity of the Killarney stag-hunt; and the boasted excitements of the turf, dwindled into common-place insignificance, when compared with the delicious and high-toned enjoyment I was about to taste. Such were my dreams; and the moment arrived, when all those fond imaginings were to be realized.---Must I confess it,---I was disappointed!---It appeared to me, on the whole, a tiresome uninteresting occupation;---far, far below the gratification I had ardently anticipated.

All the boats belonging to the Lake, filled with ladies attired in the gay costume of summer months, were crowded into a narrow creek leading to the upper lake, and there we remained during the entire day, looking anxiously towards Glenah, where a few sportsmen were seen toiling in the ascent, and whence, the cry of the hounds occasionally proceeded as it was wafted to us by the mountain breeze. The doe attempted to cross over to Turk, where we should most certainly have had a delightful hunt.---She was prevented by the crowd near the gut, and again traversed to the mountain. After a good deal of fagging, for the *footmen*, as they are called, and without amusement for the spectators, the doe was taken and conveyed to Mr. O'Connell's boat. We then all pressed forward to Glenah bay, where she was to be enlarged into the water and swim ashore---this was the scene which pleased me most. The boats, hitherto cramped up in a narrow passage, now widened into a larger circuit, and assumed from their number and company, a most magnificent appearance. The Lake opened into full view, and glistened in the brilliancy of the setting sun.---Tommy exhibited at the moment, all the picturesque varieties of light and shade; and Glenah cottage, half concealed from the distant spectator by two venerable ash trees, smiled in the parting rays of a summer's day.

After the poor hind had reached the shore, quite worn down by toil, we all directed our course to Innisfallen, that "*Paradiso terreno*," as Scott, in romantic enthusiasm, termed it, where many a heart was lost amidst the giddy mazes of the dance, and many a sigh burst unnoticed amidst the ivied ruins of its silent abbey. Here new scenes presented themselves, and new enjoyments were in perspective. After three or four hundred fashionables had dined on the green turf, with Heaven for their canopy,--we spent the evening in tripping it on "the light fantastic toe," and leading the nymphs of Innisfallen through the intricate windings of the unrustic quadrille.

Saturday, 7th July,---Since Monday, the remainder of this week, with the exception of the present day, has been spent upon the course with the same company, precisely the same gratification, and nearly the same weather. Fanny again won on Tuesday,---Fib beat Lilius (Fanny not running) on Wednesday :---the hunter's plate was rode for on Thursday:---Mr. Dennahy winning in consequence of the Maid of the Mill, Mr. Fergusson's mare crossing his horse in the second round. Yesterday, poor Clanwilliam who had been hitherto so unsuccessful, in consequence of the unfortunate accidents which twice occurred to his rider, won the plate for beaten horses, and the week of delightful amusement terminated this evening by a well contested boat race on the Lake, for a silver cup. Four boats started; first, a five mile, then a two mile heat; both which were easily won by Mr. Hyde's Water Lilly. Thus ended the first Killarney Meeting. I cannot however close my remarks without doing justice to my own feelings, by bearing testimony to the admirable manner in which the whole proceedings were conducted. The arrangements of the Stewards, whether as regard the Ordinaries, the Balls, or the Race Course, gave universal satisfaction.---Every stranger was delighted with the attention and politeness he experienced. The Stewards evinced an anxiety to promote by their civilities the enjoyments of all around them. They have left an impression on the minds of their visitors so favourable to Killarney, that I feel confident the next meeting will be numerously attended.

THE STEAM BOAT.

CANTO.—III.

"Eregi monumentum arce per-
"cuius" quoth Horace ;---but "how hard to climb
 The steep, where Fame's proud temple shines afar"
 And raise a monument to last with time !
"Haud facile emergunt quorum vir-
"tutibus obstat res" (I want a rhyme)---
"Augusta domi"---so exclaimed the poet
 And scourger of Rome's vices ; and I know it.

Yet think not, gentle reader, that by "*domi*"
 I mean its literal translation ; no :
 In search of happiness let others roam, I
 Will ne'er my dear domestic hearth forego,
 Where blest with every bliss of "home sweet home;" I
 Drink the rich draughts that from the fountain flow
 Of filial tenderness, and wedded love,
 And crown'd with health's great blessing from above.

But 'tis the care, the vile plebeian care
 Of business, that impedes the Muse's flight.
 The fetter'd eagle cannot cleave the air,
 Nor soar majestic to the realms of light.
 So doom'd to "strut and fret" like "the poor player"
 My "hour upon the stage" from morn to night,
 How can the Muse, thus chain'd in slavery,
 Burst from her galling fetters and be free ?

Suppose---of course 'tis supposition, not
 Reality---suppose me an attorney---
 (You smile, kind reader at my blessed lot !)
 Who could, like Frazer, write an Eastern Journey,
 Letters like Junius ---"Waverleys" like Scott,---
 Poems like Byron,---Novels like Miss Burney,---
 History like Hume,---Philosophy like Stewart,---
 Essays like Worcestor, on each old and new art.

Yet 'midst the babel jargon of the laws,
 Their dull insipid phraseology,
 The cumbrous lumber of a Chancery cause,
 Deeds, pleadings, proofs, one mass of vile tautology,
 The din of clients, and the fear of flaws---
 How---O ye mighty masters of phrenology,
 Can fancy fix within the mind her dwelling,
 Where thus she meets with objects so repelling ?

First, an old lady wants to make her will---
 I wish she'd leave her agent some bequest---
 Next, an old landlord calls on me to fill
 A pair of leases---then I'm closely prest
 By some dry client, to curtail my bill
 Of costs---I hate this last unjust request---
 Then come---ways, casements and appurtenances,
 Which fright the Muse---so off at once she dances.

And then the smile, half curling to a sneer,
 That chills the very soul, like Alpine snows;
 The language of *dumb* Critics---then the fear
 Of failure; and the kind advice of those
 Good friends, who would not for the world appear
 Averse to verse---yet whisper in plain prose,
 That "business must be minded"---and "ne sutor
Et cetera"---of which I'm no disputer.

But vain each effort to exclude the day,
 When even a pin-hole will admit the light;
 Thro' the deep darkness bursts the brilliant ray,
 As the red light'ning in the pitchy night.
 So thro' life's gloomy cares I break my way.
 And catch a transient moment to indite
 Not an indictment, or a deed or bond,
 Or case or lease, but something far beyond!

Oh! then, ye sage law, physic and divinity,
 Doom not to death, the writer and his rhymes;
 When of the live long day there's scarce a minute he
 Dare call his own,---and tho', perhaps, at times
 Chance yields an idle hour, how often in it he
 Finds inspiration will not yield her chimes.
 Such is so frequently the fate of those
 Who aim at verse;---it is not so with prose,

Where left we our good barque? Where opening wide
 Expands the beauteous bosom of the Lee;
 Majestic stream! our City's boasted pride,
 Her health, her wealth, her great prosperity.
 With filial fondness let me turn aside,
 And pour the tribute of my heart to thee,
 As to a parent---and in sweetest strain
 Trace out thy rise and progress to the main.

Reis'd in the stone girt lap of Gougane-Barra,
 Which brevity so sweetly calls "Gougane,"
 Thy placid waters, ere they reach Drowmcarra,
 First feel the freshness of the rosy dawa;
 Reflecting---as they stream at Inniscarra,
 The high stupendous mountains closely drawn
 In solemn silence round thy liquid bed,
 As Giant mutes around some mighty dead!

Here in his holy hermitage of stone,
 The pious Finbar "trembled, wept and pray'd,"—
 But if, like St. Senanus, quite alone,
 Or in conjunction with some "sainted maid,"
 Is not in Smith's historic pages shewn;
 Perhaps 'twere better sleep beneath the shade.
 And yet to judge of him by each successor,
 We could not even suppose him a transgressor.

For on each anniversary of Saint John,
 In June's warm glowing month, the devotees
 Flock'd to his shrine, and with loud orison
 Besought his holy cure for each disease,
 And when they found the loath'd disorder gone,
 They prostrate pass'd the night upon their knees!
 But latterly the pilgrims from this spot
 Have banish'd been---I marvel much for what.

In this lone solitude, this mountain bed
 The silvery water first displays its source;
 Thence is its stream thro' Roscalougher led,
 And round by high Droumanning winds its course;
 Till in the far extended plains o'erspread
 Near Inchageelah, it collects its force;
 There bounding off, a bolder effort makes,
 And proudly glories in its beauteous lakes.

Here, in October nights, the rosy char,
 Rare and rich fish, by epicures renown'd,
 And only in these lakes, and one more, far
 To northward, in our lovely island found,
 Are taken,—and as greatest rareties are
 Esteem'd in London,—two will cost a pound
 When potted and preserv'd. It may be erring,
 But to my taste, far sweeter is a herring!

From Inchageelah to Droumcarrow flows
 The rich majestic stream---and at Coolcour
 Embraces the Sullane---and winding goes
 Round Mashanaglish, to Shandangan's bower,
 By Forest and Nadrid---till Dripsy shews
 Her stream immortalised by Spenser's power,
 And Jemmy Bat O'Sullivan's mad caper,
 For few cut greater figures upon paper!

Thro' Inniacarra's deep romantic glen
 The sweet prolific waters gently glide,
 And kiss the richly planted glebe---and then
 Salute the lovely blushes of the Bride,
 And blending with her fruitful streams, again
 Proceed---till Carrigrahan's Castle-pride
 Looks, like some skeleton, upon the borders
 Of Leemount, and its neighbour, the Recorder's.

Now by Mountdesart slowly moves the stream,
Rich, bounteous, blessing wheresoe'er it flows,
Heaven with abundance bade the waters teem,
But man would mar the blessing Heaven bestows ;
And frenzied by ambition's mad'ning dream,
Across the river's course a barrier throws,
Confining what should wander unconfin'd,
Not for *one* only---but for *all* mankind.

Check'd in their peaceful progress to the shore,
The fretted waters burst a passage through
The hateful barrier---or now bounding o'er
The steepy precipice, their way pursue,
Dashing and headlong---and with angry roar
The deep surge curls its white tops to the view
Like ocean foam : but soon its passions wild
Are calm'd and lull'd to slumber, as a child.

But the sweet river must at last divide,
Forming two sister streams to meet again,
Along the south the parted waters glide
With silent course to Bellville's *sallowy* plain ;
Thence passing Cottage, and Gillabbey's side---
Where once religion rear'd her sacred fane---
Its rural freshness fades within the city---
Foul'd by its vile pollutions---ah what pity !

Now turn we northward, where the stream supplies .
The basin with its pure and copious flow ;
By Sunday's-well its current gently flies
Unruffled, save when wintry breezes blow .
Hither the child of nature fondly hies
In the clear stream to cool the burning glow ;
Whilst modest manhood secretly repairs
To Bleaseby's bathing house---near Hayes's wears,

I wonder who first thought of making wears,
For nothing with this great contrivance matches,
Which such a vast expense of labour spares,
And the poor salmon in such plenty catches.
Anglers are fools!--and Johnson so declares---
For by a wear, a net so quickly snatches
Whole hundreds, and when any slip through latches,
The spear dispatches batches in the hatches !!!

This fills the pocket of the wise proprietor,
And fills the craving stomach of John Bull ;
But makes each country gentleman a rioter
Who *vi et armis* threatens he will pull
Down this impediment. I wish he'd try it, or
Open the hatches, and thus give a full
And free scope to the fish---by not entangling
The spawning tribe---which spoils the sport of angling.

The Steam Boat.

Now onward thro' the busy haunts of men
 Proceeds the current, solitary, slow,
 'Till passing by the Island, it again
 Kisses its long lost sister-stream, and oh!
 What bliss to mingle into one!--and when
 The beauteous river winds on gently, lo!
 The young Atlantic on his swelling tide
 Salutes and woo's the virgin for his bride!

Unable to resist his brilliant charms---
 The bright beam dancing on his glowing face,
 She yields her blushing beauties to his arms,
 And soon dissolves within his fond embrace.
 Calming her fears, subduing her alarms,
 He proudly joys her timid course to trace,
 To join his ocean-parent once again,
 And share his empire in the boundless main.

I've done---and humbly hope I'm not to blame
 For joining rivers in the happy state
 Of matrimony. Spencer did the same,
 And Prior---where his tuneful lines relate
 Of 'Silver Isis and her husband Tame,'
 And Buonaparte who once conceiv'd the great
 Design of marrying (a fact that true is)
 The Mediterranean and Red sea in Suez.

But oh! my pretty barque, excuse me if
 I've kept thee waiting opposite Wood-hill
 That sweet and happy spot! I'll steer my skiff---
 In which I've traced the Lee from its first rill,---
 On board thee once again. It blows a stiff
 Breeze---but not too much, just enough to fill
 The spreading mainsail. Thus the boat we find
 Propell'd by steam---the current---and the wind.

Now pass we wood-crown'd Tivoli---and see
 Nature assisted by the hand of taste,
 Grand in magnificence of scenery,
 Enrich'd by art, pure, classical and chaste.
 Thence with reluctance turning on our lee,
 We view three beauty spots together plac'd;
 Half namesakes, made the following line to fill,
 Lindville, and Maryville and Templeville.

Clifton---thy picturesque and sloping side
 Attracts our admiration---bending low
 With rich luxuriance to salute the tide.
 Whilst opposite Fortwilliam's shades bestow
 Their soft and mellow lustre on the pride
 And beauty of our city---and with glow
 Warm as in India's ripe and sultry clime.
 The towering forest lifts its head sublime!

Here must I pause with reverential awe,
 And pay the homage of a heart sincere
 To thee, O BALLINTHOUNPLE!! could I draw
 A picture of thy Corporation, here
 I'd make the bold essay---for who'er saw
 The splendid pomp of pageantry appear
 In proud procession, must concede to thee
 The envied palm of civic rivalry!

Thy charter granted to old Theige M'Thule
 At least a thousand years before the flood,
 With boundless sway, o'er ev'ry bank to rule
 Where cockles courted in their "verdant mud,"
 Thy chair of state---thy tripod---three leg'd stool,
 On which thy mighty Mayor or sat, or stood,
 Minist'ring justice---as we *pray* to see
 And *do* see minister'd,---indifferently!

How gorgeous thy regalia! Thy gold chains
 And collar of S S---how splendid! how
 Thy rich wrought sword our admiration gains!
 How massy are thy maces! and the prow
 Of thy state barge, how brilliant! there remains
 To notice but thy *beef-eaters*---I vow
 They cannot be surpass'd throughout the nation,
 And must immortalize thy Corporation!!

Swiftly we fly---and get a passing view
 Of old Dundannian castle and demesne,
 Bless'd with such gifts from Nature, but how few
 From man! nor are we suffer'd to remain
 To gaze on beauteous Lota---but pursue
 Our course, to where upon the watery plain
 Old Blackrock castle with majestic height,
 Salutes by day, and guides our boat by night.

"Stop Tom," the Captain calls---at his desire
 'Tis stop'd---two Blackrock passengers draw near.
 And now, thy rich romantic hills, Glanmire,
 Thy sloping wooda, and winding stream appear
 In open landscape---while the distant spire
 Hallows the ripening glories of the year---
 But ah! the wheel revolves---we can't delay,
 And all the sweet enchantment glides away.

Now in Loughmahon's open gulph, the grand
 And wide extended prospect, we survey---
 'Till thence attracted by the sweetly bland
 And smiling Mr. Conway, just to pray
 Our kind acceptance of a passport,---and
 So gently hinting, what we have to pay---
 Yet none forgetting in the general bustle,
 And *changing every where*---except in muscle.

The Steam Boat.

Now pass we Passage ; and its echo, *age*
 Tells to the passengers its dismal tale---
 Yet grandly form'd by Nature to engage
 In every art for navigation's weal,
 The Dock secure---the shipwright's busy stage,
 The twisted cordage, and the swelling sail
 Should here be sought---Let enterprise awake,
 And here her just and grand position take.

Some of our company now go ashore
 To join their families at prayers and dinner ;
 The first at one---the second about four
 Or five,---just as it suits each hungry sinner.
 Meanwhile some walk for appetite---some more
 Go see the Guardship, and stay lounging in her
 'Till the young Midshipmen so smug and civil
 Disturb'd from dinner, wish them to the devil.

We pass the Giants' stairs, where never step'd
 A Giant---but no matter---'tis a fight---
 Of fancy.---Now a larboard course is kept,
 And Monkstown's old grey castle heaves in sight ;
 Where many a winter drear, the cold winds swept
 'Thro' its dismantled battlements at night,
 Like "goblins dam'd" who rode upon the "blast---
 From hell"---but 'tis inhabited at last,

By Soldiers,---and the cottages below
 Smile sweetly, shaded by the lofty grove
 That overhangs them---and in summer's glow,
 Court the cool breezes as they gently move
 Along the tide's bright surface, and bestow
 Their sweet refreshing influence above.
 Where the high castle shews its visage grim---
 In awful contrast with gay fancy's "whim."

Now Cove at length its azure front displays,
 Emerging boldly from its wavy bed.
 Cove---which with joy the mariner surveys,
 With ship dismasted, and from toil half dead :
 But which at Lloyd's a different feeling sways,
 Or did so, *formerly*---I should have said---
 For no where *now* can cheaper jobs prevail,
 Save at Crook-haven, or, perhaps, Kinsale.

High heaves each pitying breast, as passing by
 The Convict-ship---to think upon the crowd
 Of wretched human sufferers, who lie
 Chain'd on their hard and narrow bed, and bow'd
 Down with the weight of misery---each eye
 Drops tears---and our stout Captain cries aloud---
 "Look, look John, damn it, where d'you mean to put her,
 "Quick, quick man, go to leeward of that cutter."

" Ah bother," lowly mutters John, " go teach
" Your granny to lap ashes"---then, in strain
A good deal lower, loud enough to reach
The Captain's hearing---" where, sir, do you mean
To land"---" Why, John, I think upon the beach"---
And speedily the wished-for beach we gain,
Where the tough hawsers keep the vessel steady
And all for disembarking now get ready.---

Then, we are told, that in about an hour
Should any for a further trip incline,
The boat will go as far as Roche's Tower
Or up the river, on to Carrigaline,
Or the East Ferry---and, if in our power,
On to Belvelly---and return to dine---
But on the gangway, lo! O'Brien standing
Takes leave and ticket of each person landing.

" Captain, I'll send my man down"---" Very well ma'am"---
" When go you back?"---" At six, sir, six precisely"---
" Have prayers begun?"---" Not yet---I hear the bell ma'am"---
" Will the tide serve this evening?" " Yes, sir, nicely"---
" Which is the better boat?" " Oh! we excel, ma'am."
" I've brought some bread down."---" Sir, you acted wisely"---
" Why Captain, your'e the general favourite---hush is
" My brother near"---" Oh, spare, ma'am, spare my blushes."

Here end the Canto and the Tale together,
The boat arriv'd, the passengers ashore---
Yet if John Bolster thinks 'twill be a feather
In his new cap---I'll make the Cantos four---
And take another voyage---wind and weather
Permitting me to launch my barque, once more---
Or with les metaphor---if health, and time---
From gout and business---suffer me to rhyme.

THE ROYAL HIBERNIAN ACADEMY.

The Royal Hibernian Academy for the promotion of the Fine Arts in Ireland, held its first Exhibition this season. The Academy house has been erected at the expence of ten thousand pounds, by Mr. Johnston, the eminent architect, and has been presented by him a FREE GIFT to the Society. A charter has been obtained, and the Irish Artists are now organised, and members are elected when their talents and industry entitle them to be enrolled. The present members of the Royal Hibernian Academy are:—

Honorary Members.—Sir Thomas Lawrence, President of the Royal

As if drinking the breath of each sunny ray,
Which it lives but to feel one short spring's day.
And the proud magnolia's lofty cone
Has its snowy robe around it thrown,
Of pure large flowers where rich odours lie ;—
A form, and a spirit in harmony!

They have enter'd their barks, and as they row
Towards the wide river's centre, calm and slow,
They chaunt a farewell to the winter shore,
And the measure, they mark with the splashing oar ;
But list !—'mid their voices, there is one tone
Which thrills through the heart, like a dying moan !—
A strain now wildly shrill, as from agony ;
Now low as the sound of despair's last sigh.
The song of the tribe ceases suddenly,
Their check'd oars rest just above the sea ;
A pale woman, guiding a small canoe
Has fixed their fierce gaze ; but absorb'd in woe,
Her dark hollow eyes roll abstractedly,
While the voice of her grief breathes unconsciously,
Her trembling lips are withered and wan,
And the bloom from her youthful form is gone,
A mother too, for her heaving breast,
With its wild pulse rocks one child to rest,
And with look of pain, and tear dimn'd eye,
Another lists to her mourning sigh.

They have gathered round Yeruka's bark .
And to her wild words are list'ning.

The chieftain's brow is gathering dark,
And a tear on his rough cheek is glistening.

YERUKA'S SONG.

Oh bid me not join in the song of your gladness,
Mine must a death dirge be ;
Nor echo your laugh, though I could laugh in madness,
Or in grim mockery,---
My own heart I could mock, as beneath the death blow
The warrior smiles scorn on his conquering foe.

There are flowers on the earth, and warm beams in the sky,
They cheer not, they warm not me ;
And the sounds of rejoicing, that around me rise high,
But wake me to misery.
Songs, gladness, and laughter but shew me the gloom
Of the desert of darkness, my soul has become.

When the rich streams of love in the heart overflow,
 Like pure and sunny dreams,
 On the clear waves are caught every fair thing that now
 To me unlovely seems ;—
 But when they have ebbed on the dry tideless shore
 Of the heart, lone and loveless, beam bright forms no more.

Earth blooms,—but no sun can the soul's spring renew ;
 And mine is as winter drear,
 Like the elk in the grasp of the fierce carcajoux,
 My heart is with despair.
 The whirlwind's rude roar, and the light'ning's sad light,
 More than sunbeams, or song, can my lost heart delight.

Oh! it needed not her song to tell
 That she had lov'd :—whence ever fell
 Such misery on woman's heart,
 But love had urged the poison'd dart.
 Man loves,—but with selfish thought retains
 Within his own grasp, his golden chains,
 And when, like a foul breath tarnishing
 The spirit of change, with its vapour wing
 Passes through his thoughts, he wrenches then,
 (Though the heart might never close again,
 From whose inmost pulse that link was torn,)
 The once bright love chain he had borne
 Ere now with ecstasy ; and hears
 Unmov'd, deep prayers, and sees hot tears
 Stream from those eyes, whose light he thought
 Once was his life, and heeds them not !
 But urged by ambition, by change, by pride,
 He flings all the wealth of the heart aside,
 But when waken'd, the fervour of woman's soul,
 Where its ardent thoughts clings, she gives the whole
 Of her faith, of her trust, nor can she ever
 Though 'tis anguish to hold, from these twined thoughts sever.
 The widow'd wife of a living lord,
 Yeruka, *thy* heart keeps *thy* plighted word ;
 But the faith and the love once vow'd to thee,
 The prize of another thou couldst not see ;
 From the soul that was faithless you fled, but in vain
 Doth thine own seek to part from the shiver'd chain.

Again they pause in the river's tide,
 While those flowery isles float by the side
 Of their gather'd boats ;—so like a dream,
 They pass so swift, and so fair they seem ;
 You never could think they children were
 Of the wintry storm,—that the nenupher

On their green shores spread, was twined o'er
 Head leafless trees from their earth-beds tore
 By the torrent's rage. Above their banks
 The water-lily 'mid rainbow-ranks
 Of brilliant blossoms, its white head rears
 And like flake of snow each bell appears,
 As if the fleece drifts, yet loiter'd to show
 How fair they could seem e'en 'mid summer's glow.
 There's a murmur of sounds from these fairy isles,
 For flamingoes, blue herons, young crocodiles,
 And serpents, whose brightness of glossy green
 Is the emerald's tint, on their banks are seen.

Now again, they row on their light canoes,
 But oh, what a cry at that moment rose!
 Whilst the flowery isles they mark'd to glide,
 Yeruka, her bark, down the river's tide
 Has turn'd, and now it is swiftly borne
 By the current on; and the Indians mourn
 And yell in vain: now a wild death song
 Is borne on the air as she rows along;
 The dark tribe join, for too well they know
 That the cataract soon with its foaming glow
 The boat must overwhelm. Ah! how swiftly see,
 On, on goes the bark of misery
 To its dreadful doom; and her voice is clear
 As a strain of joy she were singing to cheer
 The children who sportively pull in shreds
 The flowers with which she has wreath'd their heads.
 She pauses now, as the deaf'ning roar
 Of the tumbling torrent had prov'd its power
 Ev'n her to awe, who its rage defy'd.
 Now a sound, as if on it the heart had died,—
 So thrilling, so sad, yet a tone of song,
 As to show what sweet sounds may to grief belong.
 A shriller tone! and a pause,—the last,—
 The horror of her wild death is past.—
 The cataract's fall, and the whirlpool's sweep,
 She heeds them not now, she is in the deep!
 The Indian's moon of flowers* is come;
 But the deep cold sea is Yeruka's home!

JOSEPHINE ADA.

* The month of May, or the part of the year corresponding with that which we so term, has obtained amongst the American Indians, the very poetic title of the "month of flowers," at which period, they leave, with much exultation, their winter retreats.

THE VOICE OF GREECE.

Spirit of Freedom !

Whatever thou art

That once dwelt in Greece

Like the life in the heart,

Awake from thy slumber,

—Thou never canst die,—

The shadowless light

Of Eternity

Is within and around thee, oh ! hide not that light
From thy children who sorrow in bondage and night.

Our sinews are crushed

By a pitiless chain,

We have grappled our tyrant,

We struggle in vain,

The aid of the free

We have vainly implored,

—We will turn to the shrine

Where our fathers adored ;

Spirit of Freedom !

Thou surely art God !

Come down on the land

Thou so often hast trod,

The sword of our fathers

Is drawn in thy name,

Their life was thy worship,

Forget not their fame.

ROMANCE FROM THE FRENCH.

One ev'ning wrapt in fancy's dream,

While slumb'ring near the shore,

Methought a barque came o'er the stream,

A glorious freight it bore !

Upon its deck a various throng,

The young, the fair, the brave,

'Time row'd the gallant bark along,

Light bounding o'er the wave.

An altar stood upon the strand,

'Twas rais'd to Friendship's name,

Its emblem was a hand in hand,

A maiden fed its flame.

Old Time now hail'd the guardian fair,
 As near the bank she drew,
 And bade her quick on board repair
 To join his motley crew.

The maiden grasp'd th' united hands,
 And boldly answer'd Time,
 "The pow'r I serve, thy might withstands,
 Unchang'd in ev'ry clime.
 Love, valor, wit, and beauty's flow'r
 Must yield to swift decay,
 All must bend to Time's stern pow'r.
 But Friendship scorns thy sway."

M. J. S.

FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTE BOOK.

AMUSEMENTS OF CORK IN 1749.—"On Hammond's Marsh, is a large pleasant bowling-green, planted, on its margin, with trees kept regularly cut, whose shade makes it an agreeable walk; it is also washed by a branch of the Lee; and on it, a band of music has been supported by a subscription, for the entertainment of the Gentlemen and Ladies who frequent it; adjacent to it, is the Assembly-House, where assemblies are held two days in the week, as also, a weekly concert, which is maintained by a subscription, for the support of the Infirmary. Here is an organ; the other performers play on violins, German flutes, &c., with vocal music, and are sometimes assisted by Gentlemen, who play to encourage this charity. Mardyke is a pleasant walk, being a bank, walled on both sides, and filled up, extending westerly from the city near an English mile, and washed on each hand by the channel of the river. This bank is carried through a marshy island, and was done at the private expence of Mr. Edward Webber, *anno* 1719, who also built an house on the west end, where are good gardens, planted with fruit, for the accommodation and entertainment of those who frequent this walk.

"As to diversions, every entertainment that has the authority of fashion in Dublin, (which place also takes its example from London) prevail here; and some, perhaps, in a higher degree: card playing, in the winter evenings, is an entertainment observed to be more used in Ireland, among polite people, than in England; the Ladies are rather fonder of this amusement than the men; and dancing, that pretty innocent house diversion, hardly yields to it in their eyes; for which purpose, here is a weekly drum, besides the assembly where card playing is intermixed with dancing. Besides the public concerts; there are several private ones, where the performers are Gentlemen and Ladies of such good skill, that one would imagine the god of music had taken a large stride from the continent, over England, to this island; for indeed, the whole nation are of late become admirers of this entertainment; and those who have no ear for music, are generally so

polite as to pretend to like it. A stranger is agreeably surprised to find, in many houses he enters, Italian airs saluting his ears; and it has been observed, that Corelli, is a name in more mouths, than many of our Lord Lieutenants. The humane and gentle disposition of the inhabitants, may, in some measure, be attributed to the refinement of this divine art. The harp, which is the armorial ensign of the kingdom, wrought great achievements in the hand of the Israelites' king; and Cambrensis affirms, that the Irish, some hundred years ago, were incomparably well skilled in this instrument, beyond what he had observed in many other nations, which is also confirmed by Polydore Virgil. In this city, is a good Theatre, where the comedians from Dublin entertain the town generally during the summer assizes, and a month or two longer, as they meet with encouragement. There is a smaller one in Broad-lane, which is not now made use of; and indeed, one Play-house seems to be more than sufficient for this city. Here are only two Coffee houses, both near the Exchange; they are much frequented, and besides the English newspapers, have most of the Dublin ones. The better sort are fond of news and politics, and are well versed in public affairs."---SMITH.

MR. T. CROFTEN CROKER'S FAIRY LEGENDS OF THE SOUTH OF IRELAND. A second edition of this popular little volume has been published, ornamented with some spirited etchings designed by Mr. M'Clise, a talented young artist residing in Cork. There are some additional notes also, and a commendatory letter to the author from Sir Walter Scott. This work has been translated into Italian and German.---The German translator is the celebrated M. Grim.

The Duke of Buckingham is printing, at his own expense, some valuable ancient Irish MSS.

There is appended to the second edition of Prior's Life of Edmund Burke, an interesting paper, entitled "Recollections," written by our distinguished and talented countryman, The Hon. Sir William Cusack Smith, Bart., the second Baron of the Court of Exchequer.

NEWENHAM'S VIEWS OF THE ANTIQUITIES OF IRELAND. We have seen one of the specimens of this interesting publication, and can confidently recommend the work to public patronage.---The first portion is to appear in the course of this month, and the whole is not to exceed twelve parts.---We copy Mr. Newenham's Prospectus.

"In the discharge of official duty, as Superintendent General in the Barrack Department of Ireland, (an office which I held for twenty-five years,) my inspection obliged me to visit repeatedly, its different establishments; and I devoted my leisure hours, not employed in the duties of my office, to sketching the remains of such Irish Antiquities as appeared to me to deserve the notice of the artist and of the antiquarian. From my sketches I have selected those which, on the score of architectural effect, and scenic beauty, I considered as most likely to attract that notice, and to deserve it. In this selection, however, I have had in view the preservation, as far as the pencil of the painter can effect it, of such architectural ruins as may best show to the antiquarian how far the Irish, in the early ages of Christianity, had advanced in architecture; and while the Picturesque Sketches now to be presented to the public, will offer views of the different edifices, civil and religious, erected since the fifth century, at which era architecture had made much progress in this kingdom. The whole will be an illustration and ornamental appendage to the History of Ireland, and the study of its antiquities, now the subject of much elaborate research. The execution of this work, in the present improved state of the lithographic art, shall be such as, exclusive of its object, to entitle it to be placed in the port-feuille, beside those Drawings and Engravings of eminence, which are usually selected for their merit. In the progress of the work, there

shall be delivered additional numbers, containing descriptions, historical and scenic, of the several plates. To rescue from oblivion those remains of the antiquities and architectural grandeur of Ireland, is the object of this publication; and the Author anxiously hopes that his efforts may appear to merit that countenance from the public, which those to whom he has submitted his productions, assure him he has some claims to expect. That the work will be executed in the best manner, the office he holds, and the station he bears in society, are his best guarantee."

FOSSIL DEER OF IRELAND. The most fine and perfect skeleton ever discovered of this animal, has been presented to the Museum of the Royal Dublin Society, by the Rev. Archdeacon Maunsell. An account of this magnificent skeleton has been published by Mr. Hart, Fellow of the Royal Irish College of Surgeons, in which it is described to be "perfect in every single bone of the framework which contributes to form a part of its general outline: the spine, the chest, the pelvis, and the extremities are all complete in this respect; and when surmounted by the head, and beautifully expanded antlers, which extend out to a distance of nearly six feet on either side, forms a splendid display of the reliques of the former grandeur of the animal kingdom, and carries back the imagination to a period, when whole herds of this noble animal wandered at large over the face of the country."

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received many valuable communications, for which we feel obliged, and have to apologize to a great many, both of old and new Correspondents, for having made no private acknowledgment of their favours. We shall soon devote a few days to answering their letters.

The following is a list of some articles which we have either already received, or are in preparation:—

A DAY AT TINNAHINCH.—Numbers 2 and 3 of remarks on Shakespeare, containing "The Midsummer's Night Dream" and "Measure for Measure."—**IRISH COUNTY HISTORIES;** containing a review of the works of Smith, Stuart, Mason, Hardiman, M'Skimmin, Ryland, Fitzgerald, &c.---On Birds migrating, or appearing and disappearing at certain seasons; with observations on the Birds of Ireland.—A review of Sir William Betham's Irish Antiquarian researches.—The Cork River and Harbour.—A Midsummer's Spell.—Specimens of German Tragedy.—Translations from the Irish.—On the state of the Fine Arts in Ireland.—Essays on the Antiquities, and on the Druidical Religion of Ireland.—On the music of Ireland.—May Eve, an Irish story.—A Sketch of an excursion made to the County of Wicklow in September, 1825.—Notes of Irish Biography.—ORIGINAL LETTERS OF THE POET, DERMODY.—Lough Neagh Fairies.—Irish Watering Places, No. 1.—Kilmallock revisited.—On the novels of Miss Edgeworth, Lady Morgan, and Miss Crumpe.—College Sketches, No. 1. Entrance.—Letters from Trinity College.—A Night in London.—The Boarding House.—An essay on the question, whether Poetry or Oratory is entitled to the highest place in Literature.—Trips by the Mail.—Recollections of Dr. Percy, the late Bishop of Down.—Some account of the late Charles Robert Maturin.—The Picture Galleries of Ireland; Convamore, Besborough, Down-Hill, &c.—Historical account of Private Theatricals in Ireland.—Visit to Glengarriff and Inchiclough.—Account of Mac Swine's Gun.—On amateur Artists.—&c.

PADDY O'FLANIGAN.

We have received several articles respecting "the Posthumous Letters of Amy Grey"---The last and most talented is entitled, a Remonstrance to "a Quiz,"* from his cousin, Paddy O'Flanigan. It is a humorous poem of over two hundred lines:---

Paddy, attracted by some gay Lottery bills, stepped into the shop of our worthy publisher,---

" 'Twas too early for dandies and ladies in coaches,
" And M. Ps. and parsons to make their approaches."

Through the glass door that separates the outer shop from the inner apartment, he espied our publisher with a group of

" His genteelst apprentices.---authors they call 'em,
" Who make the new books for the critics to maul 'em."

Paddy then boasts of his scholarship:---

" I was train'd for a Priest by my uncle in Kerry,
" Only Betsey O'Donoghue fell in my way,
" And I firach'd from my holy vocation that day.
" Not long after, the whiteboys my fancy misled,
" And put all my *humanity* out of my head."

Paddy is curious to hear what the wise folk say in the inner chamber:---

" Just beg'd for a peep at the new act of Parliament,
" To try what the speeches about wheat and barley meant :
" So I fei gn'd to be studying deep, to be sure,
" While my ear was well cock'd to the jar of the door,
" As a friend and relation my duty it is
" To disclose all I heard about you, Cousin Quiz."

The conversation, it appeared, turned on Amy Grey, and her interesting and talented letters received the highest commendation---while poor Paddy had the mortification to hear, his cousin's remarks, thus commented upon:---

" This is low composition, sir---much below par---
" To the writing it slanders, inferior by far---
" Here's a preface of dogmas as trite as the primer,
" Disgraced but by being duller and dimmer,---
" Bad syntax---no logic---old metaphors mangled---
" Such thoughts as are borrow'd ill join'd and entangled."

* * * * *

" To make the same hodge podge of *he, she* and it---
" Qui's dont know them asunder---the devil a bit---
" Here's are virtues and vices, some female---some male,
" And some neither---of none can I make head or tail.
" Amy Grey's Amy Grey---*she's* a shrewd clever fellow---
" *He's* a woman,---vain, foolish, pretending and shallow---
" When *he's she, she's* an ass---when *she's he, he's* a wit---
" Then he thinks he has made a most capital hit,
" In transforming the ass to a sly imp of evil,---
" A fit agent to lead pious youth to the devil."

* The signature affixed to "Observations on Amy Grey" in our Second Number.

Paddy now begins to expostulate with his cousin—and thus concludes his epistle:—

“ Oh! how little they thought that your own blood relation
 “ Sat broiling and blazing with shame and vexation!
 “ I could stand it no longer—so, stifling a groan,
 “ I just bought Number two to set off Number one,
 “ With this long roll to write on—then turning about,
 “ I pick’d up the foolscap unknowst, and sneak’d out.
 “ So now here it is for you, and much good may it do you,
 “ As I said, ’tis my duty to tender it to you—
 “ But ’tis long till you Cousin can be his be his own man again,
 “ So no more at present from

PADDY O’FLANIGAN.

We have received the following solution to Professor Porson’s Enigma, which appeared in our First Number.

The guardian dog, we oft call *cur*, ’tis true;
 The great, the good, the learn’d, the wise, how *few*!
 So, on the whole, I feel disposed to say,
 “ The *CURFEW* tolls the knell of parting day.”

THE PRINTER’S DEVIL.—From several typographical errors in our former numbers, which must have provoked the anger of our esteemed correspondents, we determined, as a punishment upon our *Printer’s Devil*, who is the most wicked, wayward, stuttering, and annoying sprite imaginable, to enclose him again in his phial, and let him remain in his crystal habitation like his predecessor Asmodeus, (from whom he only differs by using one *stick* instead of two) until another Don Cleophas should release him from confinement. He has however pleaded strongly against this infringement on his liberty, during the warm month of August, and in palliation of his *numerous errors*, has confessed his late violent attachment for another *spirit*, which so bewildered his brain, as sometimes, to double the objects of vision, and at others, to deprive him altogether of sight.—We strongly suspect it was under this delusive influence that in the 56th page of our First Number, in the passage “ *there is a tone of voice like Cordelia’s,—low, gentle, and soft,*” he rather comically substituted the word “ *cordials,*” for “ *Cordelia’s.*”

In No. I. Page 55, for *lowly station*, he prints *silkem attire*.
II.....111, .. *additional* *additional*.
:37, .. *creations*..... *recreations*.
148, .. *mythology*,..... *any theology*.

He has requested us respectfully to solicit pardon from our numerous correspondents for the above, and such other *errata*, as have appeared in their valuable productions; and to assure them, that no attention shall in future be wanted on his part, to bring their valuable favors before the public eye, with the accuracy of a metropolitan publication.

BOLSTER'S QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

No. IV.

NOVEMBER, 1826.

VOL. I.

IRISH COUNTY HISTORIES.

The middle of the last century may be properly termed the midnight of Irish Literature. Ireland though not then deficient in the production of genius, as is proved in her Barrys, Murphys, Goldsmiths, Sternes, &c., either produced it for the exaltation of British intellect, or only to vegetate in unproductiveness and obscurity at home. While England became the grand refugium, Ireland continued to be constantly drained of her own master minds, and was thus left without a literature, or a name. As a civilized state, or a nation acquainted with letters, this island was as little known in the literature of the period as the least of the Hebrides, or the most obscure of the misty Shetlands. The traveller scrupulously avoided her shore, and no man of name in the world of letters would endanger his reputation by noticing her. Indeed a man of such robust frame of mind as Johnson, might speculate on the bold possibility of visiting our Boetia; but he could find it less hazardous, and the public would deem it less extravagant in him, to perform a journey to the Highlands of Scotland and the western Isles. In more ancient times when a literary man was missing on the Continent, it was usually observed of him, *amandatus est ad disciplinam in Hibernia*. The case seems to have been reversed in the 18th century, when none but a literary outlaw under the ban of society, would fling himself on tabooed ground, as Ireland then was. A few obscure tourists, it is true, regardless of the public opprobrium, of which they were too worthless to be the objects, might, with little peril and detriment to the sale of books never fated to circulate, resign themselves to a six months' expatriation, and eat our beef, and, like Twiss, abuse the legs of our women. For this state of things the Irish were partly in fault themselves; a singular want of literary enterprise or activity, as well as a criminal disre-

gard, and apathy towards every thing Irish prevailed throughout the land. Whatever was English, alone was fashionable in Ireland, while the few first efforts made to arouse patriotism, and excite the people to a sense of their degradation, were either discountenanced, or disregarded.

It was at this inauspicious period, that, under the patronage of a short lived association then established in Dublin, entitled the Physico-Historical Society, Charles Smith, a practising physician residing in one of the small towns of the county of Cork, published, successively, the history, topography, and antiquities of the counties of Kerry, Cork, and Waterford. These were the first works, properly speaking, of this nature ever published in Ireland; for what is called the history of Westmeath by Sir Henry Pierse, inserted in the Collectanea of the late General Vallency, could not be entitled to that name. An Irish county history before Smith's publication, was a thing unheard of—unlooked for—and unexpected; and besides, added to their novelty, so little had been previously known, save to mere residents, of the places he had selected for his description and illustration, that the works excited a greater share of interest, and ensured a large proportion of approbation than we, moderns, might be now willing to concede to them. His County books however, even at the present day, must be deemed *respectable*; as they are found to display great labour of research, together with the most minute and laudable accuracy of statement. His descriptions are given in plain, generally clear, concise, and pleasing language; without any affection of fine writing or any of those lofty and rapturous bursts of misplaced rhetoric in which tourists and painters on the picturesque, so often indulge. He understood botany and natural history well, but it is to be regretted that he was but very imperfectly versed in another and principal department of his subject, namely—antiquities. Considering however the state of antiquarian knowledge at the period, and his own ignorance of the Irish language, his most necessary guide through that part of the study connected with his object, we should not perhaps harshly censure, or hastily undervalue his labour, even on this head. It is strange however, and marks but too strongly the degradation of the literature of his day, that Smith's works should form almost a text book to the Irish *archæological Dry-as-dusts* of that time. With statistics, he was little acquainted, and it is perhaps just as well that this was the case, for indeed the degree of statistical knowledge in 1750 was sufficiently contemptible; his principal merit lies in the accuracy of his descriptions and the pains which he takes to encrease their interest by connecting them with classical and historical recollections, as well as such traditional, and legendary notices as he could gather, and intermixing with them, observations on the characters and manners of the people. He also availed himself of such information, as from his limited resources, he could collect from foreign and native writers, as to the ancient condition, extent and limits of the districts he describes. His works on Kerry and Waterford have now been long out of print, and have passed out of common circulation: they are at present little better than known to be in existence, or seldom found, but on the shelf of the Antiquary. We confess we regret this, for we value Smith sufficiently well to wish his histories were better known to the public, than at present they possibly can be; but in order to become fit for republication, they should certainly be previously revised, as they would admit of much alteration and improvement. In fact they would require somewhat of a more modern phraseology to render

them endurable to modern readers. The Counties which he has described, in common with the rest of Ireland, have undergone great changes since his time. Ireland "*sixty years since*" is become a part and parcel of antiquity, and its then state bears little resemblance to the present. A revolution has been rapidly, but silently going forward; society has taken a polish then little known, and the encrease of this country in wealth, and its progress in arts, civilization, and the improvements which pre-eminently distinguish the present age, is a circumstance, which while it strikes us as most extraordinary, considering the short period during which it has been accomplished, renders the necessity for such a revival the more necessary. The history and topography of an Irish County, then, written in the early part of the last century, must be deemed, in a great measure, as only relating to times long gone by; gratifying our curiosity about former days, but giving little information respecting the present. It is pleasant to look back through the dim vista of antiquity, but we should also like to know something of the dull but palpable realities of the passing age,—"*its form and pressure.*" We would therefore say, with all our respect for our old tye-wigged friend, though companion, as he has been to us in many a summer excursion, that we should wish to behold him a little reformed in attire, or if this may not be, that he should give place, as he has done in Waterford, to some more vigorous and less "*auld world*" instructor. We are glad that Mr. Bolster has undertaken the task of again introducing the history of Kerry to the reading community. That ill-fated history as originally written, would have filled two volumes of its present size, but the prudential speculation of his bookseller compelled Smith to reduce its bulk, and omit a variety of useful and interesting information. It is well however, that the original MS. with all the omitted parts, is still in existence in the Trinity College Library; and with such an opportunity, amongst various others, and with the spirit which the publisher of the forthcoming edition possesses, we are satisfied that nothing will be left undone to render the history of Kerry a most valuable and interesting addition to our literature and county histories.

The Rev. Mr. Ryland, has, within the last year, pursued a different course from that intended to be adopted by Mr. Bolster, with which however, we are by no means dissatisfied. Overlooking Smith's History, he has gone over the same ground very successfully, and published an useful, if not a pleasing book; and though our commendation cannot extend to every part of the work; yet, it possesses so many particulars to recommend it, so much good sense, manly feeling, useful observation and knowledge, added to the advantages of a good easy style, that it would not only be unjust in us, not to be grateful for its publication, but in our dearth of such works, and when we cannot therefore afford to be fastidious, we have felt much gratification in its perusal.

With Smith, for half a century, ended the publication of our Histories. No one (if we except Ferrar, whose work on Limerick, notwithstanding the approbation of the venerable John O'Keeffe,* we should scarcely think

* "In 1767 I knew Mr. Ferrar of Limerick, a printer, bookseller, and author; he wrote an excellent History of Limerick, which a few years ago I read with much pleasure;—his little shop was at the corner of Quay-Lane. Ferrar was very deaf, yet, he had a cheerful animated countenance; thin, and of the middle size."—*Recollections of the life of John O'Keeffe*,—*New Monthly Magazine* for April, 1826.

worth mentioning) had the boldness or inclination to follow in a course which Smith had proved to be little beneficial, and far from profitable. The state of dull apathy that pervaded the intellect of Ireland during that time, though it cannot surprize us, acquainted even as we are with the national feeling at the present day, was truly deplorable, and of course most unfavorable to the continuation of any writings on Smith's plan.—So late as 1780, Col. Vallency, an Englishman of the most extensive and various learning and abilities, but who, unhappily for his own reputation and emolument, directed them to the elucidation of Irish antiquities, originated a society in Dublin, of some of the most distinguished literary men in the kingdom; but it was with difficulty, (so adverse was the tide of public opinion against a national literature) that he succeeded in keeping it together for about two years; at the expiration of which time, it had dwindled away into the small number of four individuals of most discordant principles and opinions on the very subjects which they professed to pursue in common: these were Vallency himself, Charles O'Connor of Ballinegar, (the venerable relative of the present Rev. Antiquary of Stowe,) Beauford and Dr. Ledwich. The Irish press at this period gave little proof of existence; pamphlets on the fierce and bitter party politics of the time, and a few dull books without a gleam of genius or talent, and too often without the recommendation of common sense or common honesty, were its staple commodity. It was then that Leland complained that Ireland wanted a philosophical historian. He might have extended his lament to other departments beside that of history. A mental famine seems to have overspread the land, and it was therefore scarcely to be wondered at, if we should then have wanted successors or imitators of our historian of Desmond. A post chaise guide, or a foreign tourist pre-eminent in dulness and vituperation, the legitimate successors of old Giraldus the Cambrian,—men who eat their way through the land, leaving behind them the slime of their abuse and the fogs of their utter ignorance,—were the topographers of the country who succeeded or plagiarized Smith; as well as the vile and worthless media through which Ireland was judged, or could be known in other lands. Their style and their abilities were deemed befitting the people and the country which they mis-represented, or attempted to describe. The late Dr. Clarke has defined a perfect traveller to be, one "that must possess the pen—oil of Morden, the pen of Volney, the learning of Pocock, the perseverance of Bruce, and the enthusiasm of Savary." He seemed to have in view the very opposite of the race of tourists, who, at the period in question, infested this island,—a race totally innocent of the slightest particle of any one of the excellent qualifications, a union of which, the simple Doctor would have required in his beau ideal of a perfect one. But topography was not the only branch in which Irish literature was found wanting; its kindred studies, antiquities and history, were under a similar curse, and were cultivated by men, with as light pretensions to the respect or reverence of their own, or any other age, as could well have happened. History or antiquities were less studied for instruction, or the gratification of a reasonable curiosity, than as affording weapons of offence in the wordy warfare of the day. The gravest, the most curious and speculative subjects were discussed with an asperity that was only equalled by the ridiculous solemnity and ignorant quackery of the disputants; while a contempt for all just rules of criticism, and all the legitimate helps and guides to sound information and conclusions, is painfully conspicuous in every page of the fu-

rious scribblers of the time. Our language, (the great key to the knowledge of a people's state and transactions,) was, by this herd, despised as a means of acquiring it; indeed this contempt for the ancient language of Ireland, so prevalent among the writers on her history and archæology, has been but too general even to the present hour; yet, to those who comprehend the utility of language as a guide in researches through the past, this affected contempt to cover real ignorance, appears extremely ridiculous. It is matter of regret, that Dr. Wood, in the passing time, has proved himself a disciple of this ancient and venerable school. With the help of a vile translation and an inventive fancy, he has laid prostrate all Irish history, and elucidated Ireland's antiquities with a degree of force and perspicuity which would have astounded the most adventurous of our heretofore *soi disant* antiquaries. Etymology seems to have, for him, (as well as for his worthy predecessors) unbosomed herself of her most hidden secrets, without putting him to the trouble of acquiring the knowledge of a single word of our Ibero-Phœnician dialect. This is not however, with us: the orthodox mode of becoming acquainted with, or expounding such subjects, and we could have almost wished that its abettors could have taken the more beaten and round about paths; though even we had, thereby, lost some of their most whimsical and facetious "sayings and doings." With the ready mode of discussing and adjusting the solemn subjects on which they pondered, these hypocritics found little difficulty in giving our history to the winds, rejecting the entire, as an idle fable; though, even admitting it to be such, the more philosophical portion of mankind conceive (simply enough) that this same *fabulous*, is, most generally, an envelope for *true* history. The Bardic Historians of Ireland have not been much sparing in their allegories and figments. With our knowledge of the national aptitude to hyperbole and figure, and of the glowing, and impassioned, and more than Oriental character of their poetry, we could scarcely expect, that in handling our history, they would not sometimes confound its realities with the rich and gorgeous, but oftentimes lawless creations of their own fancy. But they have left us some valuable materials, from which, with a little reflection and common sense, much of the truth of our ancient history might be elicited. Rejecting these however, our Irish historians, whether general or county, have too much accustomed themselves to resort to either negative proofs, or, taking the still more questionable guides of the pale, (some of whose vile and obsolete slander was re-published some years ago in Dublin, under the name of ancient Irish histories, thus attempting to give life and circulation anew to the mis-representations and weak credulity of Campion, Spencer, Marlborough, Hanmer, *et id genus omne*,) they have done their utmost to embody and perpetuate a mingled spirit of ignorance and pride, while the more genuine testimony of the native Irish writers has been almost totally passed over. The better spirit of the present age, without rejecting or approving either class of authorities, has been, however, directed with more impartiality, and a calmer temper. The heat and passion of the writers of the last century have given way to reasonable and dispassionate enquiry. Ireland is becoming, too, a less unfashionable subject. Since the union, (short as the time has been) more books have been published on Ireland, in the various department of politics, history, topography, antiquities and belles lettres, than during almost the entire of the preceding century. The Royal Irish Academy and Dublin Society led the way in awaking the national feeling to a sense of its own mental honors;

the former has published several volumes of its transactions, which, though their number, compared with the years of the Society's duration, shew that exertion has not been sufficiently great to promote the objects of its establishment, yet has not been without some happy effects;—the latter has been little heard of, within late years, but its earlier days were marked by the publication of several statistical works, few, it is true, (like angel visits) and far between, but most desirable and valuable in a country whose resources were, and are still, so little known, and where improvement is at once so desirable, and easy of attainment, whenever the means are properly understood. Of these surveys, Sampson's Londonderry, Tighe's Kilkenny, and Dubourdieu's Antrim, were the best; but our own county has afforded the most complete and satisfactory specimen of these useful works, that has yet been published. Townsend's statistical survey stands confessedly at the head of all our Irish surveys, both in utility, extent of information, and as to its general merits. The labours of the Dublin society, for any *literary* purposes, seem to have ceased with the publication of this last mentioned survey. A spirited individual, William Shaw Mason, regretting its supineness, and desiring, if possible, to complete the good work, a few years ago drew up from the communications of several of the clergy, a statistical account of several parishes, selected from the documents he had received, which he published in three volumes, embracing the state of agriculture, arts, manufactures, religion, education and resources of each, with the manners, customs and character of the people, and notices of their traditions, descriptions of the antiquities and remarkable places within each parish. But the publication of these interesting papers stopt here: public spirit and patronage was wanting, to enable the editor to carry on the work to a successful conclusion. The same obstacles that have prevented the publication of county histories, the apathy of the public mind, (though that indeed is growing daily less) has retarded the perfection of our county or parochial surveys. A short enumeration of our histories will shew, what little has been; and how much still remains to be done;—out of thirty two Counties, seven only have been described, of these Munster claims six and Ulster one; whilst Leinster and Connaught have not a solitary history to tell the stranger, what is, or has been, and these, added to the histories and description of the town of Galway in Connaught; of Armagh and Carrickfergus in Ulster; of the City of Dublin; and Christ Church Cathedral, form the entire stock of our historical and topographical publications.

The history of the City of Armagh by Mr. Stewart published some time since, though a work of pre-eminently uninviting exterior and appearance, is nevertheless, in every other respect, a performance highly creditable to its learned and ingenious author. It is, in the first place, a work of the most indefatigable and well directed labour and industry, compiled from the best sources and written in a perspicuous and even a vigorous style. Mr. Stewart's antiquarian opinions are the result of close investigation, pursued with judgment, and unwarped by those prejudices which too often darken the speculations of his brethren on the obscure events and remains of ancient times. We should like to introduce this work more fully to the notice of the readers of the Magazine; but the limits and object of this paper preclude us. Those however who know any thing of our ancient story are aware of the importance of Emania the seat of the Ulster Kings and of "the red branch knights," as well as of Armagh in Ireland's elder day,

and that the history of these places, even in less capable hands than those of Mr. S., must be instructive and interesting. Armagh, from the period when St. Patrick established in it the metropolitan see of Ireland, became, and continued for some ages, the prime seat of letters in the west of Europe. Whither resorted for instruction, the kings, the magnates and the learned of the neighbouring isles and of the Continent; but the irruptions of the Scandinavian hordes, and, subsequently, of the Normans, laid its honors in the dust and despoiled it of its glory. Like other cities of greater name it had its periods of splendour and decay. In the beginning of the 16th century the city of the holy and the learned had dwindled down to a miserable and insignificant county-town; all traces of its ancient grandeur and importance had vanished; and some sarcastic rhymers of the day, truly painted its condition in the following lines.

Civitas Ardmachana
Civitas vana
Absque bonis moribus,
Mulieres nudæ,
Carnes crudæ,
Paupertas in cedibus,

Which may be thus translated—

Armagh—'tis a pity—
Is now a vain city;
Deprived of all common morality:
The women go nude
The meat's taken crude
And poverty there has locality—

What Armagh is now will best be learned from the work itself, to which we willingly refer our readers, regretting, as we do, our inability to make any selections from it.

The same province has also given us a *History of Carrickfergus*, by Mr. Samuel M'Skimmin. Considering the comparative obscurity and inconsiderable rank of that town, we should naturally augur little worthy our attention from its history, and yet, few books will more completely disappoint any such expectation. The respectability with which it has been got up,—the number and beauty of the plates which embellish it,—and above all, the mass of various information, curious historical and biographical detail, and the importance to the general historian of some of the original documents now first published in it, will astonish those who have only known the place through the medium of tours or gazeteers, or who only recollect the appalling history of its defence against Bruce in 1316, when its obstinate garrison preferred the horrors of cannibalism, by devouring thirty Scotch prisoners, to a surrender to their Scotch besiegers. A first edition of this work was published in 1807; but the care and attention given to the second, the one now in circulation—have rendered it almost a new work. It has been enlarged to almost double the size of the former, and new engravings executed in a very creditable manner by artists of the town, added to it. Mr. M'Skimmin is evidently unacquainted with the Irish language, and this circumstance, while it has deprived him of great additional means of rendering his work sufficiently perfect and satisfactory, has also disfigured it with names and words most barbarous and offensive

to the Irish scholar. It has also compelled him, in his annals, to the almost exclusive use of Cox, and his copyist Leland,—authorities, not, at all times, to be confided in.

Having expressed our satisfaction with the last two works, we feel that it would savour too much of optimism, were we to express our approbation of Mr. Hardiman's history of the Town of Galway in the manner we could wish; but that work having been the subject of a distinct article in a former number of this Magazine, no necessity whatever exists for the writer of the present article to take further notice of it. We had been long indulging the hope, that Munster would again increase the number of our county histories through Mr. O'Flaherty, whose history of Limerick had been, long since, announced, and repeatedly advertised; and from the abilities, the taste, and the varied knowledge and information of that gentleman, and, more than all, his superior fitness for such a subject, by his acquaintance with the ancient Irish language, literature, and antiquities; we had prepared ourselves to expect a most valuable acquisition to our too scanty historical library. The very recent publication of a history of Limerick* has however (we presume) interfered with the appearance of the work in question, since a third history of that city and county, in the present state of literary encouragement in this country, would be a thing not to be thought of. We rather think, therefore, that Mr. O'Flaherty would do well (as we understand it had at one time been his intention) to extend his view to a history of Munster, which would embrace much of his materials for that of Limerick, and would certainly be received with satisfaction by the public. As to the new history of Limerick alluded to, (one volume of which has only been just published) we find, what of course cannot surprise us in this age of joint stock companies, that it is the joint labour of the Rev. Mr. Fitzgerald, and of J. J. M'Gregor, (the latter already known as the historian of the late war.) Perhaps few of our Irish counties could present more abundant materials for such a work. Though abounding with many singular curiosities, presenting us, as Mr. Fitzgerald says, "interesting vestiges of our history through the pagan, the monastic and the feudal ages," and, consequently, affording a fine field for the speculation and attention of the antiquarian, as also of the agriculturist and political economist; it has, nevertheless, been but little or very partially known, and seldom trodden by the tourist or topographer. The names of Kilmallock, "the Palmyra of Ireland;" of Rathkeale, the strong hold of the old Geraldines of Desmond; of Adare, and Askeaton; with the splendid monastic ruins of Lough Gur, the lake of spells and enchantment,—are sufficient to attach interest to a history of this county, which, from the most remote ages, has been celebrated in our annals. Its fertile soil had been early occupied by a brave and hardy people, and its warrior-kings have figured much in the records of their country. The paternal territory, and the early scene of "the glories of Brian the brave," renowned in song and minstrelsy, has many interesting associations for the student in Irish history; nor are the feats of his fierce and proud descendants lost in our story. We associate with Limerick too, the recollection of the noble stand which its city made against the valour and the experience of William the third, with the flower of the English

* The History, Topography, and Antiquities of the County and City of Limerick, by the Rev. P. Fitzgerald, and J. J. M'Gregor. Vol. 1, 8vo, Dublin, 1826.

army beleaguering its walls, nor should it be forgotten by those who have read with pleasure, as all must who have read Chrysal or the adventures of a guinea, that to this county, did Johnson its author owe his birth; while our antiquarian recollections and our patriotism are excited by the venerable name of O'Halloran—he who, in his enthusiasm, boldly contested against Olaus Rudbekius, and the entire university of Upsal at his back, that Ireland, and not the cold hyperborean Sweden, was the Atlantica of Plato, the Ogygia of Homer, the Fortunate isle, and the Garden of the Hesperides—the land favoured by the inspection of the Argonauts, and the giver of her alphabet to Greece, for which Greece in return complimented our progenitors with the very flattering appellation of the *Ierogenos* or sacred generation:—He, whose ardent patriotism rejected with contempt, the inappropriate name of King for the ancient sovereigns of the lofty Erin, and dignified them with the inflated name of Emperor; who detected an Irish Legion under the banners of Hannibal in the *delecta et sacra cohors*, and one of the said Emperors under the *nom de guerre* of *Galgacus* in North Britain. Truly if ever man sincerely loved “his own his native land” with the idolatry of affection, it was O'Halloran. He was beyond most men dazzled with the brightness of Ireland's ancient glory, and perhaps too, sometimes blinded by the excess of its light.

The writers of the present History have given us satisfactory proofs that they could regard the same brilliant epochs (*i. e.*, from the invasion of Ireland by the niece of Noah before the flood, up to the Norman invasion,) with eyes less dimmed by their radiance. They have rapidly reviewed the period of Mr. O'Halloran's idolatry without assent or dissent, but with a tone of incredulity sufficiently provoking, when they neither offer any reasons for their scepticism, or gratify us with the substitution of either theory or hypothesis of their own. They pass over high names, and glorious deeds, that would have aroused all the patriot, and waked to rapture every slumbering feeling within the bosom of an O'Halloran, with a coldness, sufficiently philosophic to be sure, but little befitting the impassioned character of historians of Ireland's elder day. The great Fingal, whose name has so often resounded in the fierce conflicts of the Ossianic controversy; the renowned Con of the hundred fights; Cormac of the flowing tresses (the writer of an advice for Kings—a work it is to be feared never perused by any of the sceptred members of the Holy Alliance,*⁴) and a host of other “bright beacons of song” have been passed over, as if there had been some act of parliament, rendering it penal, as in the case of Eratostratus, the temple incendiary of Ephesus, to mention their *time honoured names*. In the historical summary which occupies the larger portion of Fitzgerald and M'Gregor's history of Limerick, the truth is, they appear to be distracted between the credulity of Keating, and the incredulity of Ledwich, and, unwilling to commit themselves with either of the factions who have clenched the fist, or hurled defiance at each other, on the debatable ground of Irish history and antiquities, they have thrown an air of doubt and uncertainty over their accounts, for which, in our opinion, there was not a sufficient necessity. The part relating to the miscellaneous antiquities is much more satisfactory. The writers give a brief, but pleasing view of the political and

* *Quere*, has the name of this “Cormac of the flowing tresses” been ever enrolled in the list of Royal and Noble authors; if not, it is time it should be attended to.

military institutions of the ancient Irish, comprizing an account of their remarkable customs of clanship—Tanistry—Gavel kind Coign—and livery and fosterage. There are also some curious notices of their architecture, dress, and literature, but, above all, we felt most pleased with the article on our native music, a subject of which Ireland has just reason to be proud; for amidst every variety, and reverse of her fortune, she has, even to the present hour, retained her musical celebrity; while, in more remote times, admiring nations conceded to her that dominion in the art which Italy holds in modern times.—The excellence of Irish music even won from the prejudiced Cambrensis his reluctant applause, when he was fain to say that Ireland surpassed all other nations in the divine art "*incomparabiliter*." He has also described the Irish music of his time as of a quick and joyous character. How differently distinguished, is it at present, when it may justly be called the music of sighs, mingling as it does so deeply, grief with mirth,—the tear with the smile;—speaking to the soul, the history of the country—telling "her tale in every strain;"—discoursing most eloquently, and piteously of long years of suffering, and of shame, with few though bright, and exhilarating moments of success and peace. We select from this article the romantic incident connected with the origin, of the beautiful, and popular air of *Aileen Aroon**—the reader will perceive what a resemblance it bears to the subject of Sir Walter Scott's exquisite ballad of *Lochinvar* in *Marmion*.

"Carol More O'Daly, (brother to Donogh, a turbulent Connaught Chieftain, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth) was one of the most accomplished gentlemen of his time, and particularly excelled in poetry and music. He paid his addresses to Ellen the daughter of a Chieftain named Cavanagh, a lovely and amiable young lady who returned his affection, but her friends disapproved of the connexion. O'Daly was obliged to leave the country for some time, and they availed themselves of the opportunity which his absence afforded them, of impressing on the mind of Ellen a belief of his falsehood, and of his having gone to be married to another; after some time they prevailed on her to consent to marry a rival of O'Daly. The day was fixed for the nuptials, but O'Daly returned the evening before. Under the first impression of his feelings, he sought a wild and sequestered spot on the sea shore, and inspired by love, composing the song of *Aileen Aroon*. Disguised as a harper, he, next night, gained access among the crowd, that thronged to the wedding. It happened that he was called on by Ellen herself to play. It was then, touching his harp with all the pathetic sensibility, which the interesting occasion inspired, he infused his own feelings into the song he had composed, and breathed into his softened strain, the very soul of pensive melody. It began *dtiucfa tu no a bhfanna tu Aileen Aroon*, "*Will you stay or come with me Ellen my dear*." Ellen soon felt its force, and contrived to elope with him that very night."

The Topographical portion of this volume is not quite as interesting, as, from our knowledge of the County, we had expected, but it is nevertheless

* Handel declared he would rather have been the author of this air than of all the music he had ever composed. And so enchanted was Signor Tenducci, a distinguished Italian singer, who assisted at the Italian Operas in Dublin, with it, that he resolved upon studying the Irish language, and become a perfect master of it.

a part which must be read with satisfaction, and will considerably gratify the reader's curiosity. The descriptions though tame are intelligible, and when we recollect Ferrar's work on the same subject, we are naturally led to a comparison, the result of which is most favourable to the present joint composition. Places even unnamed by Ferrar; objects perhaps unseen by him, have been introduced to our notice connected with historical and traditional recollections, and some of the agreeable fictions for which our country is celebrated, lend to interest, and the descriptions and discoveries, additional effect. On the whole a perusal of the volume which has been published, has strongly impressed us with a desire to see the concluding volume brought out. It is really an excellent addition to our stock of county histories. Good as we freely confess that of Mr. Ryland's on Waterford to be, we consider this history of Limerick, as superior to it; and, the present work perfected, we should not care how soon we should hear of its authors having directed their attention towards the neighbouring county of Tipperary, where Cashel—Monaincha—Holy Cross, and Rostrea, with their history of ages, await to tell their story, and to speak what they *have been, and are*. Tipperary and Clare are now the only counties in Munster, which have not been surveyed, and we shall hope that they will not long so remain. The natural and artificial beauties of this fair province only require to be known, and the painter, the poet, the antiquary, and the man of taste, who turn their steps to foreign lands, searching for those picturesque scenes and inspiring objects which lie unvisited and unexplored within their reach at home, will find food for the mind—the pencil—and pleasing speculation, not less rich and delicious, than that which they seek amidst toils, dangers and losses abroad. The publication of descriptive works, like the present, would tend powerfully to attract and concentrate the attention of every patriotic Irishman, upon those deeply interesting subjects. Had we a few more Welds, Ireland would cease to be a *terra incognita*, and we would not be surprized to see some of our Doctor Syntaxes—some of our reckless absentees, who crowd to gratify their love of the picturesque to Switzerland and Italy,—hurry home, like that worthy Scotchman who hastened from the latter country to see a magnificent view on his own estate, of which he had first received intelligence from a foreigner. Mr. Weld and Lady Morgan, and such histories of Munster counties as we possess, have given this province, a celebrity, not enjoyed by any of the other three; but well directed and successful as have been their labours, if we contrast them all united, with the effects produced in Scotland by the efforts of her admirable and truly great *unknown*, to awaken the interest, and direct the curiosity of the public to his own “land of the mountain and the flood,” how wanting will we not be found, what tameness and deficiency must we not lament in our exhibitions of the various inimitable beauties which crowd our lovely island, and render it truly “a gem amidst the waters.” Well may we sigh for some Irish Scott, who, like the great wizard of the North, eminently combining in himself the poet, the antiquary, and a scarcely to be rivalled mastery of description, and who, sojourning amidst our scenes with spirit kindling within him, and soul carried back to those distant times, “whose echoes still are heard among our hills,” could spread out the living land with all its wondrous varieties for universal inspection and admiration.

VAUCLUSE.

Here, in thy grotto, wild Vaucluse
 Enamoured Petrarch sought the muse,
 And sat beneath that green tree's shade—
 (The emblem of his laurel maid)
 Binding its wreathes upon his brows,
 Breathing to it his tender vows.
 And here his rich and varied song
 Echoed the Sorga's banks along;
 They rose, those notes so clear and high
 Unknown beneath a northern sky—
 That full expressive liquid tone
 Beneath thy favored skies alone,
 Pours its soul thrilling melody
 O lovely land of Italy!

Enraptured, still he loved to meet
 Laura, in all that fair and sweet:
 The blushing rose-bud as it blows
 Is fragrant with her sigh—
 The star above his head that glows
 Can but reflect her eye—
 And still her beauteous form he twines
 With all that smiles and all that shines,
 Until his deep impassioned thought
 Her name into a language wrought,
 And oft, as rose his varying song
 Breathed it in cadence wild and long.

* The laurel wreath for victor's brows

To Laura owed its fame,
 The air that heard his glowing vows
 Was liquid with her name—
 That name so loved, so lovely, shed
 Its golden splendors on her head,
 And scattered them in radiance bright
 Like stars upon her hair of light.

How oft within Vaucluse's shade
 Were Petrarch's brows the myrtle braid!
 The leaves were green, and fresh and fair—
 Laura! thy hand had bound them there—
 They faded—though the eye of love
 Wept dew-drops on them from above,
 But on the flowers he gave to thee
 The sun-beam shone of poesy;
 Unfading still those garlands bloom
 All brightly green above thy tomb.

* LAURA—*Lauro*; *L'aura*; *L'aurea chioma*.

O'DRISCOLL.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Several malicious persons having made, at different times, attempts to injure me in a professional way, I take the present opportunity of publicly convicting them of falsehood ; and of exposing to the world their base and envious calumny. Not having it in their power to frame a direct accusation, they endeavour to effect their object by instituting invidious comparisons between Mr. Valte, and me. They assert that my mode of teaching the science of dancing is not conformable to the present fashionable system, and that, on the contrary, the other professional gentleman excels in his knowledge of the recent inventions. Now the fact is, that there are many matters in the art with which I am intimately acquainted, and of which (with reverence be it spoken,) the above named worthy understands nothing ; and so on, *vice versa*. For instance,—in all my enquiries respecting him, I never could learn that he taught the “ *Rinca flaguide an mhadarin ruadh*” (anglice—“the fox hunter’s jig”):—the genuine “ *Rinca triz*,”—the “ *Rinca ceataira*,”—or the native “ *Rinca ochtar* ;” whilst, on the contrary, those form the primary institutions in my saltatory tactics.—I acknowledge, with all humility, my total ignorance of *quadrilles—dos e dos—balancez*, and all the fashionable jargon which has now taken the place of our old Irish jigs, reels, &c. &c. &c.—so that, in this respect, we are pretty equal. As to respectability, I could once boast of having the care of pupils, whose families were not the least important in this town ; and the public may safely give me belief, when I assert, upon my credit, that I often had the honour of laying the scourge across the shins of Master Nicholas Tomtit, Master Bobby Ranty, Master Johnny Liquidrishstick, and many others too tedious to mention in an advertisement. It is only five years since those gentlemen have been withdrawn from my school, so that the calumny about “second rate” and “third rate” is quite unfounded.

There remains another serious matter to be taken into consideration ; viz. the terms of instruction. The envious have reported,---nay have solemnly asserted, that I require but thirteen pence per quarter for tuition ;—now the truth is that “ I have heretofore charged two tenpennies, and on the assimilation of currency have raised the terms to two shillings British,”* which I intend to continue as my standard price in future.

There are, however, many advantages which I possess beyond Mr. Valte, whilst he is no more than a mere dancing master, I am something else. *He* instructs—is paid, and no more of him ;—whilst *I* instruct—am paid, asked to dine in reat houses, (when there is no one else to amuse the family, or when there is no stranger asked ;) and, upon my honour, I am seldom left in the hall long after dinner. I generally begin the play of blind man’s buff by being the first who is blindfolded : and am always appointed fool in four corners, in which character I remain during the event-

* A quotation from my daily advertisement, which publicly appeareth posted on the left-hand pillar of the lane gate in Bantry.

ful game. I grind the rosin, at parties, for the fiddlers—carry the children's books to school, and sometimes read the news-paper when the old lady is sleepy, and the print bad. From those circumstances it will be seen that I have many opportunities of improving in literature, and fashionable life, which my rival cannot have. Hence, I imbibed a taste for letters, and hope on one day being enabled to give rest to one pair of limbs at the expense of the other ;—in plain terms, to exchange the logic of the feet for that of the hands.

Should those statements not be sufficient to obviate the evil effects of those invidious falsehoods, it only remains for me to entreat the attention of the surrounding gentry, and to request they will visit my school on **Cnoc na-veach*, where I preside during the summer months, or to Whiddy Island, where I teach in spring, and part of winter ; and thus a personal examination will convince them of the truth of this, my declaration. I have no more to offer on the present occasion, but to assure the public how devotedly.

I remain,

Their most obedient

humble servant 'till death,

PRIMUS JUCUNDUS MAC RINCO.

Cnoc-na-veach, August 15, 1826.

O'DRISCOLL.

Oh! once the harp of Inisfail
Was strung full high to notes of gladness ;
But yet it often told a tale
Of more prevailing sadness.

O'CONNOR'S CHIL'D.

There is not perhaps in any part of Ireland more striking scenery than that beheld from the highest point of the old Abbey near Bantry. Without being so fearfully sublime, as that along the coast of Antrim in the north, or the bleak pinnacles of Derbyshire in England, it possesses the double attraction of the improvements of agriculture, and the irregularity of nature in all her majesty. The bold outline of mountain extending from Bere Island along the borders of the County of Kerry towards the

* This hill lies just opposite to the cathedral, which, as a witty pupil of mine, named Tim Croneen, used to remark, is a beautiful building, except that the walls and roof are in a wretched condition.

north; is mellowed by the refreshing relief of the most delicious verdure, especially in that part which approaches the beautiful basin lying outside the little town of Bantry. On a fine summer's morning, or at noon, the landscape almost exceeds description. At one view, the spectator takes in a sweep of some hundred leagues both on sea and land. Forwards, as far as the eye can reach, the immense Atlantic lies like a mass of varnished gold under the rays of the rising sun. In the contemplation of such a scene, ideas partaking of the sublime must arise in the mind, even of an indifferent spectator. The reflection that nothing will impede the course of the voyager until he reaches the other side of the globe, must impress him with the grandeur of the prospect, and, in some measure, identify him with all that lies before him. The unbroken stillness that broods over the bosom of the mighty deep; the rich and glowing tints of the eastern horizon; the bursting of the sun, as it were, from the waters; the blue ocean itself strongly relieved by the russet colour of the mountains, shooting abruptly above its surface; the luxurious carpets of green which cover the small islands planted in the basin,—all form, in one view, the most vivifying prospect in nature. The old abbey itself, formerly the abode of monks of the Franciscan order, with its aged alder and yew trees drooping over the sea, the white tomb stones gleaming in the sunshine and half seen through the foliage, impose a venerable and holy character on the scene.

I am an enthusiast in what regards ancient burial grounds in general, but I confess this has a peculiar claim on my most fervent attachment. I often wander there, long before the rising of the sun, and seldom fail in taking my leave of him as he sets in all the glory of summer's pride behind the Berehaven mountains. The consciousness that I tread on "hallowed ground," where once the vesper stave re-echoed; that I repose on spots where not long since the sacred mysteries were celebrated; that I breathe the same air which once thrilled with the melting pathos, or which wafted the grand intonations of those musical specimens of simple sublimity which are so frequently blended with the imposing ceremonies of the Roman ritual, must impress me with feelings rarely felt in any other situation. There occurs a striking difference between the ideas we feel in the observation of a scene of feudal or baronial grandeur, and those we entertain on the contemplation of the ruined habitation of holiness. Disgust at the mutability of human events, and at the instability of wealth and power is the consequent reflection of the former, whilst a complete abstraction from the business of this world, attended with a pensive melancholy and the most heartfelt devotion is the impression from a view of the latter. Carried on by the train of ideas in this manner, the imagination raises many visions of former days, and we grieve to be awakened from this unearthly trance to flat reality again. The matin song is once more heard over the blue water; the phantoms of the cinctured friar is seen flitting amongst the trees; the *benedicite* is again repeated on the passing traveller; the spirit of sanctity breathes a gentler rapture over the scene; and again, the abbey "leaves seem stirred with prayer." *

* There are as yet,—or have been---a few persons in the town of Bantry, who recollect the last wanderer from the dilapidated monastery, and, if I am not mistaken, one man knew and entertained a very old recluse who dwelt in a narrow road in Bantry, which now goes by the name of "Friar's lane."

I had visited the abbey one beautiful evening towards the middle of June last, about the hour of six or seven. The scene around was buried in the most profound silence, unless when, now and then, wounded by a faint and dying hum from the distant busy town, or by the sudden splash of oars in the waters, as the Clanlawrence men rowed slowly homewards, or by the sullen plunge of some sea bird in the still mirror beneath. Having completed the distracting duties of the day, I had intended to luxurate in all the richness of long cool grass, and revel in whatever scenes or visions imagination may call forth. The exercises of the "light fantastic toe" were about to give place to no less agile trippings of fancy; and I drew up my legs for the purpose of setting out on a journey to the empire of non-existence. I had chosen a fit spot for my repose, and had settled myself so that a new covered grave should be my couch and pillow;—(we may as well accustom ourselves to these things as not) I was just collecting my thoughts preparatory to an excursion;—the eyes were half closed—lips compressed—hand spread on the forehead, when, I was roused by a noise resembling that of the closed hand struck violently and often against the breast. At another time this incident would have caused but little surprise, but in the total absence of mind I then was, it served immediately to dissipate the outlines of the gossamer fabric I had been drawing. After hearing a repetition of the same, I turned my head around, and perceived, kneeling on a grave close behind my sofa, an old grey man, whom I at once recognised as the professed *senachie* of the town and suburbs. Poor Denis Hurly was the most honest, simple, devout, but, at the same time, the most broken hearted being in the country. He had gained such respect for the excellence of his character, that he was an universal favourite. The houses of all the country parish priests were ever open to him; and it was considered as a compliment, not the slightest, if he sojourned long in one place. The head farmers and the "*ceanna probail*" would ride slowly if they met him on the high road, for the purpose of conversing with him, and the barefooted urchins passed with veneration, bordering upon awe, as they twitched, by way of a bow, the matted locks hanging upon their forehead. The simplicity of his heart approached almost to childishness, and an infant of three years old had a more intimate knowledge of the ways of the world. He conciliated the favour of the young by mingling in all their sports, by acting as arbitrator at foot ball, bowling and hurling matches, and he endeared himself to the old by constantly attending at wakes and funerals. Many a winter's night has he wiled away,—the centre of a numerous circle of old and young who listened with rapture to his relations of the achievements of days of old. He was no vulgar *senachie*. Often were the hearts of his hearers melted at his lamentation over the memory of the dead, and often they fancied that the spirits of the departed arose to hear their venerable panegyrist. His effusions of natural eloquence so far affected the minds and roused the passions of the young men, that they often, by one simultaneous emotion, leaped up, seized their sticks, and imprecated the most dreadful curses on the ashes of their first national betrayer. Their bosoms panted to emulate the deeds and valorous feats of the great *Donall Combh*, last of the princes of Beara, as they heard him dilate on the deep revenge taken by that hero on the robber chieftain of Castle Donovan; and their stubborn hearts softened to the tale of woe, and tears and sobs bore testimony to the feeling pathos of his *caoin*. Not a wedding or christening was cele-

brated in the country without the presence of Denis. He had always the most comfortable corner allotted to him, and his seat at the banquet was next to that of the master of the house himself. Though always beloved by the peasantry, since his late misfortunes he was almost idolised. No people in the world entertain a deeper feeling of veneration for virtue in distress than the Irish. Abandonment of friends in adversity is not *their* fault, and their fidelity to the victim is more strong as his miseries increase; and, as the swan is said to soothe the moments of dissolution by a strain of exquisite melody, they especially comfort the sorrows of the death bed, and soften the rigours of desolation.

He had been blessed with a large and fine family of four sons and two daughters. The elder girl caught cold by chance, and contracted a consumption which soon carried her to her grave, and the younger shortly followed. The poor mother, thus deprived of the chief part of domestic joy, pined in a natural decay, which was perhaps hastened by the departure of her eldest son, a fine young man, for America. Two more enlisted in a marching regiment preparing to set out for the West Indies, where they shortly after fell victims to the yellow fever. All dropped one by one—all his delight went out with the quick evanescence of the tints of the rainbow, and he was left desolate.

One delicate boy remained who was his mother's darling. He had been only three or four years old when she died, and owing to that want of care which the mother alone can so well supply, his constitution was weak, and his frame was one of debility. Many circumstances beside that of parental love served to increase the father's affection for Randal, and to bind up his very soul in his. He was the image of his deceased mother, and she had eloped with her husband, and preferred the risque of poverty with her more admired suitor to certain wealth with one whom she disliked. His state of health also claimed those little indulgences only understood and given by the parent, and his look of thanks to his poor father was so like that of his mother, when, at the age of sixteen she left her father's home, and gave herself up the protection of Denis, who swore that whilst health and strength remained she should never want comfort, that he almost forgot the recollection of his misfortunes. He had doted on his wife, and, even still, the bare mention of her name would wring a tear from his dimmed eyes. Randal had become the idol of the country people, and it was delightful to witness the contention amongst them, who should be first to pay the closest attention to the sickly boy. He always accompanied his father to those places where he was invited, and it was the pride of the old man's heart to make an exhibition of his son's wonderful talents. All sorrow was drowned in the possession of this treasure; the bare wrinkled brows opened, and the dark eye once more sparkled at the applause bestowed on his darling. He never left him for one moment, and he seemed the only tie which bound him to the world, and the sole charm which reconciled him to life.

One autumn evening, they had been invited to spend the night at a wedding nearly a mile and a half distant from their own little cabin; and the father and son were decked out in their best clothes. As they were just departing Randal fell outside the threshold of the door, and cut his forehead severely. Sheela, their old house-keeper, told them in great alarm that it would be unlucky if either stirred out that evening. Though by profession, Denis was a believer in the doctrine of predestination, yet, at

the same time, several most pressing inducements influenced him to disregard the monitions of the auguring sybil. The priest was expected to be present; of course there would be a ball, and such an opportunity of exhibiting the powers of Randal should not be omitted. They were exceedingly perplexed as to the way in which they should act, and were almost inclined to give up the idea of leaving the house that night. At length the matter was determined by a plan which their prophetess proposed. She, knowing that the fate destined for two persons *together* would never fall on the head one *alone*, assured them, that either may be permitted to depart without harm. Denis was always ready to postpone his own pleasure to that of his son,—as what parent is not?—and immediately signified his resolution to stay at home, and directed Randal to set out. The manners of the young boy were extremely bashful, and he by no means wished to go unaccompanied by his father. However, seeing the anxiety of the poor man to have his desire complied with, he could not hesitate in obeying him. He went therefore, and at parting from his father his face assumed a more than usual melancholy cast, which raised many unhappy presentiments in the mind of old Sheela. She did not like the ashy paleness succeeded by the high hectic, nor the glistening eye;—it resembled too closely the last light of the dying wick. Nothing material happened to him on his journey,—he arrived safe at the farmer's house, and the young bride came out to meet her favourite, and to conduct him to the most comfortable part of the room. A stranger would suppose that Randal had been the bridegroom, from the close attention paid to him by the young woman. Whether for the purpose of concealing her own bashfulness, or that, noticing a change for the worse in the young minstrel's look, she never left him during the entire night. The dinner was now discussed in silence, for the priest was present, and of course was carver. The punch went merrily around,—the songs of Carolan were chaunted by strong manly voices,—the beautiful "*placa na Ruare*" was sung by one of the company, a fine dark looking man, in compliment to the present banquet, and, when all hearts were warm, and the generous and genuinely brave spirits of the open hearted and unsuspecting Irish were roused, the dance was loudly called for. Instantly, young men and maidens were on their legs. Chairs, tables, and all other impediments were removed to make room for the sweeping *contre-dance*. The old men removed to another apartment with the Rev. Mr. Donegan to discuss some political questions over their beverage: and left the young ones to the free exercise of their favourite pastime. Six fiddlers struck up, and when the preliminary process of grinding rosin, and tying strings was over, burst into "*dho nogais mo fein*" with all the action and gesture of vehemence. They sat in a row together, and it often happened that they bumped each other's elbows, and thumped each other's corns in the violence of exertion. Heads were bobbing fiercely—now here; now there,—in all the pride of excellence. The winks and nods of the ungentele minstrels were always followed by a fillip of the middle finger and thumb, and a short but shrill yell of exultation from the dancers.* They were just in all their glory, and had *run*

* Note by MR. PRIMUS JUCUNDUS MAC RINCO.—This practice is what I never approve of, and never allow in my school; and I think it is the duty of every professor to admonish his pupils against the noisy vulgarity of such a custom. At the same time let him not suppose that I suggest this, by way of imitating any more exalted official.

Cnoc-na-veach School.

down one set,—when an agonising shriek was suddenly heard from a corner of the room. At once, all was hushed, and the bride leaving her partner hastened to know the cause of the interruption. She ran to the chair on which Randal had been sitting, and under it he was found in a hysterical fit. His legs had got entangled in the frame; and the back of his head had descended with violence on the hearth, and was bleeding rapidly. All ceased from their amusement, and some were going to alarm the priest, when the young woman beckoned them to desist. She laid him on her own bed, and moistened his throbbing temples with vinegar. He soon recovered, but was in so weakly a state that he was removed to another bed in the kitchen. The music and dancing ceased through fear of disturbing the poor boy, and he slept the entire night.

In the morning he was sent home to his father on a horse. Denis took him down in his arms, and carried him to his bed, and bent over him in all the expressive silence of agony. Poor Sheela shook her head as she rubbed his pale face gently with her trembling hand. Randal was speechless during that entire day—and alas! the forebodings of his nurse were too well realised, for, about four o'clock next morning he expired.

It would be impossible to describe the feelings of the father; any person must fully conceive them from the desolation of his state before. He preserved an unbroken sullenness during the wake;—no tear was shed; probably because the sources were dried up and exhausted already. He moped about the house as if in search of something he had lost. He uttered not a word, but sat down regularly to his meals, only now and then he seemed as if talking to some one next him,—it was there always Randal used to sit. He was continually taking up the little dog, placing him on his knees, bending over him, and lulling him to sleep with a kind of murmuring *caois*. He went about the road, clapping his hands, but uttering not a single expression, and with a stupid wildness of countenance searching under every hedge, in every nook, and examining every cabin for his boy. The neighbours endeavoured to make him speak, or to move him to tears by continually talking of his son, and uttering his praises, but all was done in vain, nothing could thaw that frozen grief which bound up the springs of his soul.

This could not last long;—at the moment when the corpse was about to be placed in the coffin, and carried out for interment, nature burst forth and moistened the barren wilderness of insensibility. He was torn from the coffin, and, in spite of his shouts of agony, was prevented from attending the funeral. Six or seven old men, and two or three old women, remained with him for a few days, to prevent his missing the company of his son. At the end of a week he was so far recovered as to be removed to the house of the young woman, where Randal had last been. By degrees, reason assumed her faculties, and hysterical grief, and stupefaction gave way to that mellow remembrance, which in some measure soothes us for the loss we have sustained.

It was now near two years since the death of Randal, and during that time, I am sure not one moment passed without bringing him to the memory of his father. He frequently wanders back to his old habitation by moonlight, in the hope of meeting with his ghost; and I have been informed that he spent three nights in the burying place, in the expectation of beholding his son's apparition. In this manner he strays about the country;—at one time in a most depressed state of mind, at another,

comforted with the hope of speedily joining his beloved. He never passes a grave yard or chapel without offering up a prayer for the repose of his soul. It was this circumstance led him to the place where I last met him.

Not wishing to interrupt his devotions, I waited in anxiety until he arose from a kneeling posture. Having expressed my uneasiness lest I may have unintentionally intruded on his private hours, he shook his head mournfully, and answered "no, sir, you have not interrupted me; I was merely beseeching God to grant me one favour, either to bless me with a sight of my poor boy, or else to take me entirely to himself. My poor Randal is far happier than if he had been still contending with this wicked world;—at the same time, that I fear I am somewhat selfish in feeling sorrow for him. Do you know I have sometimes been impious enough to arraign the justice of God for rendering *me*, of all people, so deplorably desolate;—my wife—my daughters."—The poor man was getting into such a melancholy strain of feeling, that I thought better to divert his mind from the subject entirely, and after offering a remark on the stillness of the evening, I enquired whether any traces of the monastery were as yet extant. "Not the least," replied he, "but the ground we are now standing on is not the site of the old abbey;—you see there," pointing with his stick, "where that high green field rises to the west outside the burying place, *there* the dwelling house was built. It was formerly, and by some is still called '*ard na mbrachair*,' or the '*hill of the brothers*.' There is not a single ruin left,—all has been overturned, and the ground ploughed up by strangers who had no taste for any thing ancient or holy." I asked if the graves of any of the friars could be ascertained. "From the immense quantity of graves," said he, "in this place, it is impossible to discover those of which you speak, however, there are two or three which I am pretty sure of, as belonging to the outcasts of the friary,—and one in particular, which I never pass without praying for the soul of him who lies beneath; I have reason to be quite certain, as my father knew him well: if you will come this way, I will shew you where he lies." I followed my guide into the centre of the burying place, and after pushing aside heaps of nettles and wild briars, we at length discovered a grave almost level with the ground, ornamented with a short thick grey headstone, on which the deeply indented letters were almost illegible; a small cross, cut out of a solid piece of stone, was standing at the foot, on the upper part of which, was engraved a rude circle of glory, resembling that surrounding a *soborium*, in the centre of which, was traced a well formed '*I. H. S.*' This completed the decorations of the poor friar's grave. It was situated in the thickest shade; two old alder trees covered it entirely over, and, as if to shut out all light, and to baffle scrutinising curiosity, weeds and briars were intertwined across it. No person ignorant of its existence, could ever have discovered it, so deeply was it buried in complete twilight. "The history of this brother is extremely curious," said Denis, "both for the unfortunate events of his life, brought on partly by himself, and for the rigour of his subsequent repentance. If you should have any desire to know it, I shall be happy to gratify you, as my father often told it to us." I thanked him for his offer; and perceiving that the grief of the father was for the moment nearly obliterated in the ardour of the *senachie*, I was glad to be the medium of affording some alleviation, however brief. His elbow being supported by the corner of the headstone, and mine leaning on the stone cross, he began his narrative. Denis could speak English well, and

with fluency, but having himself heard the tale in Irish, and knowing the difficulty of giving expression in English to the energy of the language of Ossian, he preferred using that tongue, and it being a matter of indifference to me, I left him the power of selection. The story I give, is word for word with the original, making allowances for the additions or explanations necessary between the two languages. Before setting out, however, I would admonish the reader to procure the book entitled "The exploits of all the kings and heroes of Ireland, from their arrival at Dunamhore, a few months after the deluge, until the year 1798; an epic poem in contracted old Irish, by Mr. Theophilus Tertius Macwhacbochail.* He will there see some interesting accounts of the family of O'Driscoll, or the 'harper', who was the great ancestor of our present hero.

About four and twenty miles to the south west of Bantry, lies the dreary island of Shirky. Situated near the most romantic part of the western coast, it forms a sad and striking contrast with the enlivening scenery around. It is seen to most advantage from the summit of that mountain which rises over that beautiful sheet of water called 'Loch Ein', that lies about three miles to the west of Skibbereen. Cape Clear stretches out its barren arms into the ocean to a long extent, and Shirky lies between it and the main land. Though craggy and uneven, it is nevertheless a comparatively flat tract of rock. Its two ends jut out to the north and south much beyond those of Cape Clear, and its breadth bears no proportion to its length. There are not many deep ravines or high cliffs in it, on account of which, the wretched huts scattered over it, possess very trifling shelter. To view it on a cold stormy day, it would seem the last spot on the earth where any thing like a human being would venture to live, even for one week. The sea mew or wild seal would esteem it an uncomfortable refuge. Notwithstanding its numerous inconveniencies, the long island of Shirky is rather thickly inhabited; and the fishermen who dwell on its barren surface seem perfectly content, if not happy with their situation. Cape Clear, which is directly to the west of it, is a kind of Botany Bay, or rather La Trappe, whither the youngest priests after receiving orders, are sent from the diocesses of Cloyne and Ross. They remain there during the space of a year and a half; and the circumstance of their preferring it to Shirky as a dwelling place, though apparently more exposed to storms, would sufficiently argue its intolerable dreariness and intensity of gloom. At no season of the year does pleasure ever sit upon its surface. The rich glow of sunset, in which the most gloomy feature assumes a mellowness of aspect, serves but to shew the horrors, and to draw into light the retiring sequestration of this barren retreat.

The only object,—a solitary one—which may seem in some measure to cast a redeeming character on this spot, is the ruin of a very ancient castle which had been situated about the centre of the island;—and what may appear much more wonderful, is, that contrary to the construction of similar habitations on other parts of the coast, it presents the appearance of being built for the purpose of dwelling therein, and not entirely for the

* This rare and curious production is, I am informed in the possession of *Crohoore na Leabhar* who dwells at present in the street called "*Mbohar na Mbarracs*" vulgo 'barrack road.' It is as yet in manuscript, and is divided into 75 cantos, each canto containing 230 stanzas; it is to be regretted that half of the last stanza of the last canto has been lost.

sake of defence. The ruins of a monastery and chapel are shewn at a short distance, and this circumstance must account for such a solecism in architectural taste. The chapel had been founded by one of the O'Driscolls; several hundreds of years since, and he raised this castle contiguous to it, from a desire to dwell on holy ground. Moved by the spirit of compunction for some act of violence committed in the hour of passion, (a circumstance not unusual with the old Irish) he retired thither to spend the remnant of his existence in solitude: yet he did not withdraw from the business of life unaccompanied by some comfort; for his zeal for religion, and his real devotion and repentance more than compensated for the error of the chieftain, and the chastening sweets of religion prepared his heart for the enjoyment of unfading pleasure. His habitual, and uninterrupted austerities, together with the lowly demeanour of his manners, so contrasted with the former fiery soul of the old leader, gained him the character of a saint, long before he departed this life; and, after his decease, the arms he had used, and the mantle and sandals he had worn, became the safeguard in battle, and the protection in peril. This example seems to have influenced the mind of the hero of our tale, who is generally known by the name of the last of the O'Driscolls.

About the centre of this island, and nearly opposite to Kilcoh, stood a castle, of which, now the ruins are only to be seen, built, as it is handed down in the traditions of the peasantry, by Florence O'Driscoll, commonly called '*Fineen Dubh*,' or 'black Florence,' who was harper or family bard to Connal Cearnach, prince of Cavibra.* In the household of the old Irish chiefs, the *senachie*, though included in the catalogue of domestics, held a most important situation, and was paid by his fellow servants a degree of veneration almost bordering on that observed to the master himself. The immediate intercourse which he held with his chief, made him a principal participator in his confidence; and it not unfrequently happened, that he exercised the office of prime adviser in cases of emergency. He went to battle very seldom; though we may find on record some instances wherein the bard threw by the *clarsheek* and assumed the corselet and spear. This exemption proceeded solely from the affection of the chief, and his anxiety to preserve the recorder of his valorous feats, and the soother of his woes. The duty of the minstrel was to rouse the clansmen on the moment of approaching fight, to sing the praises of the victors, and to chaunt the *ullallullah* over the bodies of the fallen brave; to recount the achievements of days of yore, and to attend at the banquet. From the intrinsic importance of these several duties, it may be easily conjectured that the place he held in the affections of the prince was exceedingly high.

On one occasion, it happened that an irruption was made by a neighbouring chief into the territories of Connal Cearnach. It occurred most unfortunately as the nobles of that province were celebrating, at the court of their master, the nuptials of his daughter, who was betrothed to a prince

* The profession which Fineen followed gained him the epithet of O'Driscoll. The components of this name are "*dris*" which signifies a briar or sometimes a twig, and "*ceoil*" music. It is not very clearly ascertained from what cause he had been called so; should I venture a suggestion, I would hint that children very often form a kind of pipe from the bark of the sycamore, and that in the infancy of the art such an instrument might have been made by Fineen.

from the north of Ireland. Never were assaulted more ill prepared for defence. They were all at the banquet, and in the midst of convivial joy, when an account was brought that the shielings of the peasantry were on fire, and that a party of armed men, headed by Feargus More, a turbulent leader, were ravaging the country, and putting every person to the sword. General consternation struck them for some time, when the strange barons who were present, started up, drew their swords, and pledged themselves to defend their hospitable entertainer, and his beautiful daughter, from the fury of the unprincipled invaders. They were but one hundred in number; but then, each was attended by a *senachie* and a *coiside* or henchman, without whom they never went from home. The henchmen grasped their spears, and the minstrels cut the strings from their harps and fitted them to their bows; and in a moment they sallied out to meet the foe. After an obstinate and bloody engagement on both sides, victory declared for the brave defenders of Connal Cearnach, and they retired from the field with the loss of but thirty men. Joyfully they returned home and finished the rites which had been so sacrilegiously interrupted. But joy dwelt not in the soul of Connal Cearnach; he had lost his faithful bard, and no one was left to celebrate his victory. The minstrels of the chieftains came forth one after the other, and essayed to soothe the prince's heart; but their efforts were vain. He could listen to none but to him who was departed. At length a youth approached, who had been the pupil of the deceased man of song;—he touched a favourite chord—he sang the *caoine* of his dead master, and lulled the spirit of wrath. His success was miraculous,—his auditors were drowned in tears, and the strangers departed, blessing the white head of him who could perform such wonders. He was immediately elected successor to him who was slain in battle, and soon became the chieftain's favourite.

He was the founder of the ancient O'Driscoll family who are now entirely extinct,—the present branches of that name being totally spurious, and not entitled to claim any connexion with the family of the 'harper.' On the death of Connal Cearnach, he was endowed with that part of Cavibra on which Shirky depended; and on that island built the castle, the ruins whereof, as yet remain.

The situation is the most favourable on the island. Whether by nature or by art, it affords not a little shelter to the habitations erected there. An area, nearly one and a half dice or casts of a dart in diameter, enclosed by three small hills irregularly disposed, forms the space upon which the castle is built: a surrounding rath of about three dice in circumference, made in the form of a circle, unless where interrupted by a small bridge, defended the walls. The rath was drawn inside the hills, and could not be perceived until they had been surmounted. A strong wall raised to the height of twenty feet, and furnished with one gateway connected the separated hills. From a distant view, it presented the appearance of a perfectly fortified modern battery; and seemed a situation admirably calculated for defence. The height of the building itself might be near forty feet, and its summit scarcely peeped over the surrounding hills. Its form was triangular; or rather the edifice was composed of three turrets, connected by corridors, on the flat roofs of which were fixed small tents, seemingly erected for the protection of the *duine na catair*,* in the more prosperous days of

* Warders or guards. P. J. MAC RIMCO.

the castle. In the ruder times, in which the fortification had been raised, the battlements were constantly kept covered with every kind of offensive weapons; spears, battle-axes, &c. &c.; and in latter years, four small pieces of cannon had been fixed on each of the angular turrets, facing the four cardinal points of the heavens. Within the court yard were scattered a few shielings or huts, appropriated for the dwelling places of the more immediate dependants, with kennels attached to them, in which were kept those large wolf dogs, whose quick sense of hearing availed much, in alarming their masters on the approach of an enemy. From a crevice of the rock which lay to the rear of the building, issued a constant stream of clear fresh water, which descended into a well or small basin, naturally formed in the bosom of the hill. In winter time, or whenever the rains were heavy, this stream assumed the magnitude of a mountain cataract, and, swelling over its reservoir, scattered its force, and dashed itself into a thousand fragments, until it again united in a channel cut for that purpose at the base, by which it was conducted around the area, until it fell into the encircling rath. The appearance of the entire situation was that of a wild but beautiful solitude in summer; but in the dreary days of November, it was that of gloom and horror, in which none could exist but one who had some powerful cause to detest the world, and to fly from mankind.

Roderick O'Driscoll, the last of the family of that name, was but nineteen years old when he succeeded to the castle, and circumscribed possession of his grandfather. His father was the second son of Hugh O'Driscoll, and had gone abroad for the purpose of entering into the Spanish service, as at home, military offices were not open at that period to Roman Catholics. In consequence of the many duties interwoven with the life of an officer, and especially a stranger, and one who had obtained his rank by solicitation alone, he could not afford sufficient leisure to correspond often with his family; in fact, he had written no more than twice; and such a length of time elapsed since the last communication, that it was generally supposed he was long since dead. His departure from his native land to the hospitable refuge of persecuted Irishmen, was occasioned by the death of a young lady to whom he had been espoused but one year. They had loved each other with genuine love, and he could not endure the sight of a place where he *had been* happy, but where he was now left desolate. He committed his poor little orphan to the care of his father, and desired him to love it for *his* sake. Followed by the prayers and blessings of the rude old chief, he went and—returned not. The eldest son had been killed in a duel with one of the new settlers to whom Cromwell had bestowed the fat of the land, and for whom, he had expelled the natives. Having no other child, the old man would have been completely desolate, but for the society of his infant grandson, whose helplessness and innocence served to beguile his lonely hours, and in some measure, to efface the remembrance of his bitter losses. Hugh enjoyed a long life, perhaps too long for his happiness;—he had seen his family dwindle and fall around him before their time, and he was left alone on the hearthstone of his fathers. He had no son to pay the last sad offices of humanity, than which nothing is considered a deeper curse by the Irish,—none to close his eyes at the hour of dissolution. The cup of his sweetest hopes had been embittered, and he was compelled to drain it to the dregs. There was no record in which his memory may live, but the gratitude of his dependants, and the affec-

tion of the young orphan. True, his lament would be sung by the old minstrel of his house; but the children of the love of his heart had departed, and there were none to melt at the strain. After a short illness, or rather natural decay, his ashes were mingled with those of his ancestors, and his dirge was chaunted by six *senachies*; who expressed their grief in all the disgressive effusion of metaphor and apostrophe so peculiar to the Irish tongue.

Roderick was a youth of deep sensibility, perhaps caused or increased by the sorrows in which his early days were imbued, and by the constant praises which he heard of his deceased mother, and of his absent father. Time however brought its usual antidote sooner to a young mind; and whilst his heart bore testimony to the tenderness of his feelings on the occasion, the consciousness that he was now his own master, and that his actions were under no restraint, considerably counteracted the effects resulting from an excessive indulgence in grief. As lord of his little estate and secluded fortification, his vassals and dependants paid him implicit obedience, and at so early an age, he beheld himself at the head of a party of men, not numerous indeed, but resolute and bold, who would be proud to protect his rights, and to preserve his authority, at the expense of life and property. Situated as he was, he did not seem to need any extraordinary manifestation of fidelity, as few would covet the possession of his barren territories. Taught by experience, bitter indeed in the detail, and conscious that it is consistent with honour to temporize, at times of necessity, the haughty feelings, and proud bearing of a feudal lord; the grandfather on his death bed, strongly admonished his youthful representative, to cultivate the friendship of a powerful and wealthy *sassenach*, whose immense property lay on the main land; and advised him, if possible, to form a matrimonial connection with his family. In the prosecution of such a plan, on the present occasion, there would be but a trifling sacrifice of personal resentment, or baronial pride. The urbanity and gentleness which characterized the manners of Sir Edward Simmons, made him an object of universal respect and affection; and the naturally obnoxious presence of a stranger, in similar circumstances, served, in this case, but to shed happiness around. It was a matter of interest with both parties to establish such a communication. The supercilious reserve, and the distant jealousy with which an intruder is regarded, would be entirely banished; and his affinity with a chieftain of the soil, would, in some measure, place him in the rank and esteem of a native; whilst on the other hand, the tottering influence and increasing poverty of a destitute Irish gentleman, would be strengthened and protected. If such an arrangement would be pleasing to Sir Edward, it could not for the present be concluded, as his only daughter was absent in England with relations—pride and the fear of being regarded as an unwelcome intruder, prevented him from making those advances which it is probable he might otherwise have done.

About two years prior to his death, the hospitality of Hugh was claimed for the protection of a distant female relative, who had, some time before, disgraced her name and family, by marrying a man of inferior rank. She had been punished for her folly and rashness, as she was abandoned by him in whom she confided, and left in a strange land with an infant daughter. She knows not to whom she could apply for aid in her destitute situation. She dared not turn her steps towards home, as the crime she had committed was held by the Irish aristocracy, one of the most

grievous nature, and punished accordingly. At length, recollecting that she claimed, from the maternal side, some distant affinity with the O'Donnell family, who were the chiefs of Tyrconnel, she resolved to seek shelter there for herself and her babe, until better days should return. She was not mistaken in them. They received her with open arms, and welcomed her as they would the daughter of their house. To no claim is the Irish heart more open than to that of hospitality. To no call does it respond more faithfully. Taunt the son of the mountain with ingratitude, and he *may* forgive you;—rebuke him for cowardice, and he will patiently convince you of the contrary;—say that he is treacherous, and he will prove his fidelity;—call him disloyal, and his heart's blood will flow to undeceive you;—but reproach him with want of hospitality to the stranger, and he becomes your inexorable foe. It seems to be one of the few remnants of former greatness now left amongst them, of which the power of the conqueror, nor the wanton tyranny of penal laws could not deprive them.

For years did she dwell under the roof of her generous kinsman of the north; yet the poor wanderer was not happy, for she was far from the home of her fathers. Restless and discontented, she expressed her desire of leaving that country, and of returning home;—sixteen years of absence might well serve to soften down the enormity of her crime; and its heinousness be obliterated, in the length of time that elapsed since its commission. Bidding adieu to her hospitable entertainer, she departed, accompanied by her child, now a beautiful young girl. She arrived at her paternal home, and all was desolate. Her father was dead;—and her nearest relations had left their homes, and she was almost a stranger in the land. Hugh O'Driscoll was now the only person on whom she had the strongest claim—he was her mother's cousin—and to him she accordingly applied. His door was at once opened to her, and thither she went to reside. Grief at her almost total desolation, and melancholy proceeding from the abandonment of those whom she loved, prevented her being a long intruder. She fell into a quick consumption, which put a period to her life in the course of one year after her return. The young Ellen was now left as the only legacy of her mother; and solemnly did the good old chief swear to protect her during his life. But he did not long live to realize his promise. He drooped shortly after; and on his death bed amongst other admonitions, bequeathing this precious gift to young Roderick. He wished that they should be united; but the desire he had of having his fallen house in some measure reinstated, compelled him, though perhaps unwillingly, to prefer the connection with the powerful Englishman. He did not, however, so far insist on the fulfillment of his wishes, as to leave no other alternative to his grandson but compliance. Noble and unsuspecting in his nature, he declared his preference for his lovely kinswoman; but the interest of his heir called for the alliance with the stranger. Glad to be left thus at liberty to indulge his own desire, Roderick did not long hesitate in fixing his final determination. He had not seen the daughter of Sir Edward for some time. She had been a fine child, when sent to England, some years since; and he still recollected the laughing blue eyes of the lively Charlotte. She was a year older than himself, and must have been by this time a grown woman. However, the dark eyes of his beautiful kinswoman made a deep and lasting impression upon him. And though a young man of strong passions, yet, respect for his grandfather so far restrained him, that he made no advances in his matri-

monial suit. A similarity of deprivations, and of situation, together with their constant fellowship, drew their hearts more closely; and no alternative was left, but a firmer link, or a total separation. They were both natives of the same soil,—affected by the same passions,—and influenced by the same associations. The consideration of all these circumstances was not dwelt on in vain by the young chieftain, and shortly after the death of his grandfather, he proposed to Ellen to realise what they had so often been delighted to view in perspective. Of the nature of her answer we can have no doubt. Accordingly the halls of the old building again rang with the noise attending the preparations for the nuptials. Twelve bards attended, and performed ballads composed expressly for the occasion. These are still in high preservation in the memory of some persons, and it is supposed that one or two manuscript copies still are extant.* The person of the bride and bridegroom is still recollected by some of the oldest inhabitants on the island. Ellen was only in her eighteenth year, when she became the wife of Roderick O'Driscoll. In stature, she was of the middle height, or somewhat taller. Her form realised the ideas we have of the fairy kind. “Slender,” as is sung, “as the reed that grows on the grassy and woodland banks of *Avonbee*; with limbs round, fair, and polished as the ivory distaff of *Deardre*.” Her features were of the Spanish cast, with large, full, melting black eyes, and arched eyebrows that scarcely met together. Her nose was *not* aquiline. The warm glow of her cheeks, as it were bursting through their brunette complexion, gave to her face a beautiful effect. Her teeth something irregular, but white as the snowflake reposing on the bosom of *Sleave na Goul*. Her mouth small, with the under lip ripe, pouting, and moist as the *smear* fresh plucked from the meadows of *Ard-na-Mbrahar*. Her forehead pale even to delicacy, laced by the blue veins, like the tender streaks on the rose leaf, or the tints on the penciled geranium; and in its form, rather casting back, than high. Roderick was Ellen in a manlier mould. The extreme delicacy of his form would seem as one of a growing stripling, but the firm texture of his limbs, exhibited the strength of approaching manhood. His stature was of the middle height. His face possessed not the glowing freshness of Ellen's, but was of a more melancholy, and of a paler hue. His eyes were of a dark grey, and his hair black. His features were those of animation; and when the exploits and wrongs of his ancestors were told or sung, they instantly caught a glow, and his eyes sparkled forth the ardour of his soul. Such were the pair whose beauty and goodness are still remembered in Shirkry.

“Happy is the bride the sun shines on, and happy the corpse the rain rains on.” It is accounted ominous, should the bridal day be clouded or gloomy. O'Driscoll's marriage was postponed for three days successively in order to avoid the fatality of such a proverb;—more for the purpose of gratifying his followers and friends, than on account of any reliance he placed on the faith of the prophecy. The two first days were inauspicious, but the third shone bright and enlivening. It was in the latter part of the

* I have a glimmering hope of being enabled to procure one of those. Should I succeed in my endeavours a translation shall be forwarded to the “Quarterly Magazine.” The person who gave me information respecting it, is an old blind piper named *Diarmuid a Phipers*, whom I occasionally employ in a professional way.

month of August, when the days are considerably shortened, but in which they still retain some strong vestiges of the splendours of midsummer. Long before sunrise, all was noise and tumult throughout the island. Boats were launching, and bards were singing the praises of the bride and bridegroom. The sea looked bright and sunny, and *Gas-Canaan an 'thraa 'geara* seemed to smoothe his waters in order to pay homage to the last representative of the chieftains of its shore. Roderick's pinnace was ornamented with green boughs, and crowded with flowers at the poop; in the middle, was erected a snow white canvas awning, for the purpose of concealing the blushes of the bashful bride, from the gaze of spectators. The chieftain's barge was followed by the boat, in which the minstrels sat, singing the epithalamia or nuptial songs, to which the rowers kept time with the strokes of the oars. Around and behind followed his friends, now shouting—now quarreling, out of pure love; and now kissing, in all the enthusiasm of the Irish character. The boats set off from the shore, and the long track of foam behind, marked the velocity with which their cutting prows cleaved the clear blue mirror.

They arrived on the main land, and shortly after were united in marriage. All the country round flocked to see the nuptials of O'Driscoll and his bride; and the family war-cry so long hushed, once more burst forth, until it pierced the mountains. The ceremony over, they proposed to return to the castle, and as soon as the bustle had somewhat ceased, and the crowd dispersed, they proceeded to the shore in order to embark. The fine stillness of the day—the dark blue of the glassy ocean—the tender azure of the noon-day sky—the deep brown hue of the mountains, so beautifully contrasted above and below—the gay dresses of the attendants, and the enthusiastic attachment of the peasantry,—all served to infuse into the breast of the young chieftain, ideas of happiness, too extensive and fanciful to be ever realised. They embarked amid the rapturous bursts of music, and almost deafened by the shouts of the rugged spectators.

They had not proceeded farther than ten oars length from the shore, when they perceived that the calmness had left the sea; a deep and ponderous swell hove masses of water into the mouths of the caverns, which indent that part of the Western coast. This occasioned a tremendous bellowing, which was re-echoed from the high roofs and broken sides of the yawning apertures, and the effect was horrific. A thick lead-coloured cloud was seen over the fore-ground. A cold wind moaned along the now darkened surge, and, as it passed, scattered the sea-weed over the shore, and raised a cloud of dust to the skies. Large round drops of rain came dancing to the earth, at one time, few and distant, at another, many and close together. The swell became deeper and more extended, as the wind increased; and the ocean seemed to open its gulph for the purpose of swallowing the little boats that dared to tempt its voracity. The black cloud had nearly covered the entire sky, and flashes of lightening leaped out from the crevices of the moving mass. The party became now really alarmed, and O'Driscoll exhorted them to exert their utmost strength in order to gain the opposite shore before the bursting of the tempest. The thunder muttered at a distance, and at length came rattling, bounding, and roaring up the *ballack sugach* from the mighty ocean outside. The rain now streamed in torrents; the gust howled, and the sea writhed, roared, and foamed. Hundreds of shrieking sea birds flew and wheeled across the heavens, and many were dashed headlong down into the waters, in

which they seemed to be overwhelmed. Nearly all hope of gaining the shore was cut off, and to attempt returning was certain destruction, as the shore was indented with caverns and rocks which the billows lashed with intense violence. Their only safety lay in remaining as they were, where the sea was too deep to admit any sunken rocks near the surface. To complete their dangerous situation, most of the oars were broken by the force of the resisting surge, and they were driven about at the mercy of the wind and wave. All was pitchy darkness, unless when dissipated for an instant by the blaze of the lightning; and shrieks and cries added horror to the scene.

Ellen sank deprived of sense or feeling on the bosom of her husband, who still grasped the rudder with one hand, and with the other encircled the waist of his bride.

During the space of two hours, they were compelled to continue in this condition, expecting every moment to be swallowed up in the abyss, or to be dashed to pieces against the rocks on the coast. At length, the storm in some measure abated, so as to enable them to proceed towards land, though in the most cautious manner possible. By observing the minutest care, they succeeded in effecting their landing, though in a most wretched condition. Ellen, still lifeless, was borne by four men to the castle, where she was conveyed to bed, and every effort resorted to, by the terrified husband, to restore her to animation.

Various and many were the observations made by the superstitious peasantry on that day's disaster; and the sentence we have quoted above was again and again repeated, until by frequent and emphatic commentaries on the reverse of the saying, bad consequences were dreaded from so inauspicious a marriage.

The speedy recovery of their young mistress from her state of torpor, and of weakness, served to dispel all melancholy forebodings as to the present; and in three or four days after, when the banquet was spread, and the song went round, all recollections of the gloomy nuptial morn were obliterated. The lady of Shirky castle bloomed as beautiful as ever, and an invitation from the rich *sassenack*, requesting the youthful pair to spend some time at his house, seemed to revive their redeeming hopes, and to weaken the faith universally observed with regard to proverbs. The invitation had been sent to answer a double purpose;—for the sake of congratulating O'Driscoll on his marriage, and to celebrate the return of Charlotte from England. It was excepted most readily by Roderick;—perhaps his wish to go was increased, not caused, by the desire of seeing the fine woman whom he recollected with emotions of pleasure, and whom he had not beheld since early childhood; and of whose extraordinary beauty, fame had reported so much. He might also wish to contrast the wild and unassuming dignity of his own spouse, with the haughty and noble bearing of the *sassenack* maiden. He accordingly sent a message that he would avail himself of the opportunity to pay his respects to Sir Edward.

On the appointed day the necessary preparations were made for the visit; and O'Driscoll's pinnace soon conveyed them to the opposite shore. He proceeded to the house with the bashful, blushing Ellen leaning on his arm. They were met at the gate of the mansion by Sir Edward and his lady, who was a grand looking personage, and who, on account of some remote connexion with an ancient Irish family, was a favourite amongst the poor peasantry around. They were received in the grand hall with marked

courtesy and cordial hospitality. Sir Edward presented his daughter to the fair bride, whom she kissed affectionately, and extended her beautiful little hand to O'Driscoll, as to an old acquaintance, which he pressed to his lips, and saluted fervently. She then drew back in seeming confusion for having been thus free to one, for whom she had been intended, and by whom she was in some measure rejected for another. In person she was much taller than the lady of Shirky castle, who indeed was only *not* low sized. There was an inexpressible majesty in the cast of her countenance, perhaps mingled with a little of severity approaching to haughtiness:—yet this was only imaginary, for in conversation, her features assumed a mildness heightened by dignity. Her neck was long, white, round, and erect as the swans of Lochleane. Her eyes were full, large, and lovingly blue, as the midnight summer sky over the bay of the three points.* Her complexion was pale, though not by any means of a sickly cast. Her hair was a light brown descending in ringlets over her fine chest and back, parted at her forehead, and fastened at her temples by a clasp of gold. Her entire aspect indicated the marks of extreme devotedness to a beloved object—obstinate perseverance in attaining her object, and defiance of peril in accomplishing her aim.

The day was spent in all the enjoyments of conviviality; and the graceful manners of the master of the house, with the bending dignity of the lady, completely had their effect on the mind of the young chieftain, and before they separated for the night, he grasped the Englishman's extended hand with an emotion he never felt before, since he returned the convulsive pressure of his dying grandfather.

Three days they sojourned at the mansion of their host, and three times three days, would Roderick desire to delay. It is impossible to know the cause of this—he could not know it himself, and he dared not ask his heart. When taking leave, Sir Edward expressed his expectation of seeing him on the score of an old friend, and O'Driscoll's eyes betrayed the pleasure he felt at the invitation. He embraced them all, but his hand trembled, and burned the moment it met that of Charlotte, and her's conveyed the same feeling. The noble hostess paid particular attention to Ellen, and at her departure presented her with a diamond ring as a token of her love. This intercourse became the means of establishing the two families on a most friendly footing, and of forming a close connection between them in future; and many were the visits afterwards paid by the different members of the two houses. Fortunate had it been, if they had never seen each other!

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More than six months had elapsed since the marriage of O'Driscoll, when one calm night towards the end of March, the resident *senachie* of the family left the castle for some purpose. It was generally reported, and as firmly believed, that he was accustomed to hold converse with the inha-

* This is the English name for Bantry, the bay of which is perhaps one of the finest in Europe. It is impossible to describe the seraphic beauty of the midnight summer sky as seen from the black rock. The stillness of the fine basin of water, beneath which a thousand stars seem burning—the brown hue of the dark zone of mountain—the green spots intersecting the little Archipelago; all realise the ideas we entertain from a description of Italian scenery.

bitants of the other world, and that he had more than one Benshee, and many inferior spirits favourable to him, and obedient to his will. However this may be, he was frequently seen by moonlight leaving the gate, and taking his departure towards the old monastery. He had been watched, and seen in deep consultation with a white figure leaning mournfully on a *golane*; and he was frequently seen wandering amongst the *cairas* and *croneleahs* that abound in that place. The melody of unearthly instruments had been often heard by the frightened fisherboy as he moored his little bark in the creek; and the gray hairs of Florence were seen floating in the moon-shine from the top of the *catoir na priogoir*, or prior's chair, on the summit of the building; whilst torrents of spiritual music were streaming through the heavens. He had, by these practices, acquired such a character for profound knowledge, that every person on the island looked on him with awe and veneration. He was never disturbed, nor annoyed in his mysterious visit, and his master permitted him to follow his own pleasure. The hour at which he commenced his excursion on the present occasion, was about midnight. An unusually blustering and cold season had given place to an almost summer calm; and spring was never ushered in so mildly and so gently as now. The moon was in its full, and high in the heavens, and the stars were almost bursting with light, from the clear blue fields of ether over which they were scattered. Not a breath of wind sobbed over the barren rocks, and the sea seemed hushed into unaccustomed tranquillity; not even one ripple murmured resistance to the chain, whose bright links the moon was weaving over its deep waters. That night seemed as if made for the Benshee, and other gentle spirits to chaunt their melancholy dirges undisturbed. All was universal stillness, unless when the roaring of the *Ballach sugach* was heard in the distance. But the sound became a relief to the dead calm, and broke on the ear in all the mellowness of distance.

Florence walked slowly outside the gateway, and proceeded onwards, until he came to a high *golane* which was denominated on account of its size *croocen na putsa*. This he ascended, and standing on the summit, cast his eyes around, and remained for some time gazing on the wild sublimity of the scene, now drawn out into bold relief by the strong moonlight. It is not known how long he remained there, or for what purpose, but when about to take his departure, he on a sudden heard the splash of oars in the waters of the little creek, which in foul weather served as a mooring place for the smaller kind of fishing boats. This was no unusual circumstance, as it was generally about this hour that they returned home; but then he at once recollected that the brightness of the night precluded all hope of taking fish, and therefore no person ever went out at such a season. He remained for some time awaiting the issue of what he had heard, and soon the appearance of a small boat painted black, with a white streak, and rowed at the stern but by one person, induced him to suspect that something bad must have been the cause of such a lonely and unusual journey at that hour.

The boat he recognised to be that of O'Driscoll's; and he dreaded lest some of the servants may have committed robbery, and had adopted that mode of conveying the stolen property to the main land. But, as he could perceive nothing in the boat to justify his suspicions, he resolved to steal down silently to the shore, and discover the meaning of this mysterious adventure. Accordingly, leaving the *golane*, he went forwards, for the space of thirty or forty yards, until he came to the brink of a kind of ra-

vine, from which there went out a narrow lane, which extended to the shore; at the extremity of this, and nearly detached from the cliff that arose over the ravine, was an immense piece of craggy rock, worn smooth at the side turned to the sea, but rugged and rough inside. Near the base was a large chink, formed, either by the dashing of the spring tides, or by a separation from the cliff, which might afford room for a boy, or a small man to creep through. The height of the rock may be about ten or twelve feet; the summit was entirely white, from the shell fish which adhered to its surface and sides, and which was bleached by the rays of the sun. From this circumstance, it was generally used as a landmark for the returning fishermen, and when hurried, they moored their boats under it by drawing the rope through the crevice, and fastening it to a ring inserted in the rock. The quay or landing place was nearly opposite, and only about thirty yards across, so that the little inlet could plainly be perceived. Florence clambered up this eminence, by means of rude steps made either by nature or by art, and elevating himself so that his head was only above the level of the rock; he watched the little boat as it cleaved its way through the waters, straight towards the mansion of Sir Edward Simmons. He could distinctly hear the noise occasioned by the shock of the vessel against the rock under the house; so still and calm was the night. After some minutes delay, which he supposed were spent in making fast the rope, the figure seemed to spring on the shore, and to advance directly towards the house. More than ever surprised by this circumstance, Florence almost strained his eyes in watching the motions of this unknown visitant, whom he observed lingering behind a tree, and in the act of making, what appeared to him a signal, to some person above. He did not long remain there, when he was joined by another who appeared from her white dress to be a female. They both proceeded towards the sea shore, seemingly linked together, and walked for a long time along the strand. From what he could discover at that distance, he judged it was the daughter of Sir Edward who came from the house; but who the other was, he dared not guess. They delayed nearly two hours, when the white figure disappeared and the other embarked and pushed off from the shore, and, in the same silent manner, rowed towards the landing place opposite the rock on which Florence was standing. Fearing lest he might be discovered in the moonlight, he crept down, and stationed himself at the chink where he could distinctly view who was passing, without the least dread of being seen himself. His patience was not long exercised, for shortly after, the boat passed, and the cloak in which the man was enveloped, falling from his shoulder in the exertion of rowing he could observe his features. Guess therefore the astonishment of poor Florence, when he recognised, in the person of the midnight voyager the face of O'Driscoll his master!

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O'Driscoll had now been married about the space of three years, and had two children, fine boys, who were born within one year of each other: During the latter portion of this time he lived in great discontent with Ellen; so far as absenting himself from her company at various times. Florence observed that this change never occurred until a short time after the night, when he had the interview with Charlotte; and he doubted not from his manner then, that it was not the first, and from other causes he

had not the least hesitation in believing, that many more had taken place since that period. So great was his affection for Ellen—not so much perhaps, from the mere connection with his patron, as on account of her being sprung from the real old Irish stock—that he would not wound her peace, by informing her of what he had seen. He knew the gentle retiring nature of his mistress, would sink beneath a calamity of so grievous a kind, as the loss of her husband's affections, and hoping that time would work a change, and that Roderick would soon feel the magnitude of his crime, in deserting so beautiful, and so good a creature, he preferred awaiting the realizing of this hope, though tardy, to rendering the evil incurable, by making a sudden and aggravating discovery. And as he himself, emphatically observed “the ivy when adhering to the oak flourishes, and shoots to the summit—tear it from its supporter, and it sinks upon the earth.” When, however, he perceived that no amendment was affected, and the nocturnal voyages were more frequent, with the boldness of a favourite domestic, and with the honest manliness of a sincere friend, he acquainted Roderick with his own knowledge of his conduct; and severely reproached him, for his want of feeling, and for his cruelty in deserting her, whom his soul should love. O'Driscoll was thunderstruck, when he learned that his visits were thus discovered; and at first with all the haughtiness of the chieftain, and in the sudden burst of passion, was about to commit some violence on the person of the old man; but when he saw his determined and steady look, and unchanged aspect, and when he heard him call on him, to strike to the earth, the friend of his grandfather—the nurse of his childhood—the partaker of his bread—the guest most welcome to his board,—and the inmate of his house, his anger at once subsided, and he stood before him in awe, and in shame. The heaviness of repentance sat heavy on his heart, and in a voice faltering from emotion, he made a sudden declaration of sorrow, and bitterly execrated himself, if he ever again should err.

Time flew by, more than three years had elapsed, since the adventure of the boat; and I know not whether O'Driscoll, had during that time, adhered to the vow he made, respecting his desertion of the illicit attachment to the daughter of Sir Edward Simmons. It was, however, remarked in the mean time, that the eye of Ellen became less brilliant, and her cheek less blooming than before, whilst a soft melancholy seemed to pervade her features. She was frequently seen with eyes swollen, and once or twice she had been discovered weeping in her chamber. No one could learn the cause of this change, in one who had been the life of her domestic circle;—she whose voice was the most joyous in the song, and the sweetest in welcoming the wayfaring stranger to the banquetting hall of O'Driscoll, was now almost silent, and never raised beyond a tone of melancholy sorrow. Her form was imperceptibly wasting away, and her appearance in public was less frequent. All except Florence were astonished; he guessed the cause, and he suspected that she had by some means, discovered her husband's night adventures, and the estrangement of his love, and he could not help believing, that his master's solemn promise was violated.

The only comfort now left to poor Ellen, was to watch over her children, to attend to their infantine sports, and to reconcile them in their little disputes. She often gazed on them as they prattled on her knee, is

all the artlessness of innocence, until tears started to her eyes, when she would catch them up, and kiss them with more than maternal rapture.

One gloomy evening, towards the end of November, Roderick, Ellen and the children, were seated around a large turf fire, in the most comfortable apartment of the old building. The day had been more than usually gloomy. The sea was almost concealed from the view, by large black clouds which rolled heavily, and slowly over the horizon. The island was enveloped in this sombre cloak, and at times a heavy, drizzling rain descended, and brought the fog closer to the ground. The roaring of the waters as distinctly heard in the distance, amidst the pauses of the swooping gusts of wind. The screaming of the curlew became a wild accompaniment to this, as it rushed along the shore. Sometimes a huge black seal, disturbed by the commotion of the elements, was seen amidst the solitary waste of water, to raise his round head from his caverns in the deep, and gazing around for a while, to utter a moaning kind of noise, and then quickly plunge down again. The storm became more violent towards the approach of night, and Ellen, her pale countenance strongly contrasted by the red flame, sat shuddering as she heard the hinges of the doors, and heavy shutters creak, whenever the whirlwind passed by them. The younger boy was lying on her arms, wearied from excessive amusement, and now affected by the heat of the fire, slept soundly, whilst his elder brother leaned on his father's knee. Ellen's pensive face hung over her slumbering child, and it could be easily perceived from the heavings of her bosom, and the workings of her countenance, that her thoughts were not without melancholy. Ever and anon she pressed her beautiful lips against his plump cheek, but in a gentle manner, lest his slumbers might be disturbed by the ardour of her kiss. O'Driscoll reclined silent and sullen on his chair; his hands folded on his bosom; whilst his eye was kept fixed, almost in mute despair, on the fading form of his wife. Deep remorse sat pictured in his look, and the consciousness of having been the cause of her sufferings, prevented him from uttering a word of comfort or encouragement. A profound silence reigned throughout the mansion, unless when disturbed by the violence of the tempest. Not a voice was heard in the hall. Roderick at length started up, and paced the chamber with hasty strides. He approached the window, and pushed aside the shutter; a flash of lightning flew by, and deprived him of sight for a few moments. He placed his hands on his eyes, and uttered a loud exclamation. Ellen holding the child still in her arms, rushed towards him, and seeing him with his face covered, imagined that he had been entirely blinded. The infant fell from her arms; and she was just tottering on the floor, when recovering from the confusion in which he had been, he caught her, and just prevented her from falling. At that moment the report of a carbine was heard at a distance, which was however drowned in the noise of the wind. Ellen now relieved from her terror, by the certainty of her husband's safety, raised the child from the ground, and sank on the seat she had just quitted. Roderick endeavoured to soothe her fears, by saying that it was the echo of the thunder, but another report accompanied by a loud shout, convinced him of the contrary. They both remained in mute astonishment looking on each other; until another cry which seemed to have been nearer than the last, roused them from the torpor which had seized them. Shot now succeeded shot in quick succession, and reverberated through the hollow caverns along the shore. O'Driscoll, now extremely alarmed, rushed to the door, and called out to the

servants who were below. In a moment all was bustle and confusion. The warders in the shielings of the court yard, were roused at once, and soon a blaze of fir torches illumined the entire place. O'Driscoll mounted on the turret, accompanied by five or six followers, and made every preparation, which haste and terror could permit, to guard and protect them against danger. The stream, swollen to the size of a mountain cataract, bounded furiously over the cliff, and too mighty to be contained in the channel, overspread the yard, and leaped from all sides in yellow muddy volumes into the rath below. The lights were flitting about in the hands of the astonished attendants, who could not imagine the cause of this tumult. At length, in the pauses of the blast the clattering of horses hoofs against the rocks caught their ears. By degrees the sounds encreased, and they could easily distinguish the noise of a horse in full gallop. Roderick descended from the turret, and had but just approached the spot where his attendants were assembled, when a loud knocking at the gate, threatened to demolish the aged frame, which supported the door way. O'Driscoll called out, and demanded who knocked thus. "A friend" answered a deep manly voice, in a foreign accent. "He can scarcely be called a friend, who chuses such an hour as the present, for paying a visit, what is the friend's business, or with whom?" "permit me to shelter myself from the inclemency of the storm," repeated the stranger, "and you shall become acquainted with my business; it is of too important a nature, and its detail is rather long, to utter it beneath thunder and lightning." Roderick did not however comply with these entreaties, until he had given directions to his men, to retain possession of the arms, which they had already procured; and on finding them prepared to resist any violence which might be attempted, he himself undid the gate, and in the stranger rode. If his first approach created such alarm, his appearance doubly encreased it. In height he was nearly six feet, but rather of a slender make. His dress bore not much resemblance to any thing O'Driscoll had ever seen, as it was in the Spanish costume. A black hat, with a flat crown and an immensely broad leaf, cocked in front, and ornamented by a bright steel clasp or buckle, was fastened to his head, by a broad stripe of black polished leather, which went down his face at either side, and met under his chin. A fine dark plume now injured by the rain and wind, drooped over his brow. His face was of an olive complexion, and his features regular. His upper lip was clothed with dark thick moustaches, the ends of which extended out on the cheek, and turned up after the manner of the Spanish soldiery. A close jacket of dark green cloth, sat tight to his body, a broad yellow belt went round his waist, from which hung three or four pistols and a poniard, and a long broad sabre was slung at his side. His legs were covered with boots of an immense size. A large black cloak was thrown over his shoulders, and fastened at the collar, which was lined with fur, by what appeared to be a gold clasp and chain. The horse on which he rode, was of a high, strong, sinewy make. Its colour deep black; not varied over his body by a single white speck. The noble animal seemed spiritless and broken down by fatigue, and clouds of steam arose from his flanks; whilst floods of water, streamed from his mane and tail. His ears drooped down, unless, when they quivered, for the purpose of shaking off the drops which flowed into them. The horseman seemed no less affected by the storm, for the water oozed out of the boots, as he raised himself in the stirrup, to disencumber his person, from the folds of the cloak.

Common humanity would not permit O'Driscoll to exclude the stranger, even though he should come as a foe, from the rights of hospitality. He immediately went and assisted him to dismount, and gave directions to his attendants, who were standing around, to lead the wearied beast into one of the shielings, which was lately converted into a stable, whilst he led the stranger into the house. He would not of course enquire into the cause of his guests arrival in this strange way, at such a time as the present, and though curiosity and surprise were excited, he left him to his repose, and joined Ellen in the room where he had left her.

In the morning their guest made his appearance at the hour of breakfast, and from his peculiar dress, they conjectured that he belonged to the service of some foreign nation. He did not leave them long in suspense as to the purport of his mission, for after some short conversation, in which he apologised for the disturbance, he must have occasioned at so late an hour, he, to the astonishment of O'Driscoll, announced himself as a messenger from his father in Spain. It was with difficulty Roderick could believe this statement, as the idea of hearing from his father after a lapse of so many years, was unexpected as it was delightful; and he enquired into the cause of his total silence during all that period. The stranger said, that having obtained a commission in the Spanish service, he had been rapidly promoted, and was ever engaged in affairs of the greatest importance; so much so, as to be unable to find leisure, sufficient to communicate with his friends in his native land. Harassed by the fatigues of his profession, he had contracted a decline, which by slow degrees was increasing. He at length found himself so far decreasing in health, that he found it necessary to retire from the army. His disease was now becoming more severe, and his recovery more hopeless; and he felt himself obliged, to entreat his brother officer and friend, to find out his relations in Ireland, to let them know his situation, and to pray that his son, if alive, should hasten to receive his last blessing. He had property to a considerable amount, and it would be necessary, that Roderick should be present, in order to make the usual arrangements. He had not delayed long on his journey, as he dreaded lest he may not be able to return in time. So impatient was he to deliver his letters, that on arriving at the western coast of Ireland, he had travelled on horseback over all that tract of country, and not finding any mode of conveyance across the strait, at the hour he came there, he had braved the storm, and swam to the other side. The most unbounded joy appeared on the face of O'Driscoll, on hearing from his father whom he long since considered as no more; but it was speedily quelled by the consciousness that he would shortly be so; and that he was summoned to the welcome task of visiting him, but to receive his dying farewell. However, he must now make no delay, lest even this sad consolation should be denied him. He must set out on the next day, and bid adieu to Ellen, and to those whom he loved best.

The morning of departure came; and Ellen was mournfully employed, in making the necessary preparations for her husband's journey. I cannot dwell on the melancholy particulars of that fatal morning, as they are of too heart-breaking a nature for detail. It was soon announced that the boat which was to convey them to the opposite shore, was ready. The stranger and Roderick attended by his two boys, and accompanied by Ellen and old Florence, embarked. Ellen strove to conceal her agony as they sailed along, but the heavings of her bosom, could be perceived through the thin kerchief which she held to her eyes. O'Driscoll was truly affected;

and the knowledge of his wife's delicate state of health, which must now receive a fresh shock from his departure, called forth all his former tenderness. The voyage was performed in silence. They reached the opposite shore, and the moment of separation was now come. Ellen contrived to delay it for some time, by pretending to settle some matters which she did, and undid many times; at length when nothing further offered itself to delay her, and when she examined all affairs an hundred times over, she stopped, looked fixedly at her husband, and flying to his arms cried out in agony, "O'Driscoll! will you leave your own poor Ellen?" She clung in his embrace, moaning; and sobbing, as if her heart would break, whilst he wept like an infant, and whispered in her ear, that he would soon return and make her happy. He consigned her to the care of Florence, and in all the heaviness of heart, having kissed and embraced his little boys, departed with the stranger.

Two letters they received from O'Driscoll, during the long period he spent abroad; one on his arrival in Spain, and the other announcing the death of his father, which event occurred six months after he had left home. In the latter, he promised that his departure from Spain would shortly take place, and that he would soon join his family at home. I had forgotten to mention, that some short time before his departure from Ireland, Sir Edward Simmons died, and his wife and daughter had left the county, and had gone abroad, it was said to France or Italy.

It was a delicious evening, towards the middle or the latter part of August, when a traveller was seen seated on the cool grass, beneath the deserted mansion of the late Sir Edward Simmons. The day which had been intolerably hot, had now become quite refreshing, in the approach of twilight; and the heavy dews that usually fall at that season, diffuse a freshness around, which became a delightful luxury, to the wearied limbs and burning brow of the wayfarer. He was to appearance recovering himself from the fatigues of a long journey, performed during the fierceness of the noon day heat. His large travelling boots were covered with dust, and his horse was drenched in perspiration. He had taken off the bridle, and suspended it on a piece of rock, and permitted the animal to range about the paddock, the walls of which were broken down for want of repair. A holster was at the saddle bow, and the girths were slackened to give relief to the poor animal, from the galling pain caused by their overstrained tightness, in such weather. The paddock extended from the house, down to the sea shore, from which it was divided by a narrow path, barely affording room for a man and horse to travel by. A wall which had evidently been built without cement, just marked the boundaries of the enclosure, as the large round white stones lay heaped together in one place, whilst in another part it was almost perfect. The ground was raised about ten or twelve feet over the pathway, and in one part was faced for the length of twenty or thirty feet, with a front of solid rock, which had been made level at the summit by stone work. In this spot it was clear of trees or shrubs, made so, perhaps for the purpose of displaying four pieces of cannon, which were now dismounted from their carriages, and lay strewed on the rank grass, covered with rust. About fifty yards to the rear of this, the house itself stood, with its windows broken and shattered. It was of a heavy square construction, built of dark stone, and surmounted by a kind of battlement. On each of the

four corners, was placed a marble urn, with the carvings broken off. Behind, was a range of out houses, which appeared like one mass of ivy, so completely were they enveloped in a green clothing. At a short distance from the resting place of the traveller, was a massive wooden gate painted blue, and flanked by two pillars, which were falling to decay. Near the gate was a porter's lodge, which had an air of comfort much superior to what appeared in the scenery around. The windows were painted a dark green; and a little garden enclosed by paling, lay before it. A few sun flowers peeped over the fence, and young rose trees, and Indian cresses crept up the wall. The hum of a cottage wheel was heard in the distance, and the thin blue smoke curled around the elm and yew trees, which hung over the gateway. The wicket was open, through which a little rosy cheeked girl was running up and down. A young man was approaching the lodge with a basket on his back, and a spade on his shoulder, after having dug the evening's meal. The traveller surveyed for a while, this solitary but picturesque scene, with marks of emotion and sadness. He arose from the ground, and leading his horse by the bridle, which he now put on him, used the large sword at his side as a walking staff, and walked towards the door. He enquired if he could procure a boat, to ferry him across the straight to Shirky. An old woman came out, and curtsying, replied in Irish, that her son was returning home, and that he may be able to comply with his request; meantime she desired him to rest inside the cottage, or if he pleased to walk about the shrubberies. He preferred the latter, and wrapping his large cloak about him, he proceeded towards the house. The doors were made quite fast, so that he could only view it from the outside. He remained standing there in one fixed posture, and would probably have continued longer, had he not been interrupted, and awaked from his reverie, by the voice of the young man, whom he had already seen, and who now told him that the boat was prepared. The stranger gazed at him for some moments in an unmeaning manner, but soon recollecting himself, he hastened down, and delivering his horse to the care of the old woman, until she should hear further from him, covered his face with his mantle, and pulling down his hat, embarked and sank upon the bench of the little vessel. It was just twilight. The moon was not arisen, but the stars shed a clear strong light over the basin on which they were sailing. The sky was beautifully serene, and not a cloud strayed over its calm bosom, save towards the western hills, where the sun had left a few dark brown streaks, which extended over that part of the horizon. The two men who rowed were silent, wondering in their minds at the demeanour of their strange passenger. The shrill scream of the curlew as she wheeled around the rock on which her nest was built, together with the monotonous strokes of the oars, was the sole disturber of the silence. All on the island was dark, save one spot, from which streamed a clear steady light. Thitherwards they directed their course, and as they approached the shore, the deep baying of some mastiff was heard in the distance, roused perhaps by the splashing of the oars in the waters. They soon landed, and the stranger after giving some directions about his horse, and throwing them a piece of gold, leaped on the rock, and without looking back, waved his hand to them to depart immediately. With a tottering step he ascended the cliffs, and soon found a path, with which he seemed to be well acquainted. He soon approached the castle, and remained for some time outside, viewing its desolate situation. Not a sound broke from the house, and all seemed the work of enchantment, such an universal stillness prevailed

around. The light which he had seen, he could now perceive came from the large apartment, which had been used as a banquetting room, and he now found that more than one taper was burning within. A chill came through his veins, his knees tottered, and he would have sunk on the ground, but for the support of the door frame. Night was falling fast, and the cold, damp, heavy dew made him shudder, as he remained standing in an immovable posture. It is unknown how long he may have delayed there, were he not roused by a shriek as it were of a female, rising from that part of the yard, where the stream came down from the hill. This was followed by another, and another, which seemed to come from the little fountain; and at length they died away into a low melancholy *caoin*. He ran forwards, and perceived a white form seated on a stone, moving the head from one side to another, and clapping the hands, as it were in an agony of grief, but which disappeared the moment he attempted to approach it. Worked up to a state of desperation, he resolved to know the worst; he rushed into the hall—not a mortal was *there*; he mounted the stairs, and no one appeared to impede his ascent. He walked slowly into the room, without daring to lift his eyes towards the light. When he did, he beheld what his heart foreboded—but what he could scarce believe. It was O'Driscoll himself, and his wife lay a corpse before him, decked out in all the mournful finery of death! He gazed fixed as a statue, he spoke not a word, but his head became dizzy, and the light, and room, and corpse, seemed to swim around him, he groaned once, and dropped senseless on the floor.

Ard-na-Mbrahara, Sept. 4. 1826.

FROM METASTASIO.

When sever'd from its parent tide
The wave pursues its restless way,
Now foams along the mountain's side,
Now 'mid the valley loves to play.

A prisoner now the fountain's cell
Can scarce its rebel grief restrain,
Its very murmurs seem to tell
Its sorrows for its native main.

It longs to kiss the well known shore,
And pillow'd on a mother's breast,
Its weary toils and wandering o'er,
Sink once again to gentle rest.

SONG.

I came to the bow'r when the morning was bright
 And the zephyr's there revelled "oppress'd with perfume,"
 I saw there a rose-bud, young summer's delight,
 And fragrancy shed all its sweets round its bloom.

And still on its cheek the last dew-drop of night
 Hung glist'ning, yet pure in the summer's mild ray,
 As if loth to depart from a flow'ret so bright,
 But the wing of the breezes soon brush'd it away.

It seem'd such a rose as in Eden might blow,
 So unsullied its form, and so fragrant its sigh,
 The ruby there blended its blush with the snow,
 And its leaves fraught with beauty, seem'd made for the sky.

I left it and came at the evening's still hour,
 To cull the fair rose that had bloom'd in the morn,
 Some rude hand had scattered the leaves of the flow'r,
 And all that remained on its stem was the thorn.

Thus oft in the morning of childhood's bright day,
 When affections are glowing, and life is but young,
 We dream of delight that with eve fleet away,
 And the heart with the rude thorn of sorrow is stung.

FROM METASTASIO.

First lured to guilt how shrinks the fitt'ring heart,
 Unpractis'd yet, a novice in her art,—
 Past that one step—from crime to crime we run,
 Remorse but follows when the deed is done;
 Thus he who ne'er had heard old ocean's roar,
 Rode the wild wave and marked the less'ning shore,
 Hears the rude tempest in each zephyr's breath,
 And every star is big with threatened death;
 Now bolder grown as sweeps his bark her way,
 He blithely cares many a careless lay;
 Now 'mid the tossing surge serenely goes,
 And the wild wind but woo's him to repose.

A FRAGMENT
OF
A TALE OF OLD TRINITY.

CHAPTER, I.

O balmy time,
In which a love-knot on a lady's brow
Is fairer than the fairest star in heaven.

“The parson lives in that low white house, just peeping through the trees yonder—you will be there in a minute, sir”—and the little blue-eyed maiden curtsied, and tripped away before the young traveller had time to thank her. The door of the rectory was open, and the stranger entered unannounced, and almost unperceived, for evening was nigh, and the narrow green lane which led to the house was strewn with the yellow leaves of autumn. This was Arthur's first visit to S * * *. The rector had not seen him since he left his nursery. He was now almost a man—had entered College, and was full of the hopes and day-dreams that belong to the happiest hours of life. He was perhaps below the middle stature, but a fair broad forehead, dark eyes, and an honest open countenance, gave him an acknowledged superiority over more towering personages. In conversation he was original and animated, and there was a zestful humour in some of his remarks that charmed his host, and won the hearts of the fair circle he had just entered.

Arthur remained at S * * *, one month. One bright morning—a week before he returned to College—accompanied by Mary Lisle, the rector's eldest daughter,—he set out to pay a visit in the neighbourhood. There are two ways leading to Hollyhill—the path across the fields is the shortest, and it is the most romantic, for it affords fine and varied views of sea and mountain.—Arthur had never been at Hollyhill. Late unfavourable weather served as an excuse for deferring the visit so long—besides it is full three miles from the glebe;—but, in one week, he must leave S * * *, and it was the express desire of his father that he should pay this visit, which was to a relative he had not seen for many years.

Arthur and Mary walked on for some time in silence; Hollyhill and its owner occupying three-fourths of Arthur's imagination, while, perhaps, the image of his fair companion occasionally flitted into the other corner. Mary thought, strange to say, of College and its occupants, and of the distance from S * * * to the gates of old Trinity. At length, their reverie was broken by a glimpse of the sea which completed one of the most glorious pictures that can be enjoyed in this romantic land. It was one of the fairest days of autumn—the rich tints of the foliage continually changing in their beauty under the influence of the rays of a bright sun. Mary was an enthusiastic girl—and is not a young and beautiful enthusiast a bewitching companion on an overland journey of three miles?—Arthur's taste was matured by travel and by study, and he was generally calmer than

Mary in his expressions of pleasure and surprise. As they proceeded in their walk, Mary discoursed, and Arthur listened, until they reached Hollyhill.——

Her voice—whate'er she said, enchanted,
Like music, to the heart it went ;
And her dark eyes—how eloquent,
Ask what they would—'twas granted.

CHAPTER, II.

Now listen, love—

Attentive, too.

Gabrielle.—I rest upon your words.
You tell a dream so prettily.

Early rising is a very excellent and laudable practice, and should be most highly commended, no doubt;—but—sometimes, at least,—it is not very delightful. To rise at the same precise hour every morning is, besides, a dull and mechanical sort of affair, and not at all to be expected of persons possessed of a fine and poetical imagination.

I like to have my bed-room shutters so closed as to ensure the exclusion of the slightest ray of the dimmest sun that ever broke on the morning dream of a young poet. When I awake, doff my cap, and rub my eyes—*open one fold of the shutter*. When I slip into my slippers, and plunge my face in water—*then*—admit Phoebus to have free ingress to my chamber—he may explore every corner and crevice of it—and put forth his brightest beams.

I sometimes rise very early—often, rather late. It all depends upon circumstances.

.

One night in June, * * *,—after some hours of deep and undisturbed sleep, I enjoyed one of those captivating dreams that occasionally visit the pillows of the young and happy. I was in the midst of banquetting and luxury—the most entrancing music—

the thin robes
Floating like light clouds 'twixt our hopes and heaven ;
The many twinkling feet, so small and sylph-like,
Suggesting the more secret symmetry
Of the fair forms which terminate so well,

Every being was lovely—every sound—every word—every whisper—was melody. The windows of the apartment opened into gardens which were brilliantly illuminated;—and when the harp ceased, and the sweet voices were still, the notes of the nightingale were heard from the distant grove. At the foot of the gardens was a lake, which mirrored the pale moon, and silver stars. After the dance, we roved beside its still waters. The whole scene was as one of enchantment—the refreshing breath of night wafted amid sweet flowers—the hum of girls, coming

like the sound

Of Zephyr, when he takes his nightly round .

To see the roses all asleep.

Then, there were

sighs, the deeper for suppression,

And stolen glances—sweeter for the theft

And burning blushes—

And

• • • • •
• • • • •

My partner was Laura—she of the raven tresses.—I led her to the margin of the lake; and oh! moment of delight, I breathed into her ear such * * * * * when a thundering peal at my door announced that the mail coach would start in ten minutes—and Laura—the lake—the moon—and the banquet vanished for ever! I was equipped in a few moments—arrived at the office—the coach ready to start—the reins thrown across the off-wheel horse's loins, with the ends of them hanging upon the middle terret of his pad—the whip thrown across the backs of the wheelers. Coachee appears, pulling on his glove—walks round his horses—alters a coupling rein—takes his ribbands, and mounts his throne.

In the olden time, the box-seat was the worst on the coach—it sham-pood every joint in the body as effectually as the sable professors of that delightful art; but now—thanks to Ward of Skerries—it is the seat of comfort as well as of honour. We rattled over Macadam's dust—shook the old draw-bridge—and proceeded on our route to the metropolis.

Disturbed from as bright a dream—and destined for the same city, Arthur arose on the morning he was to leave S * * *, and the 20th of October discovers him at No. * * in old Trinity, his attention divided between a dish of coffee and a volume of Cicero. Examinations commence next morning, and Arthur has a formidable opponent to contend with. He obtained the Hilary premium, but had now to contest the certificate with one who had also gained a premium in January, but who, by some chance, fell into Arthur's division. His rival possessed a high name in College, and the contest was looked forward to with much interest.

Arthur was alone—the great bell tolling for night-roll—and every stir and sound in the courts heard distinctly in his chamber. A College-room is a peculiar habitation, unlike most places in the habitable globe. If you desire quiet and retirement, you can procure it to your heart's content. If you love society and tumult,—you can command it also. A College-room possesses a double door, in which is fixed what is termed a *dunscope*. If a person knocks, it does not follow that he is to be admitted, for, if he be deemed inadmissible, all the knocks in the rapper will avail him nothing.

Arthur did not assert his excluding privilege on this evening.—Sidney knocked and entered; and the two friends talked on until the clock tolled twelve. Sidney's rooms looked out into the park. The night was bright; and Arthur and Sidney strolled through the courts, enjoying the stillness of the scene, and the beauty of the fine Corinthian columns which became large in the moonlight. They walked on to the Library portico.—“We will meet at Phillippi,” said Arthur, and the rivals parted for the night.—Sidney was Arthur's competitor for the certificate.

A College examination continues for two days. It commences in the morning at eight o'clock. At ten, a small bell sounds—the gate opens, and the host rush from the hall, and, in a few minutes, are seated in the apartments of their several tutors, busily engaged, discussing the merits of Bouhier's sally-luns, Smith's rolls, and the Doctor's coffee. At two o'clock, the examination is resumed, and the same course is pursued on the next day.

In the days of our fathers, the examination of the four classes were over in two days. Now they occupy eight—two to each class. In former times the premiums were all *general*.—Now there are separate premiums for Classics and Science during the Freshmen's years. The courts present a most interesting appearance during the period of examinations—groups of sophisters and citizens strolling about—the careless lounge of the graduate—the anxious step of the father—the important phiz of the gib.—Then, when all is over, and, preceded by the fellows, the great rush comes on,—the joyous recognition—the condolences—congratulations—all form pictures most interesting to the observer, and furnish admirable studies for the pencil of Cruikshank, or the disciple of Spurzheim.

Arthur lived rather secluded in College—he had no chum, and his precise old skip, and female servitor were, consequently, his most frequent visitors. These venerable characters possessed, in common with most of the fixtures of the University, an antique and solemn appearance—Kiddy's wrinkles were quite classical, and the dust on her garments was of the same hue as that which once coated the Aldine tomes in the library. Strange to say, these solemn personages often served to enliven the spirits of Arthur, for though Kidd possessed but little of the form, she had all the spirit of a woman. The skip was most neat, prim, and particular in his dress and deportment;—he generally appeared in a plain suit of black, with breeches, silk stockings, shoes and buckles, and decorated with gold chain and seals; he trod lightly along the courts, and had an air of importance in his look that was quite imposing. You would instantly know him to be no common city skip,—no rustic in disguise looking for lions. He was, besides, well stricken in years, and had become grey in the service of the learned. He looked as one in authority; was courteous to strangers, respectful to gownsmen, and friendly to the porters. Kidd, on the contrary, resembled one of the Furies in her appearance, and, sometimes, in the opinion of Brush, became one in reality. Before a College-woman is admitted, the candidates undergo an examination, and the most old and ugly are sure to be unanimously elected. Arthur was fortunate in his lot,—as it was generally allowed that Kidd was the most attractive of all the fair members of old Trinity.

At a quarter before six, every morning, our hero is aroused from his couch, and, before the bell ceases to toll, may be seen ascending the steps of the chapel. The early service lasts but for a few minutes, and few of the lads, except those who are emulous of College honours, attend. The

morning congregation frequently adjourn to the park, and stroll there until the sound of the small bell summons them to lecture. During term the lectures are numerous, particularly to students residing in chambers.

CHAPTER, III.

I hear the Sabbath bell's harmonious chime
Float on the breeze—the heavenliest of all sounds
That hill or vale prolongs or multiplies.

Come with me, my fair reader, to College chapel—it is just half past nine o'clock,—and I have a fellow's ticket for you.—Look out at our embryo divines and senators—their white surplices floating in the wind—hastening towards old Trinity.—Listen to the fine tone of the noble bell, that lies immured in its dark and unseemly dungeon, instead of being lifted aloft in the heavens, to cheer even distant villages with its inspiring notes.

We now have entered the porch, and Hammond has opened the fellows' pew for you,—where I must leave for awhile my fair companion, and take my seat amongst my brother bachelors.

The scene that the chapel presents to a stranger is one of great interest.—The two long galleries and the great body of the building filled with the noblest youth of the kingdom—all robed in white, and engaged in the great and solemn duty of public worship—commemorating the festival of the resurrection of the Lord.—The rich, mellow voice of Spray uniting with the thrilling tones of the organ—and the full strength of the choir joining in the grand chorus.

It is Easter day, and * * * * ascends the pulpit. He commences his discourse with a few sentences of propositions which will command instant assent—delivered in a mild slow tone.—On this simple foundation, he raises a most glorious structure—noble in its proportions, and majestic in its form—and concludes with an appeal to the heart and the understanding, with a power of truth and of eloquence, that cannot be resisted. Arthur, on this day, worshipped in an humbler temple.—He was in the parish church of S * * *, and heard the Easter hymn sung by the parish clerk in a simple strain of pious earnestness.—The clerk was joined by a few of the congregation, and the low sweet voice of Mary Lisle when it fell upon the ear of Arthur, did not lessen his devotion at the moment.—I have heard him, after hearing one of our inspiring anthems at St. Patrick's cathedral, recur with recollections of pleasure to the Easter hymn at the parish church of S * * *, and the low sweet voice that accompanied it.

Reader, did you ever see Isaac Walton's "Book of Lives." It consists of memoirs of Doctor Donne, Richard Hooker, George Herbert, Sir Henry Wotton, and Bishop Sanderson—and is thus described by Wordsworth—

These are no colours in the fairest sky
So fair as these. The feather whence the pen
Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men,
Dropped from an Angel's wing. With moistened eye
We read of faith and purest charity
In Statesman, Priest, and humble Citizen.
O, could we copy their mild virtues, then
What joy to live, what blessedness to die!
Methinks their very names shine still and bright,
Apart—like glow worms in the woods of spring,
Or lonely tapers shooting for a light
That guides and cheers—or seen, like stars on high,
Satellites burning in a lucid ring
Around meek Walton's heavenly memory.

My copy of Walton is adorned with engravings; one entitled "the pastor," represents the venerable Hooker, sitting under the shadow of a tree, and, like Abel of old, tending a flock of sheep in a common field. When offered preferment, he desired "some quiet parsonage, where he might have God's blessings to spring out of his mother earth, and eat the bread of peace and privacy."

Reader, did you ever see Charles Leslie's picture of "Sir Roger de Coverly going to church, accompanied by the Spectator, and surrounded by his tenantry?" Arthur's description of the church of S * * * on Easter day, brought Hooker and Sir Roger before my memory;—and, considering the changes in the manners of the times, there was something similar to Arthur's account of the church of S * * *, in that pictured forth by Leslie. The squire, indeed, did not appear decked out with sword-knot, plume and buckle—nor was the little maiden that could scarcely lisp "amen" arrayed in the garb of my dear old grandmother; but the whole village, "with their best faces, and their cleanliest looks," are assembled, as in the days of Addison, awaiting the first peal of the organ, which shall summon them to join together in adoration of the Supreme Being.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

Maiden! I ask no brighter joy
Than what thy glance bestows,
It warm'd my heart while yet a boy,
Unchild'd—the passion glows—

To live but in those deep blue eyes,
Once seen, and ne'er forgot—
Warm—rich—as are thy native skies,
Such, lady! be my lot—

THE VISION.

Still was the night on ocean's breast,
 Each ruder wave had sunk to rest,
 Round the rough shore unbroken sleep
 The billows of the tideless deep,
 And its broad mirror calm and clear
 Gave back each star that gems the sphere;
 While zephyr lingered in his flight
 As loath to mar that image bright;
 So mute that moment of repose,
 The lightest breath that bends the rose,
 Nay, even the summer's softest sigh,
 That wafts the gossamer on high
 Had broke the spell with voice too rude,
 Where silence watch'd o'er solitude.

'Twas where a fountain murmuring played,
 Beneath the willow's weeping shade,
 In a deep glen, whose lonely breast
 By nature's wildest fancy drest,
 Seem'd as untrod by foot of man,
 Since first his race of guilt began;
 There war ne'er rung his iron peal,
 Ne'er had ambition bared the steel,
 Nor murder's crimson blade had dyed
 That fountain's pure unsullied tide,
 Nor treachery shuddered to behold
 Her image on its bosom cold;
 Ne'er heard that unfrequented grove
 The perjured vows of guilty love,
 Nor ever since the birth of time
 Wak'd echo to the voice of crime;
 On stiller hour or lovelier scene
 Ne'er look'd yon orb with ray serene,
 Since first array'd in robe of light,
 She claim'd the empire of the night;
 When past the weary hours of day,
 Sleep stole me from my cares away,
 That momentary grave of grief,
 Our best, alas! our sole relief,

The Vision.

Where the deep ills of human lot,
 If careless, are at least forgot—
 Such was the scene that fancy drew
 In colours brilliant but untrue,
 Such scenes have oft her fingers wove,
 Light, transient too as woman's love,
 Deceiver sweet, whose airy power
 On weary sorrow's slumb'ry hour,
 With meteor's brightness loves to smile,
 And soothe the cheated sense awhile,
 Then fleet as melts the mist in air,
 And wake the dreamer to despair;
 Where round a rock whose aged brow
 Frown'd darkly o'er the stream below,
 Twin sisters fondly loved to twine,
 The ivy and the eglantine,
 And seem'd their arms around him cast,
 Would shield a father from the blast;
 Where bloom'd in unmolested pride
 Each flower that loves the mountain's side,
 And steep'd in nights of refreshing dew,
 Around unwonted fragrance threw,
 Fresh lighted from the fields of air,
 A vision stood of form as fair,
 As that the Grecian's fancy gave
 To Venus walking from the wave;
 O'er her light limbs of faultless mould,
 Loose hung in many a graceful fold,
 A mantling robe of snowy dye,
 Like the flaunt cloud on summer's sky;
 That fairy foot had scarce imprest
 The foam upon the billow's breast,
 Wild flow'd her auburn tresses bright,
 And a sweet smile of heavenly light,
 Played o'er her brow and lit her eye,
 Where softness tempered majesty,
 Seem'd as if utterance just had died
 On lips that mock'd the ruby's pride,
 And promised soon to wake again
 In sounds of more than mortal strain,
 Less sweet poor Philomel thy song,
 Borne on the listening breeze along;

Less softly sound the accents sweet,
When long, long parted lovers meet ;
Less plaintively when lovers part,
The sigh that speaks the breaking heart :
Even such on parting virtue's ear,
When pain is past and glory near,
And angel's summons mild and meek
Thro' night's deep stillness gently break,
When sent to guide at heaven's behest,
The weary soul to realms of rest.—
Such were the sounds that filled the gale,
When erst in Judah's hallow'd vale ;
The trembling shepherds bow'd the knee
To Heaven's eternal minstrelsy,
As on that hour of silence lone,
Broke the strange spirits' airy tone.
Wake, sleeper wake, the lark on high,
Tunes her blithe matin to the sky,
Now the fleck'd east, her robe of light
Flings o'er the misty mountain's height ;
Now echo wakes her mimick skill,
And hark ! in mingling murmurs swell,
Each sound that greets the birth of day,
The cheerful shepherd's roundelay,
To her whose lip would half deny
The love that's beaming in her eye,
And all around in wildest glee,
Waked Nature tunes her melody.
Wake sleeper to the call of love,
By the mar'd path of yonder grove,
Where winds the stream its rippling way,
Steals one that chides thy lingering stay ;
Sunk the soft sounds, and now they float
Like dying echo's distant note, ;
Those sounds are hush'd, yet lingering still,
While yet on memory's ear they thrill ;
Light o'er my throbbing temples flew,
Light as morn's footstep o'er the dew,
That gentle hand that oft, how oft
In pain, in grief with pressure soft,
Have held them to thy faithful breast,
Where all my cares and sorrows rest.
My airy vision melts in air,
I wake, and find her rival there.

A MIDSUMMER SPELL.

Before a step has trode the bower,
 While dew is yet upon the flower,
 At the sweet blushing dawn of day,
 'Tis said, whoe'er shall steal away
 The brilliant child of summer skies,
 That in its sleeping beauty lies
 Within a rose leaf's glowing fold—
 (All starred with azure and with gold
 The pure white of its fragile wings,
 Loveliest of created things!)
 'Tis said, that such shall win the bliss
 Of other worlds to dwell in this :
 Devoted love, eternal youth,
 And all the loveliness and truth
 For which the restless spirit sighs,
 All shall be his who wins that prize.
 But who e'er stole the glist'ning rose
 Nor broke the sleeper's light repose ?
 None—not the brave, nor yet the fair,
 Nor lovely girl with radiant hair
 And softest tread and purest eyes ;
 Some pull the stem—it wakes and flies—
 Some crush the flow'r—the insect dies ;
 So wary, beautiful and frail—
 Perchance 'tis but a fairy tale.
 Yet love, we know, eludes the clasp
 And pressure rude of mortal grasp ;
 Some say they've seen him, as he springs
 To heav'n, ere man can touch his wings !

TO IN TEARS.

Oh can it soothe my pangs to know
 That grief thy gentle bosom sears.
 And shall my sorrows cease to flow,
 Because thy cheek is steep'd in tears.
 To see thee droop beneath the woes,
 This blighted heart can never heal ;
 Ah no, the deepest pang it knows
 is thus to see thee feel.

A SKETCH OF AN EXCURSION
TO THE COUNTY OF WICKLOW,

IN SEPTEMBER, 1825.

Having never visited the county of Wicklow, and being particularly anxious, before leaving Dublin, to spend a few days in this delightful part of the country, I willingly accepted an invitation from some intimate friends to accompany them thither. Accordingly on wednesday the 21st of September, we set out on our expedition. We proceeded along the Dunleary road and had the pleasure of seeing the tide full in, so that it washed the wall which bounded the highway. On passing through Dunleary, we took a survey of that wonderful production of human industry and toil,—the pier, stretching its long arms into the sea, and holding in its giant clasp the artificial bay, which calmly alumbered in the enclosure, whilst the excluded ocean raged and foamed, and heaved its waves against each external side of the mighty bulwark. After leaving the village, we enjoyed a full view of the beautiful hills of Killiney, which lift their heads almost from the edge of the ocean; on one of them is erected a small obelisk, which crowns the summit, and is conspicuous at a great distance. In the quarries which lie among these hills, is found the granite with which the pier is built. The blocks are conveyed to their place of destination, in small, flat, four-wheeled carts which descend with ease, along the inclined plain from the foot of the hill, to the water's edge, the wheels rolling in grooves adapted to their size, and lined with metal. This granite, which is very beautiful, is supposed by naturalists to have been the primary stone of the earth, which is extraordinary, as it is itself a composition, consisting of three parts, viz; nuca, quartz, and felt spar: this consideration involves the philosopher in a maze of conjecture, from which he generally escapes with the satisfactory conclusion, that some strange convulsion, agitated the chaotic mass, before the Creator established harmony and order.

As we advanced on our journey, the country presented the most agreeable aspect, being thickly covered with villas, cottages, and clumps of trees, bounded on the one side by the sea, and on the other by the distant Wicklow mountains, whilst the steeples of the Dublin cathedrals rose at a distance, through the mist of an autumn morning. At a sudden turn of the road we were astonished and delighted by the prospect of the Killiney bay, which rushed full on our view, dashing its white billows on the smooth sandy shore, which lay under the road by which we passed. From hence we had a clear prospect of Bray-head, which is a high and majestic promontory. We continued to contemplate the lovely and ever varying mountains, which seemed advancing to meet us, and to invite us into their dark recesses, until our arrival at Bray. From Bray, which is a pretty village and well situated, the traveller enters into the county of Wicklow, and here the scenery becomes still more beautiful. The first remarkable object which presented itself, was Kilruddery, the seat of the Earls of Meath. Grey, sombre, and stately, its towers shoot forth their heads from among the dark masses of trees which surround them; vener-

able by the appearance of age, but wholly unimpaired by time. The road after this runs round the base of a magnificent range of mountains, the most conspicuous of which is the famous Sugar-loaf, on whose blue tapering peak, we saw the clouds pausing in their course through the horizon. After descending a hill, and turning to the right, we entered the glen of the Downs. This beautiful glen lies between two mountains, which lift their heads to an immense height, and bear on their exuberant surface, all the richness that nature can lavish; that on the right being covered with oak trees, interspersed among the rocks, which project at intervals, and that on the left hand, displaying the splendid residence of Mr. Latouche. On a flat and verdant lawn, at the bottom of the latter hill, stands Mrs. Latouche's cottage, which is a beautiful rustic object. As we advance deeper into the glen, on a pinnacle of the hill, and scarcely seeming to touch the earth, the banqueting-room and octagon temple astonish the traveller, as he looks up from the vale below. This lovely spot, in order to render it perfect, requires only a river and cascade, the effect of which would be noble. We did not alight at Bellevue, but were satisfied with surveying it from the road, and as we issued from the glen of the Downs, we caught a passing glance of the romantic village and church of Delgany. We next arrived at the village of Newtown Mount Kennedy, which is in itself a very pretty object, and is surrounded by the most beautiful demesnes imaginable. That of which we obtained the nearest view was the seat of Serjeant Lefroy, through which we drove. Hermitage, Altadore, &c. &c. we saw from a distance. After descending a very steep hill, we turned aside from the high road (if the narrow path through which we now travelled, may be so called) and entered into a field which led us down to the glen called Dunran: this, in some degree, resembles the glen of the Downs, but far exceeds it in native sublimity and bewitching wildness; the hills are bolder; the trees display less the appearance of having been planted by the hand of man; and the rocks are shaped in that fantastic form, which nature seemed to have moulded, when in playful mood she deigns to mimic art, as Tasso observes when describing the garden of Armida:

Di natura arte par, che per diletto
L'imitatrice sua, scherzando, imite.

After leaving this enchanting glen we passed by Nuncross, where is a church built by Mr. Synge, at his own expense, and arrived in the evening at Newrath-Bridge, which as a central position, was chosen for passing the night. On thursday morning we set off at seven o'clock for the vale of Ovoca. The country was not very interesting for some miles, until, on winding round a hill, we perceived Rathdrum in the valley beneath. The village is straggling, and extends almost to the top of the opposite hill. There is a flannel hall, which seems an extensive establishment, but I understand the situation of the town prevents it from flourishing, but its appearance at least is beautiful and romantic. We proceeded through an enchanting valley, whose hill on the left is covered with trees of every description, beneath which the Avonmore rolls its bright and peaceful stream; this delightful spot is called Avondale, and belongs to Colonel Bruen. We next perceived on our right the Wicklow copper mines, surrounded with rocks of a singular reddish colour. We continued our way through a very picturesque country, and at length from the top of a hill, we suddenly

caught a glimpse of the vale of Ovoca; and as we descended the hill, a bell, summoning the labourers to breakfast, struck up, the musical tones of which had a charming effect, and united with the bright sunshine, and fresh morning air, filled our hearts with the highest degree of gladness, as we approached the smiling scene before us. The vale of Ovoca is interesting as well from its own beauty, as that it has been celebrated by Moore in one of his most exquisite melodies. The first object which we saw on entering the vale was the Meeting of the Waters: it is formed by the junction of the Avonmore, and the Avonbeg. The former descends along the valley of Avondale which I mentioned before, and washing the base of a romantic little cottage at the foot of the hill, here joins the Avonbeg, which having rolled through the entire vale of Ovoca, and passed Shelton Abbey, and Castle Howard, at the point of confluence dwindles into a narrow stream, and the two rivers thus united, pass under a small bridge over which the traveller's road lies. This lovely spot possesses every charm which is sweet and captivating. The hills which enclose the valley are not very high, but they exhibit every variety of picturesque scenery. On our left lay, first, the noble demesne of Castle Howard, the seat of the Honourable Colonel Howard, uncle to the Earl of Wicklow. The mansion is built in the ancient style, and the turrets crowning the summit of the hill, and shadowed by the thick foliage, require only the grey tint of years to complete the illusion, of their being the seat of one of the old feudal barons of the age of chivalry. Further on, and on the same side rose Bally-Arthur, in all her pride of beauty, lifting her swelling bosom to the skies, and displaying in the fir, the larch, the oak, the beech, the mountain ash, and the birch, every shade of verdure. The berries of the mountain-ash, and the yellow blossom of the birch, are now in their prime. On our right, the hills were diversified by occasional bold and craggy rocks, which nodded and frowned over the smiling villas opposite to them, and seemed to scoff and defy the pruning hand of man, which had been employed with so much taste and success on the other side of the valley. At about eleven, we arrived at the Wooden-Bridge, (which by the bye is made of stone,) where we stopped to breakfast, at a small inn which was buried in woods and valleys. While breakfast was being prepared, we wandered out on foot, and amused ourselves in gathering blackberries, and gazing on the scene before us. The placid repose, and the lonely and uninterrupted reign of nature, is enchanting here, after coming from the din, and vulgarity, and artificial sights, and sounds which infest us in the streets of a city. The sweetness of the time and place

“Melt on the heart like dew upon the flower,”

and lull us into that sort of apathetic stillness—that rapture of repose—which, while it shuts up all entrance to human passions, opens a passage to the softest and sublimest impressions of nature. There is a voice, a music in these hills and woods and rivers which speaks to the soul, and is understood by it without the intervention of the senses. I do not know how long I should have indulged in this delightful reverie, but the pressing wants, and common infirmities of our human nature, will assume a mean and vulgar form, *even here*, and the odour of a mutton-chop, reminded me that I had travelled fifteen miles before breakfast, and never did I eat more heartily than in the vale of Ovoca.

After breakfast we set out attended by a guide, to climb the hill of Knock-na-moel, which lay behind the house, and after a steep and labo-

rious ascent, we reached the highest pinnacle, the speculum from whence we were to survey the vale. Never could a more glorious prospect be enjoyed. On the left, as far as the eye could reach, rose valley behind valley covered with foliage and verdure, between which the high road wound, and the Avonbeg danced and sparkled in the sunbeam. Nearly opposite to us, in full glow and majestic splendour, lay Bally-Arthur; and far towards the right, on the very boundaries of the horizon, after glancing over cottages, cornfields and pastures, the eye rested on the town of Arklow, and the blue waves of the ocean. Behind us our guide pointed out some gloomy and bare mountains, in which direction, she said, the gold mines lay. The moss-house at Bally-Arthur is the station generally chosen, for enjoying the prospect which I have attempted to describe, but I understand the hill which we chose affords a much grander and more extensive view. After this we set out to Shelton Abbey, and after driving two miles, we alighted, and crossed the river in a boat, by which we were placed within the precincts of the seat of the Earl of Wicklow. The demesne is very fine, but here the hills recede, and the space occupied by the pleasure grounds is quite flat. We walked to the house, which is built in the stile of an ancient abbey; the architecture is peculiarly elegant. We were shewn the halls, drawing rooms, parlour and library, which are all handsome and richly furnished. The last mentioned contains a good assortment of books, a number of busts, and two marble statues; one, a copy of the Venus de Medici; the attitude is well preserved, the limbs are rather clumsy. On the mantle-piece stood a number of grotesque and monstrous figures, made, I believe, of rice, and very beautifully carved and painted: they represent some of the Indian deities and were brought from China and India. In a small interior chamber, which forms a second library, we saw some ancient lamps which had been dug up at Pompeii. The windows of the corridors are of painted glass, executed with simplicity and taste. In the drawing-room stood two marble tables, curiously inlaid with coloured flowers. The walls were hung with a great number of paintings; I noticed some bold and superb landscape scenery, I am uncertain by what master; Niobe and her daughters, by Angelica Kauffman, and a head of our Saviour sweating blood, by Titian; but I was most particularly struck by a copy of Guido's Cumæan Sybil, which is a most enchanting picture. The face is full of inspiration, blended with the most heavenly and pure innocence; the figure is noble and graceful, the attitude fine, and the *tout ensemble* expresses so strongly a mind elevated above all earthly thoughts and pursuits, that it is delightful to gaze upon it. Adjoining to the Cumæan Sybil, hung a copy of Herodias's daughter, with the head of John the Baptist in her arms, by the same master. A more beautiful, fascinating countenance cannot be conceived. The Sybil is a child of heaven; but every feature of Herodias's daughter expresses the loveliest of women: the eyes are cast down, and a sweet and tender melancholy pervades the whole face, whilst the arms and figure seem scarcely able to support the mournful burden imposed on them. The Sybil seems springing from earth, and a holy freedom from all human passions is her chief characteristic. The accomplishments of this world and the admiration of man, had been but too fatal to the daughter of Herodias, and a perfect consciousness of her own charms, mingled with a sorrow for their effect, breathes through all her features. The face of John through the blue tinge of death, exhibits divine hope and sweet resignation. What a conception had Guido!

After leaving Shelton Abbey, we drove through the demesne of Bally-Arthur, from whence we proceeded to Castle Howard, and stopped to dine in a beautiful little cottage on the estate, and not far from the Meeting of the Waters. After dinner, we again ascended our vehicle, and bid adieu to the vale of Avoca.

“Adieu to thee again;—a vain adieu—

“There can be no farewell to scenes like these.”

The vale of Avoca is omnipotent to bestow happiness almost in defiance of human contingencies, and he who on such a day as this, and in such a spot, can say he is miserable, must be a wretch indeed!*

We returned over the mountains to Newrath Bridge, where we arrived at a very late hour in the evening.

On Friday morning, after breakfast, we set off to the Devil's glen, which is three miles from Newrath Bridge. Near the entrance, on the side of the hill, stands the beautiful castle of Glenmore, belonging to Mr. Synge. We alighted from our carriage at the gate-house, and descended by a narrow and winding path into the Devil's glen. This is the most sublime and magnificent spot in the county of Wicklow. It consists of a narrow valley bounded on either side by craggy hills, or rather mountains, between which, and just beneath the walk which runs through the glen, rolls a rapid and winding river. The cliffs are covered with trees of every description, whilst here and there, from between the foliage, large masses of rocks protrude, sometimes of a yellowish brown, and sometimes of a dark grey colour, and bend frowning over the water beneath. The form as well as the shades of the hills, present a continual variety: sometimes the craggy peaks shoot almost to the skies, and render dizzy the eye which attempts to scan them; sometimes the gentle undulations of the valley form a soft green woody recess, where the nymph of the forest, or the queen of the fairies might enjoy a sacred seclusion. Sometimes the river sleeps in a gloomy calmness, and offers its smooth bosom to the branches of the trees which droop over it, and kiss its waters with their leaves: sometimes it foams and boils and roars through immense masses of rocks which choke its bed, and appear to have precipitated from the cliffs above. We ascended by a steep path, provided here and there with steps, where it became too perpendicular, to the top of one of the loftiest eminences, from whence we enjoyed a splendid view of the opposite hill, the winding glen and its river.

We then proceeded to the further extremity of the valley, to take a view of the waterfall; we chose a little pinnacle of the rock for our point of prospect, from whence we beheld this small but picturesque cataract, issuing from the bleak mountain, which on our right terminated the glen, and tumbling down a rocky declivity with a noise, which, not loud enough to deafen, was yet not low enough to soothe, but fell on the ear with a sound just adapted to rouse the energies of a poet, but unluckily I could not find one there, so was obliged to resort to my memory for the lines of him, by whom the beautiful varieties of nature were never unobserved, nor unrecorded:—

* We congratulate our contributor on his composure and bliss; but we suspect he was never crossed in love; if he were, the vale of Avoca would hardly cure him.—Ed.

To sit rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
 To slowly trace the forest's shady scene
 Where things which own not man's dominion dwell,
 And human foot hath ne'er, or rarely been :
 To climb the craggy mountain all unseen
 With the wild flock which never knew a fold,
 Alone o'er steep and forming falls to lean ;—
 This is not solitude ;—'tis but to hold
 Converse with nature's works, and view her stores unrolled.

The extreme narrowness of the glen, and the height of the cliffs which enclose it, give it an air of peculiar privacy, and seclusion. It appears like a holy and secure sanctuary formed by nature for a chosen few, but which should be barred against the ignoble, and vulgar, that is to say, against the majority of mankind. As we walk beside the river, and gaze upon the lofty rocks, our minds are filled with the most delightful sensations of peace and repose ; a perfect oblivion of care, succeeds to the tumult from which we have escaped, and we start and almost fancy we hear through the mountains, the distant hum of the busy world, which has no power to penetrate into this recess.

After lingering as long as our time would permit in this abode of happiness, we were at length obliged to turn our back on these,

" Iolinghi e taciturni ovoori,
 " Di riposo e di pace alberghi veri !"

On our way back to Newrath Bridge, we turned aside to visit *Rosanna*, which had been the residence of Mrs. Henry Tighe. The house is an old handsome building of brick, the grounds are flat and spacious, planted with a number of magnificent stately old trees. In vain we looked around for Cupid and Psyche.—We could find no traces of the dreams which once beguiled the fair inhabitant of *Rosanna*. Every thing wore an air of melancholy stillness, and at our feet rolled a dull and muddy river, whose motion was scarcely perceptible, and which appeared like an artificial stream for which a trench had been hollowed in the swampy field. As I looked at it, it reminded me forcibly of the fabled Acheron, and we perceived through the gloom of the trees a female figure, stalking slowly through the opposite field, which one of my companions said, resembled the sad and haughty Dido. The Tighe no longer inhabit *Rosanna*, and we were informed that it is on the point of passing into the hands of strangers. Its trees and vales still live in beauty, health, and freshness, whilst she whom they inspired, and who bestowed on them fame and honor, has been swept away and become a portion of that earth which revives all but man. Having few inducements to remain long here, and being far more anxious to shun than to woo melancholy reflections, I proposed our speedy departure, and with a sigh for human vicissitudes, we slowly measured back our footsteps, along the broad straight grass-grown avenue, to the place where our vehicle awaited us.

On Saturday morning, previous to our return to Dublin, we set off to visit Wicklow. Though a country town, it is very inconsiderable; the session house and jail, are the only good buildings. We walked to the top of the hill from whence we had a noble view of the harbour, which is very spacious and beautiful, and dashes its waves on a fine sandy shore, called

the Murrough of Wicklow. Some of the pebbles found here are very pretty, and susceptible of a high polish. I bought a handfull of them from a young girl, whose interesting appearance was to me a sufficient recommendation, but the stones appeared to be of no value. The peasants of this county are considered to be the handsomest in Ireland; perhaps they catch the reflection of nature, or perhaps the comparative comfort which they enjoy beyond the rest of their unhappy countrymen, gives their features an expression of happiness, and their cheeks a hue of health, without both of which, it is impossible to conceive the existence of beauty*.

Being prevented by an unavoidable circumstance, from visiting Powerscourt, and Luggala, we proceeded immediately to Dublin, where we arrived in the evening. Nature never before exhibited herself to me, in a more sublime and lovely form than during this excursion, and I had the additional enjoyment of contemplating her, in the society of the very agreeable and obliging friends with whom I travelled. These are two luxuries, than which life can offer nothing better.

DELTA.

* Here again we cannot help dissenting from the opinion of our ingenious contributor. Health and happiness, to be sure, are very great blessings, and respectable appendages of beauty, but constitute none of the elements that go to its formation; unless he is prepared to maintain that all beauty is nothing more than a graceful embodying of the *spirit* of "*utility*" in an appropriate *form*:—or unless he has been pleased to forget all the other interesting varieties of the human shape and countenance,—though under the wasting visitation of disease and sorrow and dissolution,—still recognized as beautiful, and borrowing from the very ruin, with which their loveliness is wrestling, and from the very hand of decay which is busy in sapping it, some traits of more than mortal beauty—irradiations from Heaven swallowing up the darkness of the tomb to which they are hastening; soft shadows stealing and vanishing over the pale brow and hectic cheek—cast, as it were, by some angelic visitant, as he passes and repasses in his ministration about the couch of the dying. Verily our visionary mind has been used to *desecrate* and to *worship* other classes and other forms of beauty besides buxom, healthy and contented damsels;—they form *cortis*, a very comfortable species of bluff beauty; valuable as samples of individual happiness, and perhaps of virtue; valuable also as proofs of a thriving and well conditioned peasantry, than which spectacle nothing can be presented more gratifying to a patriotic bosom. They are very fine objects to look at—and are refreshing to a resident nobleman, to a lover of mankind, to a statistic surveyer, or to a political economist;—but it is really carrying the joke too far, when they are introduced as likely to assist the philosopher in his speculations on the theory of beauty."—ED.

THE BLOOD ROSE.

Quanta invitia ti porto, avara terra ;
 Ch 'abbracci quella cui vedâr m'é tolto ;—

PETRARCA.

I saw thee dead, and wept o'er thee,
 And more than wept,—but what of this?
 I saw them wrap thee in thy shroud ;—
 I gave thy lips the last—last kiss.—
 Kiss'd thee—and felt my frame grow chill!
 That ice is in my bosom still.

I saw them lay thee in the grave,
 And saw—and lived!—the foul earth cast
 Upon thee; yet I did not rave,
 But shrunk within, as struck by blast ;
 Then from despair sprang hope, that I
 Beneath it with thee soon should lie.

By day—by night, I hung above
 Thy grave, now earth's sole cherish'd spot ;
 What were to me my former haunts
 Beautiful, dear,—there thou wert not !
 The thing that fed upon thy clay
 Were dearer to my heart than they !

I planted with a trembling hand
 On thy damp bed, a small rose stem,
 Hoping from worms and worthless weeds,
 Some part of thee, it might redeem.
 It was a pale rose, but it grew
 Deep, as thy heart's blood ting'd it through.

And was't not so ? what most I lov'd,
 From out that earth was given, of thee :
 Thy heart—thy heart, at least, was saved,
 It caught my tears—and sprang to me !
 The tears that water'd that lone stem
 It felt—and burst through death to them !

By day—by night, I watch'd these buds—

These warm ting'd emblems of our love.

Nor glare of noon, nor chill moon ray,

Me, from this dear lov'd shrine could move ;

They said these watchings chang'd my cheek,

That night-dews wasted health's red streak.

Reck'd I of this ?—yet well I knew

My life's blood pass'd hot to the air :

This tree thy unperish'd heart glows through,

My heart in sighs exhaled too there,

And the Blood Rose's blush, methought,

Grew deeper every sigh it caught.

It sprang—it bloom'd, a thing of love :

The crimson buds grew fast, and bright,

As thoughts of tenderness that rise

In blushing crowds beneath love's light,—

Until one breath the heart pervades ;—

One deep tint spreads o'er all its shades.

And when this tree was blossom'd fair,

I cull'd the flowers—in freshness all ;

Like frail love thoughts, I could not bear

To see them gradual fade and fall ;

They bloom'd—I gather'd them, oh, soon

As we were sever'd, in love's noon.

But, oh, could we have ever ceas'd

Through time as fond, as true to prove ?

I feel—I feel, that I, at least

Could easier yield frail life, than love ;

These flowers that from my breast ne'er part,

But wither'd o'er a with'ring heart !

They're spent—the sighs I used to heave,

They're dried—the tears I used to shed ;

And calm, though faint, oh ! do I grieve,

The grave shall soon be my still bed ?

That these wild plaints, that rise in song

Shall die upon my lips ere long !—

JOSEPHINE ADA.

ROMANCE FROM THE VENETIAN.

On Brenta's tide the setting sun was beaming,
 Far o'er the west its golden light was gleaming,
 Like joy's bright ray on life's dark streamlet glowing,
 Soon to recede and leave it sadly flowing.
 Smooth rose the wave, its bosom gently swelling,
 Soft blew the breeze, our gondolet impelling,
 While thro' the air the lute's sweet notes came thrilling,
 Each ling'ring pause some fairy echo filling.

Close by my side my true-love was reclining,
 In all the glow of youth and beauty shining,
 Fondly I gaz'd upon my beauteous treasure,
 Where ev'ry pulse beat time to notes of pleasure.
 Where now are fled those joys so fondly cherish'd ?
 Vanish'd for aye, and even hope has perish'd,
 Cold in the earth my own true-love is dwelling,
 White my torn heart with wildest grief is swelling.

Here on the bank where waves the weeping willow,
 Sadly I lie, her cold grave for my pillow ;
 Flow Brenta, flow, roll on thy tide in gladness,
 My broken heart can echo nought but sadness.—
 Still, silver moon, thy glorious rays be shining,
 Bright on me here, beside my love reclining,
 Shine gently on, I'll soon be free from sorrow,
 Full well I feel, I ne'er shall see the morrow.

FROM METASTASIO.

Enough of grief by fate's decree,
 This weary soul is doom'd to share,
 But to be scorn'd, accused by thee,
 Oh that, it cannot, cannot bear,
 If rebel to my plighted love
 One thought within my bosom dwell,
 Yon sun—the righteous powers above,
 This breaking heart—thy heart—can tell.

OF BIRDS,

Migratory, or appearing and disappearing at certain seasons, with other observations on

THE BIRDS OF THIS COUNTRY.

Nothing in natural philosophy is better known than the departure and return of certain birds at particular seasons. The advantage of being able to convey themselves to great distances, with ease and expedition, by the power of flight, renders this rapid change of place easily accountable in the greatest number of these airy travellers. Our winter visitors are for the most part endowed with such force of wing, as diminishes the wonder we might else be disposed to feel, when we reflect upon the remoteness of their summer haunts, and the extent of ocean they must necessarily pass over. Those of the aquatic kind have indeed the advantage of being able to rest upon the water, and therefore can experience little danger or hardship from the length of the journey. Of many of these too, the flight is extremely rapid, as of the duck and widgeon kind, some of which fly with such extreme velocity, that even a ready fowler who expects their approach, finds it difficult to be prepared in time for bringing any of them down. I have found them pass one so quick, that before I had the gun to my shoulder, they were out of shot. A Woodcock also, when disposed so to do, is capable of great rapidity of flight, and the smaller migraters, such as Fieldfares and Whindles or Redwings appear capable of sustaining a long flight, though less rapid in degree. Snipes and Plover are known to breed here in bogs, moors, and mountains, but as the number of both kinds during the winter months, appears to exceed that of the homebred, it is probable that a great part of them are visitors. Plover, I am inclined to believe, sometimes quit us in the winter for more southern latitudes, for I once recollect to have seen them on this coast in prodigious numbers, at the commencement of a hard frost, a few days after which most of them disappeared, and it is certain that they could not have gone northwards. The great facility with which most birds, when once well on the wing, seem to move in the gaseous element of air, and the little appearance of fatigue they appear to undergo from the working of their wings, diminish our surprise at the journeys they are known to accomplish. To these we must add the velocity with which, when unopposed by high winds, they cut their way, not laboriously travelling like terrestrial travellers, now ascending hills, now descending, and always going indirectly towards their point, but instinctively directed to take the shortest line to the place of destination. That bird is a slow flyer indeed, which mounted high in the air, does not far outstrip the speed of the swiftest race horse; and when it is considered that the winged courier is capable of maintaining his speed for perhaps as many hours, as the other can minutes, we shall have an easy solution of what otherwise might appear an almost unsurmountable difficulty. By a calculation founded on these principles, we may easily reconcile to ourselves the great capability of the winged travellers to perform with ease, journeys of prodigious length, and cease to consider the migrations of birds as matters of extraordinary wonder. In fact, they are only so relatively, and by comparison with the tediousness

and difficulty experienced by unwinged travellers, except in a few instances to be taken notice of hereafter. It seems to me very probable, that, under the direction of that astonishing and unerring faculty called instinct, given by the bounteous Creator for the guide of inferior animation, all birds of the migrating kind, many of whom are known to assemble previous to their departure, rise high in air before they take their flight for the place of destination. This aerial ascension offers a double advantage.—It enables them to slope their flight with some degree of downward tendency, at once facilitating their progress, and quickening their motion; and they thereby escape the interruption of rains and winds, which fall most heavily, and rage with greatest violence near the surface of the earth. Hence it is perhaps that travellers of this kind, are rarely, if ever, seen either at land or sea, while on their passage. The birds that sometimes light on shore, appear to be unfortunate stragglers that have been blown off land in a storm, not passengers from one climate to another. Whoever has paid attention to the flight of birds must have observed many instances of their availing themselves of this mode, even for the purpose of a much shorter flight than migration to another country. The Eagle, though a large and heavy bird, rises to a great height in the air by spiral ascension, when disposed to take a long flight. I have seen one rise from a rabbit warren on the south coast of this county, which they were once very much in the habit of visiting, and which was probably at a great distance from his native rock or mountain, and in a very short space of time, wheeling most majestically, attain a height from which he seemed no bigger than a Wren. Shortly after, though the day was clear and my sight very good, he became too small for vision, at which time I think he could not have been much less than two miles above the surface of the earth. I could assign no other motive for his mounting so high, at rather a late hour of the day, than that he might reach his home with the advantage of a facilitating descent. In bad weather, Rooks limit their excursions from the Rookery to short distances; in fine weather their wanderings in quest of food are proportionally extended. Sometimes, but rarely, they return at so great a height in the air as to be hardly visible, and their mode of descending to the level of the Rookery is very curious. With wings closed and head downward, like a Gannet darting at his prey, they precipitate themselves for forty or fifty yards, and then opening their wings, take to the common mode of flight again. This is repeatedly performed 'till they arrive at, or near the tops of the trees on which they rest. The rapidity with which they cleave the air in these darts, produces an uncommon kind of hissing noise, which first made me notice the circumstance. It only happens in settled weather, and the inference I drew, was, that they had travelled from a much greater distance than ordinary. The Rook, though he may be said to fly well, is far from having any remarkable strength of wing, being in this respect very inferior to most of our winter visitors. As he can rise to such height, and is apparently able to continue it for a long time, the probability that others who have so much further to travel employ the same art, is rendered still stronger. The sole bird of very weak flight which is here seen only in the winter is the Water-Rail. This little bird very frequent here in that inclement season, has never, as far as I have been able to learn, been found among us in summer. It makes its appearance about the first of November, a little after the departure of the Rail or Corn-Crake, which it very much resembles in shape and size,

and hence is vulgarly supposed to be the same bird, with a change of plumage. They are however different in habits as well as colour, and all naturalists are sufficiently aware that they are distinct and different species. The weak and laborious flight of the Water-Rail obviously disqualifies him from undertaking journeys like those of the Woodcock or Plover; but that he does travel is pretty certain, though in what manner or to what distance, does not seem satisfactorily explained. By the compilers of the article on Ornithology, in the Edinburgh Encyclopedia, he is said to breed in certain parts of the British isles, and the reason of being so seldom seen in summer, is ascribed to the diligence with which he conceals himself in bogs and marshes. If this be the case, he only leaves us for a short northern journey, and if he does cross a channel, it is not one of great breadth. That he does not pass the summer in the south of Ireland, I take to be an unquestionable fact, as it seems utterly impossible, that such a sojourner should wholly escape observation, at a season when all our bogs and marshes are not only easily accessible, but frequently explored. I have been a repeated visitor of such places myself; I have made enquiries of persons tending cattle, or otherwise there employed, and the result is, that no such bird is ever seen here in summer. As he is a winter visitor, we are safe in concluding that his summer direction is to the north, where he may find a better supply of those insects, which he seeks in soft and moist grounds, and from which he is equally precluded by the intenseness of winter frosts, and the acidity of summer heats; his principle of migration herein agreeing with that of the Woodcock and Snipe. In the quality of enduring cold, this little bird, however similar in size and shape, in motion, and in flight, differs wholly from the Land-Rail, which appears unable to endure even a moderate degree of cold. The latter therefore, which visits us only in summer, must seek protection from cold, either by migrating to a warmer region, or by covering himself with honest Sancho's comfortable month of sleep. That this kind of security may be afforded by nature, is easily credible, because we know it to be given to certain other creatures, and to one in particular that is enabled to fly, the Bat. But were this the case, its retreat however private, must, one would think, be sometime or other discovered, and I never heard an instance of their being found in a dormant state. The apparent weakness of their flight makes many persons unwilling to believe them capable of migration; but it should be considered that their only purpose, when occasionally roused during their summer visit, is merely to pass from one field, or part of a field to another, not to undertake a journey of any length. Hence their motion is heavy and sluggish, as they are anxious to light again, and seem to depend for security, less upon their wings than their feet, and the facility of concealment in high grass. Sometimes, however, towards the end of the season, I have seen one rise to an unusual height, and fly with apparent ease to a considerable distance. Hence, it seems by no means impossible, that they may be capable of a loftier and more sustained flight, than their general method of moving through the air seems to warrant.

That they really do migrate, and not sleep, I think we have satisfactory demonstration. I tried this year an experiment, which, I understand, has been practised in other places with similar result. A full grown Rail, taken in August, was pinioned and let go in a large enclosure surrounded by wall, well furnished with grass and water, and, where also, Partridge and some

other birds were kept. In this it lived in full health and vigour, during the months of September and October, and without any perceptible change of plumage. The last time it was seen alive, was the fifth or sixth of November, when it did not appear to have lost any of its former alacrity. A few days after, it was found dead, and, as it had not the least appearance of external injury, nor any diminution of flesh, its death could only, I think, be ascribed to the increasing cold of the weather. When first put in, it was not observed to make any attempt to fly, running away very swiftly whenever disturbed; but towards the season of departure, in the month of October, I observed it to make several strong exertions to raise itself on the wing. Hence, it may be pretty fairly inferred, that it is to be numbered not among the sleepers, but the migrants. Whether it does go, and whether it takes advantage of the shortest sea passages to accomplish its southern journey, are questions I am unable to answer. The means by which the bounteous author of nature, enables so many creatures to accommodate themselves to all situations and seasons, to provide against dangers apparently to be unavoidable, and to achieve feats apparently impracticable; though not always within the reach of our discovery, maintain a high place among those wonders that never cease to call forth the grateful and unqualified veneration of a serious and reflecting mind. They are indeed seldom thought of by the vulgar, the unobservant, the busy, and the idle, but they can never fail to engage the notice, and awaken the piety of every man deserving the name of a philosopher.

That Swallows should ever be classed among the sleeping tribes, must appear extraordinary to all who consider, not only the ease and velocity of their flight, but the peculiar habits of their nature, which exhibit them to us as for ever on the wing, save only during the hours of night, and the time of incubation. If they do sleep, it is not surely for want of ability to transport themselves to distant regions. That they should leave us before the cold weather arrives, and the flies disappear, cannot be a matter of wonder; but that that they should be obliged to return for food, from any of these warmer climates, in which insects and flies of every variety may be deemed to abound, does certainly seem to be a little extraordinary. Perhaps the food they chiefly delight in is then generated in most abundance, in our more temperate climate, and it is also probable that the moderate heat of our summers, is more congenial to their constitution. It is remarkable the Swift or Large Swallow, so abundant on the neighbouring coast of Wales, is in many parts of Ireland quite unknown, and in others, only beginning to appear. Hence, it should seem that these birds return for the most part to their old haunts.

A few days before their departure, Swallows congregate in large flocks, or as we may call them caravans, for the obvious purpose of social consolation and support, in their passage over a broad and dreary expanse of ocean. I have observed crowds of them beyond numbering, perched upon, and playing about the roof of my dwelling house for a day or two, after which, except a few stragglers, not one was to be seen. They probably commence their flight at an early hour of the morning, and as I am inclined to think, and have already mentioned, rise to a considerable height above the surface of the earth. If they be, as I conceive they are, capable of remaining on the wing for ten and twelve or fourteen successive hours, we need feel little alarm for any difficulties they may be exposed to from the length of their journey. When the Rail and the little Wheatear return

in safety from a distant expedition; no fears need be entertained for the security of the Swallow.

The Cuckoo, always welcome as the harbinger of spring, of which he reminds us by the frequency of his singular notes, visits this country in April, sooner or later, according to the state of the weather. I have observed that this note, or as we may almost call it, word, is not always uttered with equal distinctness, nor by any two of them in exactly the same key. Naturalists ascribe it to the male bird, and very probably with truth, though I hardly remember to have seen one during the time of their vocality, that did not, either while perched or on the wing, repeatedly utter it, sometimes filling it up with something like a quick repetition of the first syllable, not however audible except when they are near. They soon become silent, and are, I believe, the first of our summer visitors to take their departure; a circumstance one is disposed to ascribe to their roving disposition, rather than to necessity, for they certainly leave caterpillars, on which they chiefly feed, behind them in great abundance. The description given in the Ornithology above mentioned, seems to me incorrect, as all I have seen, and examined, and they were not a few, have a cast or shade of blue upon the back, in which, as well as in their mode of flight, they resemble some of our small Hawks. The describer alluded to, says their wings and back are blackish.

I recollect a country gentleman's gardener once coming to complain of Cuckoos eating his gooseberries before they were ripe. Conjecturing the cause of their visit, I went into the garden, and saw three or four of them busily employed in devouring the gooseberry-caterpillars, of which his trees were full. After that, the gardener was wise enough to look upon them as his best friends.

Though they are by no means rare in this country, I never had an opportunity of ascertaining whether they sit on their own eggs, or employed the unnatural and ill-natured expedient, of giving them to another bird to be hatched and attended, at the expense of her labour, and to the loss of her own brood. There seems so little necessity for this perverse and cruel substitution, that one is unwilling to believe it true; yet, the attestations of the fact are too respectable to allow us to say that it is false.

The Cuckoo flies so well, that he can easily convey himself to the southern parts of Europe, or to the nearest parts of Africa, in search of the climate suited to his wants.

The pretty night bird, nearly of the same size, and not very much unlike the Cuckoo, to which has been affixed the ridiculous appellation of the Goat Sucker, visits this country about the same time, or perhaps a little later, and remains longer. Though, like the Owl, a heavy flyer when disturbed by day; light, it should seem, being very offensive to eyes formed for nocturnal vision; yet, at night he pursues his prey, principally large moths, with singular spirit and rapidity. These also, have by some, been supposed to be sleepers, but as they certainly do not want power of wing for a long flight, there seems no reason for condemning them to a six months' torpor. As night is their waking, and of course travelling time, they are the less likely to be discovered on their journey, which is probably the same with that of the Cuckoo.

The Turtle Dove is an occasional but rather rare visitor of this part of the country. One pair came to my premises last summer, and as I was in-

formed, remained long enough to rear a brood. I however saw only the old pair, and that for a short time.

We have another summer visitor, with whose history I should like to be better acquainted. This is the bird known here by the name of the Stone Curlew, but not answering the description of that bird, as given in the Ornithology above mentioned. Our visitor exactly resembles the common Curlew in every thing but size, being smaller in the body, and having shorter legs and bill. It comes here in May, generally in small flocks, and is seen only on the strands and the sea shore. I do not well know how long it remains, but as I think, about two months, and whether it comes to us after the breeding time or before it, I have not been able to ascertain. It is not here in the winter, nor does it, like the other Curlew, quit the shore to seek food in the fields. I have not been able to find, in the article Ornithology, any bird answering in description to the Stone Curlew of this country.

Besides regular migrants, we have many occasional visitors, some of which appear only in summer, some in winter, and others indifferently in both. The summer strangers seem to be mere wanderers, either occasionally deviating from their usual course, or led by some rambling fancy to explore new regions. Among these, is the Hooper, a beautiful bird, well known to Ornithologists; one of which, lately shot in my neighbourhood, was sent to the Cork Institution to be stuffed. The species of Kite, known by the name of the Hen Harrier, a native of colder climates, is frequently seen here, and at different times of the year. He may perhaps occasionally breed on some of our mountains, but I know no instance of the fact, and believe him to be only a visitor. He is sometimes mistaken for the common Seagull, which he resembles a little in his flight, and more in his colour. From the facility with which he supports himself in the air, and the speed he is able to exert in flight, it seems to cost him little trouble to visit what countries he chooses.

The curious little bird called Crossbill, is an occasional, but fortunately a very rare visitant. Some years ago, a considerable flight of them came over, and many were taken and kept in cages, for the curiosity of seeing them employ their singularly constructed bills in the demolition of apples, the seeds of which appear to be their favourite food. Such is their power of destruction, that were they natives of these islands, it would be necessary to wage a war of extermination against the whole race.

The Bullfinch I have not seen for many years; it was formerly among the feathered ornaments of this island, but like some others, has disappeared, at least from this quarter. The Jay also is no longer to be found in our woods, though still common in England. He has been succeeded by a bird, which, but for its extreme mischievousness, would be no disagreeable substitute, the Magpie. These birds, unknown here, till towards the beginning of the last century, have formed an establishment which seems to defy the ingenuity even of human persecution. I do not know that any bird equals the Magpie in the variety of its resources, or the extraordinary degree of cunning displayed in avoiding danger, obtaining subsistence, and making provision for the security of itself and its offspring. It is principally obnoxious for the havoc committed on the nests and young broods of other birds, of which it is for ever in search during the breeding season. Blackbirds and Thrushes in particular, are the devoted objects of its rapacity, and the old often fall a sacrifice to the assailant's fury in defence of

their young. The Magpie frequently rears his brood within a few yards of a dwelling house, unseen and unsuspected by the inmates, taking advantage of a thick thorn bush, in the centre of which the nest is formed, but not till after a full cloathing of leaves has rendered it impervious to sight. Every fowler knows how carefully Magpies avoid a person in whose hands is a gun, though they boldly approach any one without it. The English game-keepers are obliged to be very assiduous in destroying this enemy of young game, and it is owing to their skill and perseverance in the extermination of Weasels, and Magpies especially, that game abounds to so great a degree in all the manors or sporting preserves of those English landed proprietors, who turn their attention to such recreations. Magpies, though not actually migrants, like the Starling, are, it is well known, capable of imitating the human voice in a state of domestication. I have heard them speak a few words very distinctly, but without the powerful variety of the Parrot. They should however be kept in cages, otherwise they will steal and hide every small article within their reach; and in the work of mischief, they are never idle. In short, they seem to be the Monkey of the feathered creation.

Smith, in his history of Cork, to the enumeration of its native birds, has added some which he certainly did not find, and others which were never found by any one. The Pheasant may, in antient times, have inhabited some of our woods, but I know of no tradition that remembers them. Of the Bustard which he also gives us, I may pretty safely venture to say, that a bird so singular in its habits, and so unsuited to our climate and country, never was an inhabitant of Ireland.

The number of our winter visitants is regulated by the nature of the season, which varies extremely in its temperature. In very severe weather, either of frost or snow, but particularly when the latter has fallen with more than usual abundance, in the northern parts of these Islands, Wild Geese and Swans make their appearance here; the former sometimes in very considerable numbers. In mild winters they rarely come so far to the south. I once observed a flock of Widgeon, differing in colour, from any I had ever seen or heard of, nor can I find the description of any such bird in my books of Ornithology. They were indeed too far off to enable me to do more, than catch a general idea of their colour, which appeared to be that of the small Seagull, a blueish white. One of this kind, was afterwards shot on Cloghnikilty strand, but as I did not see it, and received but an imperfect description, I am unable to improve my account, by any satisfactory addition to my former knowledge.

I take this opportunity of remarking a strange error committed by the writer of the article 'Ornithology' in the Edinburgh Encyclopedia. Speaking of Geese—he says "they inhabit marshy places, swim little, and never dive." It needs but little acquaintance with this well known, and valuable bird, (most unjustly made an emblem of folly, as he is in fact the most sensible of all our domestic fowl,) to know that Geese are fond of swimming, and he must be little acquainted with their habits, who has not often seen them amusing themselves by diving. To hunt Ducks with water spaniels is a common sport, and one well trained to it, will baffle a good dog by her skill in diving away from him, and her various stratagems to conceal her head when she rises. I remember to have seen Geese hunted in the same manner, and with equal success. The piece of water was

pretty large, and the Goose's power of swimming and diving, such as to tire two or three brace of pretty good dogs.

The Loon or great diver, is a regular winter visitant, and frequents all parts of this coast, in greater or less abundance, from November to March; not however in flocks but straggling and scattered. In the length of their dives, and the time of remaining under water, they exceeds all other kinds of water-fowl. They are so particularly formed for living in the water, which I believe they never quit, except for the purpose of incubation, that if able to stand or walk, it can only be in upright position like the Penguin. I doubt, though I have written authority against me, if they are able to fly, and am inclined to think, that their wings only serve for diving, as those of the Ostrich do for running. Certain it is, that they are never known to fly while with us, though they will sometimes flap along the surface of the water for a short distance. The quills of the wing, are much too short, either to enable them to rise, or to support them in the air when risen. It may be said that the time of their being with us, is the moulting season, but I am inclined to think otherwise, all the quills I ever examined appearing sound and full formed. Wherever they breed, their eggs are probably laid on some flat and sandy shore, and not very far above high water mark. There is a smaller bird called by the sailors Quarter Loons, which flies well, and often in large flocks.

The Gannet or Solan Goose, is sure to be seen along the coast, when herrings and mackarel make their appearance. It is very amusing to see this large and beautiful bird, of snowy whiteness, except the tips of the wings which are black, darting into the water with closed wings, and when he falls from a height, with a rapidity of descent, occasioning a shock that no other bird could sustain, without mortal injury. This, their peculiar strength of breast and neck enables them to bear without the least apparent inconvenience, and the impetus of descent, or rather the elevation from which they dart on their prey, is proportioned to the depth of the shoal they pursue. That they occasionally descend to great depths is very obvious, but it is not true that they never dip in vain, for I have often seen them re-mount to the surface without bringing up a fish. It is therefore very probable that when the shoals of fish swim very far below the surface, the Gannet dives on a speculation which is not always successful. They possess great power of flight, and like the Swallow remain for a long time on the wing, seldom if ever resting for any time on the water, except when gorged with an overmeal. It is not true, therefore, that they frequent high rocks because they find any difficulty of getting on wing, for they rise from the water after a dive with the greatest facility, but because they make choice of a breeding place not easily accessible.

The habits of this bird are in some respects very singular. There is but one rock on the south west coast of Ireland, on which they are ever known to breed, or even casually to light. This rock, one of two high insulated rocks, called the Skelligs, off the coast of Kerry, and at some distance from the main-land, is the smaller and less lofty of the two, and as I have been informed, calcareous. On this they breed in great numbers, and afford some profit to the neighbouring peasants or watermen, who are in the habit of resorting to the rock, in the latter end of the breeding season, to take the young Gannets, or as many of them as they can safely reach. This is often a service of danger, from the tempestuous nature of the western ocean, and the frequent difficulty of return. In Scotland, it

seems the young birds are considered to be great delicacies, though one would incline to think, that none but Esquimaux stomachs, could relish a food so extremely rancid and oily. They are here, I believe, valued only for their fat and their feathers, though after the oil is extracted, the flesh is salted and cured for the use of those who like such food. I have seen Puffins which also contain much oil, cured in that way at Dingle. They were packed in barrels, and salted like scad or mackarel, and in taste not very different.

The preference of Gannets to this particular rock is very remarkable. The larger Skellig is at no great distance, is more lofty, and more inaccessible, yet they crowd upon the one, and sedulously avoid ever setting foot upon the other. That limestone possesses any peculiar charm, it seems hard to believe, but supposing it preferable, what can there be in the nature of the other rock, (or of any of the other rocks on the coast) so abhorrent to their feelings, as to prevent them from ever, even by accident, making it a resting place. Yet such is the case,—be their distance from home what it may, they have never yet been known to rest or sojourn, on any rock upon this coast, but the smaller Skellig. The first plumage of the young Gannet, and which continues for a considerable time, after he is able to leave the nest, and provide for himself, is, dark grey.

OF BIRDS WHOSE RACE IS NOW EXTINCT IN IRELAND.

I have heard doubts expressed whether the black game (*Tetrax Tetrix*) or Large Grouse, still so abundant in some of the Scotch highlands, was ever a native inhabitant of our mountains or forests, in some of which, had that been the case, he would still be found, or at least his existence remembered. I believe however it is more safe to conclude, that he has for a long time been a stranger, than that he never inhabited a country so apparently suited to his habits, and so similar and favourite to those in which he is still found to reside. What lends some colour to the supposition is, that while the black game has been lost even to tradition, the famous Cock of the wood or (mountain) (*Tetrax Urdgallus*) still lives fresh in the memory of the Irish. This beautiful and valuable bird, the Cock of which nearly equalled the weight of a good Turkey, had little choice of prolonging its existence in an Island increasing rapidly in population, and never destitute of indefatigable sportsmen. It has long disappeared from Scotland also, where mountain game is much more carefully preserved by man, as well as protected by nature, than in this Island. As far as I am acquainted with the mountaneous tracts of Ireland, very few of them are difficult of access and none inaccessible; a circumstance to which we owe the comparative scarcity of mountain game, Grouse, Deer, Stags, &c.

The Bittern, as far as this county is concerned, may I believe be numbered among the birds which only live in recollection. The draining of bogs and marshes, in which alone they find subsistence and security, has at least so diminished their numbers, that I am unable to point out a place

where they still remain. Yet I remember a time, when they were far from being scarce, and know several bogs, since drained, in which, though not often seen, they were sure to be heard in the beginning of summer. The loud and bellowing noise, audible at a great distance, which this bird there frequently emitted, afforded a certain clue to his haunts; so that nothing but inaccessible situations, could save him from the pursuer. Their colour is nearly that of a Kite; their size and figure exactly those of a Heron.

FROM THE GERMAN.

O'er the calm sleep of youth
 What dreams of joy arise,
 With all the air of truth,
 And ting'd like summer skies.
 To our maturer years
 No blissful visions come,
 We sink to sleep in tears,
 And only wake to gloom.

How cheering are the dreams
 That bring the absent fair,
 They come like moonlight gleams
 To soothe the lover's care :—
 But swift as rainbow hues
 Those feelings fleet away,
 When Fancy doth refuse
 To lend th' illusive ray.

When feeling's glow is chill,
 And Fancy's pow'r is fled.
 Ah who would linger still,
 Each genial impulse dead ?
 When o'er the vivid mind
 Shall roll oblivion's wave,
 What refuge can we find ?
 None, but the silent grave

MAY EVE.

It was on the last day of April * * *, that I paid a long intended visit to the ruined castle of Carrigadrohid, one of the ancient seats of the M'Carthys, Lords of Desmond. The castle is built on a low insulated rock in the river Lee, and is about thirteen miles distant from the city of Cork. It was one of those lovely days, which April, amidst her smiles and tears, sometimes vouchsafes. A thousand wild flowers were springing along the hedges to woo the balmy breeze of spring, and the incense of their fragrant lips rose odorously to Heaven. The scenery around was beautiful. The glen of Carrigadrohid lay before me; its vegetation yet silvered with the sparkling dews of night. The castle stood in the centre, attached to the bridge; and, although in the neighbourhood of some cottages, looked solitary and desolate. There now remains but a square tower of this once beautiful structure, and that appears to droop sorrowfully over the waters of the Lee, which have flowed by its basement in many a mood, in flood and fall, for centuries.

It was May Eve too.—Traditionary custom had, for centuries untold, dedicated its annual return to the celebration of rites, whose origin is referred to the pagan era of Ireland, when the Druid, in his oaken temple, within the sacred circle of "the stones of Power," lighted up on the brow of the hill the fire of Beal; a particle of that holy element which dispensed life and animation through all nature. The worship of the Gheber deity had given way to the prevailing fortune and purer spirit of Christianity; but the Irish, devotedly retentive of the usages of their forefathers, though having rejected the creed, have preserved most of the rites of Druidism, retaining with them, some superstitious notions, respecting the existing ministry of a kind of *dii minores*, half gods, half mortals,—partaking of the powers of the first, and the affections and feelings of the latter; and, while the peasantry, with religious observance, light up their *Beal tinne*, or Beal fire on the Eve of May, they also believe that, at that season, these invisible powers are peculiarly active for good or for evil.

I had spent this *observed* day amongst the ruins of the castle, loitering through its gloomy and deserted apartments, and holding communion with times long past, or listening to the legendary annals of an old *Nestor* who detained me "nothing loth" with tales of the feudal magnificence and power of the M'Carthy's, its former owners and occupants; their chivalry and their loves; their successes and misfortunes. Amongst the various legends which this garrulous old chronicler loved to recite, and of whose authenticity, incredulity's self could have nought to object to, was the tale of one of the last chieftains of the name, whose tragical catastrophe and immediate connection with the Eve of May, as well as with the ruinous pile wherein it was related, particularly fixed my attention. In truth, the castle (as what castle is not?) was haunted by the injured shade of the lady of the last chieftain, and with each returning May Eve, her sad story is remembered, and heard wailing above the rock which bases the hoary pile, or echoing amongst the gloomy chambers. Numerous are those who bear testimony to her annual visits to the ancient scene of her love and her sufferings.

About the beginning of the spring of the year 1647, the young heir of the unfortunate Florence M'Carthy, returned to his native country, and to

the enjoyment of a poor remnant of his patrimonial possessions. In the late rebellion, the greater portion of the hereditary domains of the family were confiscated to the crown, and to the present inheritor, little remained but Carrigadrohid and Kilcrea. The castle of Carrigadrohid, though often taken and recovered by the contending parties, in the late conflict, did not sustain any very material injury, and was the present place of residence of the young chieftain; that of Kilcrea having been rendered completely ruinous by the same armies at the period alluded to. Young Dermid M'Carthy had been sent in early life to the continent, in order to receive his education. After several years study, he gave free indulgence to his fiery spirit, and entered the army, under his countryman, General Owen Roe O'Neil, as an aspirant for military honours, and was with him at the time the General was Governor of Arras, when the French besieged that town in 1640. During various hard and toilsome campaigns, he conducted himself with so much ability and spirit, as to draw round him the affection of his brother officers, and the good will and respect of the whole army. On receiving intelligence of the death of his father, he threw up his commission and returned to Ireland. In consequence, the Eve of the first of May being near, it was announced that it should be kept as a holiday, in and about Carrigadrohid; and the bounteous cheer and hospitality of the master of the soil, whose return it was intended should be celebrated with these unusual festivities, were open to all his tenantry. It was also given forth, that a dance should open the sports of the evening, to which all the youths and maidens of the village were invited, and the young chieftain himself purposed commencing the festivities, with some chosen *belle* of the neighbourhood. There is not the least doubt, but that a thousand conjectures were formed in every farmer's house for five miles around, as to the favoured one, on whom the good fortune should fall of becoming the object of his selection. It is true, the general voice seemed to decide in favour of one, who was indeed eminently worthy of the honour.

Ellen Sullivan and her brother Morty were in the fields amongst the first, and were astonished at perceiving the young chieftain already come, whose rapid glance instantly fell on the lovely form of O'Sullivan's daughter, until her soft blue eye sunk beneath his gaze. A slight blush seemed to revel for a moment on her cheek, but it was only for a moment, as the maiden appeared too collected, and possessed of too much presence of mind to suffer it to remain there. Her brother, who had already seen the young M'Carthy, and found him condescending and familiar, introduced her, and doubt and conjecture respecting the chieftain's choice, were immediately at an end, as her hand was instantly engaged for the dance. There was something like awkwardness about M'Carthy which, completely restored Miss Sullivan's self possession. It went about in whispers at the time, that hearing every tongue loud in the praises of Ellen Sullivan, the chieftain had passed some jokes about the rustic beauty who appeared to have turned the heads of all the youths in the Barony. And in the evident surprise and confusion with which he met the girl, now introduced to him as Morty Sullivan's sister, there seemed to be a confirmation of the rumour. At all events, it was quite visible, that he did not expect to meet as the village queen, one so interesting as she who now stood before him. Ellen Sullivan was one of the loveliest girls in Muskerry, and for many miles around the universal theme of admiration. Her father and her uncle were comfortable farmers, who tenanted more land

than any other six in the neighbourhood. One of her maternal uncles was the parish priest. In early life he had gone to the Sorbonne, where he studied until he received holy orders, and then returned to his native country, to enter on his clerical duties. Under his care and instruction, Ellen's understanding received a degree of cultivation, far superior to what her rank could have entitled her to; and her personal charms became still more attractive, when embellished with various accomplishments, of which, perhaps it were better for her she had remained for ever ignorant. For many years, Father Conogher O'Mahony's was her constant residence; particularly since he was obliged in consequence of the danger which attended the celebration of public worship at that period, to conceal himself, and not openly perform the duties of his religion. There might have been another motive for such concealment, as he had just published a rash and imprudent book, which was ushered to the world under the unpropitious signature of *Cornelius de sancto Patricio*. In consequence of residing with her uncle, Ellen Sullivan but occasionally visited home. She became acquainted with literature, and soon evinced a passion for poetry, considered as almost hereditary in her family, and which she indulged on many occasions. A great number of her simple songs were for a long period afloat in the neighbourhood of Carrigadrohid and Macroom. Two of them were recited to me in Irish by a very old inhabitant of that quarter, which he supposed were the only remains and specimens of her talent that still survive. It is difficult to translate a simple Irish song.

The lily by the river side
 With silver vase adorns the tide,
 And tho' its pure cup oft appears
 In dew, like innocence in tears;
 Of all the flowers that bloom and be,
 Be mine, be mine—the balmy Pea.

The rose's breath is all perfume,
 The rose's leaf is sunny bloom,
 Its colouring and fragrancy
 Are rich as tint and balm can be;
 The rose is sweet—but yet give me
 Of all, of all—the balmy Pea.

Oh! 'tis a relic of the time
 When life was in its gentle prime;
 Its mild aroma can recall
 Childhood and home, and hope and all
 That are most dear,—give me, give me
 Of all that bloom—the balmy Pea.

There are some traditions which tend to give the credit of the other fragment to a very different person: one, who, like Dermody of later days, had given proofs of premature genius, and become a slave to the vilest and low-

est passions, until an early death put a period to his eccentric and unhappy life. However, from all I could collect, there is better authority to assign it to Ellen Sullivan—

* * *

By the hearth there are weeds,
There is grass at the gate,
And the chieftain's home feeds,
But the reptile of late.

* * *

Ring loud the lament
'Mid the hills—on the plain—
For the spirit which spent
Its last breathings in vain.

For the days that are past—
For the glory that's o'er—
For the hope gone at last,
To return no more.

For the name lightly spoken
'Till now sullied never ;
For the diadem broken
For ever and ever !

We are not told in what manner the May Eve passed over ; yet we may conjecture, that where so many warmhearted youths and maidens of the village were assembled together, there could be no want of hilarity and good humour, to make the hours "on the wing" go by pleasantly. The young chieftain and Ellen Sullivan danced to some purpose, as the circumstances which shortly after ensued, sufficiently prove. Fortunate would it have been for them if there were more truth in the proverbial rhymes

" Happy's the wooing
" Not long a doing"

for their wooing in that case would richly merit the benison. It would be a useless task to attempt to detail the progress of this "love-match" of the youthful pair, and the accompanying round of entreaties, expostulations and reproaches which he was obliged to endure from his friends on the occasion ; as on this point, the discrepancies in the different relations of my narrators, were most numerous and apparent. Some would have it, that owing to the unsettled condition of the country at that period, and the waste and ravage committed particularly on the estates and mansions of the several branches of the chieftain's family, his kinsfolk were all in too much trouble individually, to regard aught but their own concerns : while others asserted that the Earl of Muskerry, notwithstanding the hot work he had on his hands, came himself to the castle one evening, to endeavour to dissuade Dermid from taking such a step. There was a third party, and his version

of this portion of the story consisted chiefly in the opposition which the chieftain found from a certain little fairy woman, who as an old attendant on the family, warned him of some fatality which would inevitably occur, if such a measure were put in execution. But this dwarf Cassandra gave forth her fatidic warnings as unheeded as her Trojan predecessor.

Dermid M'Carthy was a lover, and an independent one, and accordingly he married. The politics of the period involved most persons of rank or property, and in some short time the young chieftain was called to London on business of importance. The lover was not yet merged in the husband; and it was not without some struggles he tore himself from the arms of his beautiful bride. He went to London, and hither flocked many of his relatives, it was said with the intention of alienating him from his wife, and gradually drawing him into one of the daring and desperate factions of the day. Whether such had been the fact or not, it is certain that his delay in the British Capitol was protracted to a much longer period, than he intended at his departure from his castle. Letters began in a few months to come less frequent than usual, to Carrigadrohid; and insensibly became colder and colder in their style, until they at length dwindled into a brief enquiry after his lady's health, or the state of affairs at home. There was but one inference to be drawn from all this, and she most interested in it, was not slow in perceiving the neglect it was her unhappy lot to endure. Her health declined; her constitution sunk beneath the pressure of such an unexpected visitation. Months rolled by, since the time appointed for the return of M'Carthy. No longer the wonted smile was visible on the features of his young wife, but there was a paleness and a beauty over her face which did not seem to belong to earth, or earth's creatures; and the dimness of her once blue sparkling eye, and the heavy fall of those lids, portended that the one would soon shine for the last time, and the others close for ever. Yet, resignation could be traced in every line of her beautiful countenance, and there was something in her look, which seemed to say that she had lived long enough in this world, when a weary spirit and a broken heart were among its gifts. In silence and in secret she pined away, until no trace was left of her former self. The glow of youth,—the look of health,—both were gone, and decay and dissolution sate on her pallid cheek and sunken eye. When woman's heart *begins* to wither, how speedily she falls away! It was her custom of late, to sit for hours in the soft grey twilight, gazing from the window on the river beneath the castle, as if she counted every wave—as if she numbered every ripple that floated by. Her life was a solitude; her heart a blank; and who in such a state could wish for longer existence? One evening, as she sate in this manner, the old harper who resided with the chieftain's father, and still continued with the son, in amusing himself and the other dependants of the castle, struck up a lively little air, and the music soon reached her in her solitude. It was a favourite one, which she was accustomed to sing for her uncle, and its affecting and tender tones came upon her heart like dew, as balmy and as refreshing. Yet, the train of thought which it awakened, was most painful and embittering. Oh, my uncle! my father! said the wretched girl, and she wept bitterly, and long.—O'Leary was ordered to put by his harp, or change the air.

Hush'd be the chords—but maddening pain
 My racking thoughts awake for me ;
 There once was witchery in the strain,
 But such again can never be :
 The broken heart it will not suit,
 Wake other tones—or let the harp be mute !

The gentle strain that once was dear,
 The simple song, the heart which thrill'd
 In happier days, oh ! who could hear
 When grief each warmer pulse has chill'd ?
 The broken heart it will not suit,
 Wake other tones—or let the harp be mute !

This was the last night this unfortunate lady was known to spend in the castle. One of the servants, the next morning, finding her remain beyond the accustomed hour in her chamber, sought her ; but to her astonishment and horror, she was not there, nor were any traces discoverable about her bed, of its having been slept in the preceding night. She was gone from the castle, none knew how or whither,—all was dark surmise. In half an hour, the unexpected intelligence had taken its range through the whole neighbourhood. Her father and her uncle appeared at the castle to examine into the circumstances ; and the younger and hot blooded of the lady's relatives, broke open the doors in a fierce and clamorous manner, and left no spot unexplored, in their search for the unhappy victim. When no trace of her could be discovered, nothing could equal their ungovernable fury. There were many servants and retainers in the castle, and yet, but for the opportune arrival of Father O'Mahony, who remonstrated with them, fatal consequences might have resulted from their unbridled rage. The clergyman pacified them in some measure, by promising to write to M'Carthy, requiring from him some explanation of the occurrence, and calling on him for a strict and immediate investigation. At the entreaties of the clergyman, they at length retired from the castle ; but with the threat on their lips, and vengeance in their hearts. In a few weeks, Mr. O'Mahony received a letter from the chieftain, expressing his astonishment and grief at the subject of the clergyman's communication, and declaring it his intention to go to Ireland directly, for the purpose of investigating the matter. He was to proceed thither in the Earl of Ormond's suite. They were now placed in a strange situation. The chieftain's letter was written in a tone of deep and bitter sorrow, and undisguised horror, at the hints and rumours which the clergyman informed him were abroad in the neighbourhood, as to her being taken off by unfair means ; and scarcely less shocked at the clergyman's expression of his fears, that she had herself put a period to her existence in some secret manner, as she was known for several weeks previous, to be in a state of the darkest despondency. Not many days after the mysterious disappearance of M'Carthy's young wife, and while they were in daily expectation of his own arrival at the castle, one of the servants happened to pass, in the dusk of the evening, the chamber which belonged to her late mistress, and saw, or imagined she saw the lady standing in a musing melancholy posture, near the window ; when, rendered immoveable

by her terror, she stood still, looking on the ghost, as she believed it. The phantom, for such it must have been, almost imperceptibly drew out from the window, and seemed apparently to float in the air over the river, for a few seconds, until it vanished from her sight. A short time after, the servant was found in a state of insensibility; and on her recovery, the relation of the circumstance which she gave, not indeed without some exaggerations, caused that part of the castle to be avoided as unholy premises, and haunted ground. In a short time after, in the latter end of September, an account reached the O'Sullivan family, of the approach of the Earl of Ormond to Cork, and that he was to make his entry into the city that evening. Accordingly, old Mr. Sullivan and his brother set out, though late in the day, to meet the chieftain at Cork, and reached the city about an hour before the Lord Lieutenant's arrival. The streets were thronged with people. The citizens appeared every where in holiday costume; and the entire appearance of the town with the shops closed, and the mechanics idle, denoted that some unusual occurrence was to take place. Banners were seen gaily flaunting and floating from the city walls; from Shandon castle; and the other elevated towers; and breasting mounds that here and there flanked the straight and feeble line of the city wall, and that seemed sullenly to overhang and threaten, as much as to defend the narrow dwarfish and gloomy streets, with their dusky and misshapen heaps of buildings, which lay in very insecure repose, within the dubious protection of their enclosure.* At length the loud thunder of the cannon announced to the anxious and expecting citizens, the Earl's approach. His entry was made in a truly splendid manner. The whole civic body, the nobility and clergy of the town and neighbourhood went out to meet him, and received him into the city, with all those ceremonies and honours usually conferred on royalty or its representative. Notwithstanding that the Earl's previous life had rendered him unpopular, yet, coming for the avowed purpose of making a peace, he was welcomed with the warmest demonstrations of joy. The merry peals of the bells of the different churches proclaimed his entrance, and they continued sending forth their joyful sounds on the occasion. But the most magnificent spectacle exhibited for the evening, was Shandon Castle brilliantly illuminated, and looking from its proud eminence like a glorious beacon light over the city. Our travellers made enquiries after the object of their journey, and discovered that he had continued his route homewards; so that having no idle curiosity to gratify by sojourning in the city, and impelled by no very powerful sympathy in the bustling and tumultuous rejoicings, that welcomed the depu-

* Not a single vestige now remains of either the towers or the wall, their very site and direction are fast falling away from our memories. The Wide Street Commissioners have very properly and remorselessly driven "the ploughshare of ruin" through most of the antiquated rubbish that choked and poisoned the city, and amongst the rest, through that huge grim and melancholy mole, the Cork "Heart of Mid Lothian," (we must be pardoned the making so appropriate a bull,) cyleped the old city goal; while it stood frowning over the citizens, with its lofty archway yawning, as if to devour them, it looked not unlike the personification of the demon of *guilt* and *despair* turned into stone, it was so enormously dark and heavy. The gigantic spectre has been laid, and every object around begins to look open and cheerful, under the levelling and equalizing system pursued by those staunch radicals, the worshipful Commissioners above named. Half their business however is not yet done.—Ed.

ty's arrival, their own hearts besides being weighed down by the domestic affliction, that had urged them to their cheerless journey, they proceeded forthwith to the country. On their return home, they heard that Father O'Mahony had been sent for by the chieftain, and that he was now some hours gone, and not yet returned. On their arrival being announced the next day at the castle, messengers came off immediately, by command of M'Carthy, for Mr. O'Sullivan, his brother, and nephew. They were all three, locked up with the chieftain and the clergyman for several hours, and whatever may have passed between them, nothing was ever known to transpire. No further steps were taken to unravel this unhappy affair. Her father, who was too old to bear up against so severe a stroke, did not long survive the misfortune.

It was upon a mild clear evening, in the middle of the month of September, and about two years after the singular and unhappy occurrence at the castle of Carrigadrohid, that a stranger wrapped in a large dark coloured cloak, well mounted, but seemingly fatigued, rode up to a small hut not many yards distant from Carrigadrohid bridge. The rider dismounted, and advanced to the door of the cabin. It was neat and comfortable, and the wooden tables, and the utensils which lay on them, evinced more attention to cleanliness, than is usually found in the abodes of the peasantry. A low small loft, which came out midway in the cabin, contained a quantity of fine turf, with branches and boughs of trees, barkless and well dried, formed into two heaps, also apparently intended for fuel. There were two round seats or *seeshtheens*, made of twisted straw, near the clean open hearth, on which sat a pair of rosy looking children; the elder a little boy about six years, applying dry sticks, some probably of those on the loft, to the brightly burning fire, and the other a little girl, a year perhaps younger, attempting to render assistance in the same employment. A fine young woman, the mother of the children, was occupied in arranging some matters at one of the tables, when she turned round suddenly at perceiving the shadow of a man fall along the floor.

"I shall thank you young woman" said the stranger who now advanced a step or two from the door into the hut, but on surveying the features of the fine handsome face now presented fully to his view, stopped short, as though he had forgotten the enquiry he was about to make. Recollecting himself, and drawing his cloak more closely round him, he continued "I shall thank you young woman, to let me know what has become of the family at the castle? "The family at the castle? Lord help you I don't you know what happened, sir?"

"Yes—partially" said the stranger, seemingly with emotion, "but what has become of himself, the chieftain, I mean?"

"Oh, he has not been here but a few days since our young lady's death."

A stifled groan here broke from the stranger, and he turned to a chair which stood beside him, and sat down.

The young woman looked astonished, and darted on her visitor an anxious and inquisitive glance; but his face was completely shrouded from her scrutiny, by the obscurity of the cabin, and the muffled riding cloak which he wore about him.

Faint surmisings crossed her mind. The voice, she sometimes thought sounded familiar to her; and yet it did not appear to her probable, that she ever before had an opportunity of seeing the gentlemanly person, who now occupied one of her chairs. She was confused, and knew not

what to do. The gentleman was evidently ill, and her hut could furnish him with no better cordial than milk.

"Stop, sir" said she, as if recollecting herself, "I'll run over to Darby Murphy's, and get a drop of something that may be good for you."

"No, no, young woman, I thank you, but I'm well, quite well," said the stranger rising from the chair, "and so you can give me no account where the owner of the castle is at present?"

The young woman who had in the anxiety to go to Darby Murphy's for the cordial, which she supposed would be of service to him, advanced to the door, now enjoyed a partial view of the stranger's countenance, as he stood up, and felt a sudden beating at her heart on beholding it.

"Was it possible? could it be?" thought she, "that the noble looking man before her, and whose mysterious conduct somewhat awed her, was Morty Sullivan?"

"He is in Cork I believe," said she, quite agitated. "In Cork!" repeated the stranger in a louder and fiercer tone, than he had yet used in the conference. Then thanking her for the information, and apologizing for the trouble he had occasioned, he sprung on his horse, that had been leisurely cropping the grass, that grew on the low wall or ditch which stood about two yards in front of the hut, and hastily rode off.

The young woman followed him with her eyes, until he had crossed the bridge, when he rode on at a furious rate, and was soon out of sight.

This visit of the equestrian, Peggy Brian, the young woman of whom he had been making the enquiries, never mentioned but to her husband, who being a relative of the O'Sullivans, judged it most prudent to keep it to themselves, until they heard further. In a few days they had some reason to congratulate themselves for having adopted such a resolution; as an account came of the death of M'Carthy, who was killed in a rencontre with some person unknown. The funeral of the chieftain was attended with great pomp; and his remains were interred in the family vault, in the Abbey of Kilcrea.

Several years after, the death of Captain Morty O'Sullivan,—who had entered into the French army with the chieftains recommendation,—was announced as having taken place, in the battle of ———

The castle, it is said, has continued ever since these disastrous occurrences, to be visited annually, by the apparition of the last lady of the mansion, and to be accompanied by the sweet and melancholy strains, heard from the bridge of Carrigadrohid, every May Eve.

WHAT IS WISDOM ?

I ask'd the sage, when wandering afar
 In search of Wisdom's bright and shining star,
 What's Wisdom?—He exclaim'd with tearful eye,
 "The Fear of God's the Wisdom of the wise"

What is Wisdom?

I ask'd the rainbow's changing tints of light,
 The glorious harbinger of mercy bright ;—
 'Twas Wisdom rob'd me thus, the earth to span,
 And bade me lull the fearful heart of man.

I ask'd the ocean—and its ceaseless tide
 In hollow murmurs to my voice replied ;
 " Behold my swelling waves, their ebb and flow,
 The hand of Wisdom marks how far they'll go."

Then I pursued the pure, the golden sun,
 And found him nearly when his course was done ;
 " O stay me not," he cried, " check not my pace,
 'Tis Wisdom's work to run the heav'nly race !

I ask'd the stars to track me Wisdom's way,
 In the high heav'n of glory where they lay ;
 "'Tis Wisdom's path," they cried, " that we have trod,
 The path to Wisdom is—the will of God !"

I ask'd the moon, the moon that shone afar,
 In her pale light within her crescent car ;—
 " Wisdom is knowledge of the hand divine
 That bade me be—and plac'd me here to shine."

The silver spheres caught up the heav'nly song,
 Echo'd through endless space, it roll'd along ;
 Angels rejoic'd and fill'd with holy fires,
 Tun'd unto Wisdom all their golden lyres.

" Wisdom's the influence brightly glowing,
 From the Almighty's glory ever flowing !
 Th' unspotted mirror of his power and might !
 The radiance of the everlasting light !"

Then earth-born man attune thy sacred lyre,
 And join the chorus of the heav'nly choir,
 In praise to the great tri-une God above,
 Whose will is Wisdom, and whose rod is love.

SUGGESTED BY THE ALARMING DROUGHT OF LAST SUMMER.

How parch'd that hill appears, whose lively green
In happier seasons cheer'd the hearts of all !
Along that line of gravel and dry stones,
A brimming streamlet us'd to flow, and spread
Coolness and verdure o'er the happy field.

The hungry cattle scarce can bite so much
Of brown and sapless pasture, as will keep
The spark of life, 'till better days return.
From yonder ridges, toiling peasants hoped
To raise abundance of nutritious roots :
But now, the distant small and shrivel'd stalks,
A wretched prospect, shew their hopes were vain.
O Heaven ! I cried, have mercy on the poor !

Returning, weary from my sultry walk,
How frightful, I imagined, were our state,
If the sweet rain should *never* fall from heav'n !
The thought still haunted me ; and in my sleep
It came again. I dream'd the sentence had gone forth,
That, for the sins of men, *the earth was curs'd,*
And never should be water'd with a shower.

Wide wasting famine had begun to rage :
Fever accompanied ; and by his breath
Did many fall, whom hunger still had spar'd.

The cattle shar'd the gen'ral suffering :
Some stagger'd round in search of food and drink ;
But failing, soon resign'd their harmless lives :
While others, stung with thirst and raging heat,
Ran bellowing loud and fiercely through the lands.

The dogs were struck with madness, and attack'd
Those whom they used to love. Happy the wretch
Who felt their bites, for phrensy soon destroy'd
The sense of other woes ; death follow'd next,
And closed to him the scene of wretchedness !

Houses and cities now were desolate.
The remnant of mankind had gone to search,
If any where, in caves or clefts of rocks,
A little water may be found, which yet
The scorching sun had not completely dried.

One man seem'd fortunate ; he found a pool
Of muddy water—It would scarce suffice
To dip his hand in—yet he scream'd for joy !
Another came the treasure to dispute.
They fought—the intruder's blood encreas'd the pool.
The victor drank ; but still the crimson draught
Was insufficient for his raging thirst !

A woman totter'd on, and strove to bear
A helpless infant in her feeble arms.
Fainting she sinks—her dying hands still press
Her darling to her breast. He strives to draw
From the accustom'd source the milky draught.
Dear babe, in vain thy toothless gums compress
Thy mother's bosom.—Ah ! the fount is dried,
Which kindly would supply thee.—That faint cry
Attests thy disappointment. But thy cries
Are now unheeded ; for thy mother's life
Is o'er, and thou, poor innocent, art left—to die .

I thought that if my heart's best blood could help
That child's distress, it had been freely given.
It might not be—my veins, I found were bloodless.
My brain grew dizzy, and my thoughts confus'd—
I saw no more ; but soon I seem'd to hear
The noise of water splashing on the ground.
The thought awoke me, and I look'd abroad—
When—O delightful sight ! a shower was falling.
And the thirsty earth was drinking gladly
Of the blessed rain ! “ Thanks,” I exclaim'd,
“ Thanks, mighty Father—O thy wrath, tho' just,
Is terrible ! but even in the midst
Of Judgment, thou dost still remember Mercy ! ”

STANZAS.

How meek beneath you shady thorn,
The modest violet hangs its head
Half fearing to salute the morn,
Or peep beyond its humble bed.

Thus from the troubled scenes of life,
Retir'd where peace and quiet dwell
Oft virtue hides her from its strife,
In solitude's sequester'd dell.

A LETTER FROM TIMOTHY TICKLER.

TO THE EDITOR OF BELSTER'S QUARTERLY MAGAZINE

Ballydehob, October 1, 1826.

HONOURED SIR,

Though the fame of your publication, and your character as an-encourager of Irish genius, have already penetrated into many places more remote than this, yet did I not so soon expect to see my humble neighbourhood affording scope for such talent, and becoming the scene of such animated description as we find in your Third Number, under the article *Tiarna na clanna Mac Diarmaidh*. It is indeed written in a masterly style, and I will venture to say, for the honour of old Ireland, that there is nothing like it in all Sir Walter Scott's famous novels. What a pity it was not written before *Ivanhoe* came out? because your critics and envious people will say that the attack and defence of the castle of Kilco, and the prisoner ladies looking on, out of the blind window, are circumstances borrowed from that favourite novel. But every scholar knows that it is usual for one great genius to borrow from another. Does not Virgil borrow from Homer? and Milton from both, and is it not likely that Homer borrowed too, only that the author he was indebted to has not reached our times? All that is required from the borrower, is to improve and enlarge upon his novel, and surely this is a praise no person will deny to the ingenious author of *Tiarna na clanna Mac Diarmaidh*. The embellishments he has added are not only new, but wonderful, just as they ought to be in an Irish tale of horrors. In *Ivanhoe*, the castle of Torquilstone is stormed in the day time, and the beautiful Jewess, who relates the progress of the battle to the wounded Knight, had not only a convenient window to look from, but the benefit of the sun's light to behold what was going on. Whereas, Alice and Amy (Amy is become a very favourite name for writers of Cork romances,) saw every thing clearly in the pitchy darkness of a November night, which shews that they had not only much better, but much brighter eyes than Rebecca. Then sir, the beautiful Jewess is praised for her fortitude in resisting the profligate Templar, and preferring death before dishonour. But, Lord help us, what is this fortitude, which I suppose would find its parallel in many a chaste Hibernian maiden; what, I say, is this simple act of heroism, compared with the valour of Alice and Amy, who, on a black November night, marched *sola cum solâ* to take possession of a hostile and guarded fortress, with no other aid than what nature furnishes to all females, tongues and nails? What their plan was, we are not told; a circumstance much to be regretted, as it would have been so creditable to female courage and invention, for certainly the like of this adventure is not to be found in the annals of chivalry; the history of the Crusades; or the magical stories of the Arabian nights. It does not appear that they had the receipt of fernseed, and could make themselves invisible, and yet, without it, it is not easy to conceive how they meant to accomplish their purpose. In the ardour of pursuit many things are overlooked—these heroines forgot not that the castle was guarded—that they knew,—but they forgot that none but those who were able to enter by force, could avoid being made prisoners. Prisoners they were accordingly made, and, as assailants of such

dangerous description must have expected, locked up in a small square dungeon, where it was supposed neither their arts nor their arms could be of any avail. Now sir, this is not exactly the kind of treatment two beautiful young women coming to an Irish chieftain's castle at dead of night, would be likely to meet in any times that ever I heard of, whether they came as friends or foes. The O'Driscolls and O'Mahonys ruled the coast here in days of yore, and they are much belied if they did not behave to their female visitors or captives, especially the handsome ones, in a very different manner. But we are to keep in mind that this is a romance, and that romances are always out of nature, a relation of fine things that neither did nor could happen. Truth belongs to history, and from the historian we look to accuracy of statement, and reality of occurrence. Fiction is allowed as wide a range as the imagination of the writer can take, and the more it deals in the marvellous, the greater is our pleasure and astonishment. Critics tell us that a creative imagination stands in the foremost rank of genius, and this praise belongs in an eminent degree to the author of *Tiarna na clanna Mac Diarmuidh*. He has not only given us rare incidents, and unimaginable adventures, but he has created mountains where no mountains existed, put ocean into places where no ocean is to be found, and covered with dry land no inconsiderable space, which nature filled with water.—In short, he has changed, and, as I may say, reversed the entire geography of the district in which I live. Alice and Amy are first presented to us “winding round the broken pathway of one of those dreary mountains which jut out into the Atlantic, along the rocky shore of Cape Clear, in the west of Ireland.” I do not know, Mr. Editor, whether you are acquainted with the circumstance, being a stranger to these parts, but you may take my word for it, that Cape Clear is an island, separated from the main land by a channel of very considerable breadth, not very safe to navigate on a blowing night of November, by the most experienced mariner. I do indeed admit that its shore is rocky, a little too much so to be safely travelled night or day by ladies or gentlemen either. It is also proper to inform you that the castle of Kilco, which these ladies so luckily hit upon after they had lost their guide, is not less than nine miles distant from the aforesaid island of Cape Clear, so that had neither rock, sea, or mountain intervened, it was rather more, being Irish miles also, than they could well have accomplished in an hour or two. In the days of witchcraft, it is true, a couple of brooms might have transported them there, but as the author has omitted the mention of any such conveyance, we are not at liberty to suppose it made use of. As to mountains, you may also take my word for it as matter of fact, that though we have rocky hills in plenty, we boast of only one mountain, *Knock cushtha*, otherwise Mount Gabriel, which, lying far to the N. West, is in the present case out of the question.

Errors of this kind are however trifling blemishes, if indeed they can be called blemishes at all, in such a composition. An author who places his scenes of action in a country which he does not know, is at liberty to dispose of rocks, mountains, seas, and distances at his pleasure. All the reader wants, is something new, preternatural and surprising, and in *Tiarna na clanna Mac Diarmuidh*, (I love, as the Vicar of Wakefield says, to give the whole name) he will find full gratification.

I was reading this fine specimen of native talent to a neighbour of mine, who is a plain sort of matter of fact man, unwilling to make allowances for the flights of genius, and pinning down every writer of stories or novels, to

what he calls versimilitude. We will allow them (said he) to range at will among the varieties of human action, but not to overstep the bounds of possibility. They may tell as much as they please of things which *did* not really happen, but not of things which *could* not happen, when they launch into extravagances of this kind, though they may make the simple stare, they will make the sensible despise. Your *Tiarna na clanna Mac Diarmuidh* has both moral and physical impossibilities. It was a physical impossibility that two young English ladies could have arrived at Kilco Castle from the shores of Cape Clear, they being utter strangers to the country, within the time prescribed; it was a moral impossibility that they should have been such fools as to undertake it. It was physically impossible that they should have succeeded in the project undertaken; it was morally impossible that their friends would have permitted them to try it. Supposing those fair warriors capable of exhibiting a light on the top of the castle, (which is to suppose another impossibility) what purpose was it to answer? The assailants did not want to be told that the castle was there, for they had previously formed a plan to storm it; and even if they had wanted the direction of a fire, how could that want be supplied by the momentary blaze of a lady's handkerchief? Well and what was this *ignis fatuus* to tell them, admitting that they might have seen it? Why truly if it was capable of telling facts, it would have told them, that their forlorn hope, consisting of two delicate females, was in a dungeon, and that the castle instead of being on fire or likely to be so, was stoutly defended. Far different was the case in the castle of Torquilstone of which this is so miserable an imitation. There *Ulrica*, before she gave the blazing signal for assault from without, had set fire to the inflammables within, and secured the conflagration of the castle—then the style is too pompous for me, I like common sense and plain English. Stop, stop, neighbour, said I, if you go on criticizing at this tremendous rate, you will damp the rising genius of our Isle, quench the fire of invention, and blast all our literary projects by your preposterous attempt to reduce our young aspiring writers to the dull level of common sense, and plain English. If you confine composition within these bounds, how the deuce will the magazines and all our weekly, monthly and quarterly periodicals be supported? common sense, and plain English indeed! Why man you will deprive nine tenths of the printers of this imperial realm of bread, and thousands of compositors, type casters, journeymen, runners, and printers' devils of employment; common sense and plain English forsooth! It would be the ruin of our paper manufactories; there would be no demand for old rags, which by the chemical art of rozin weavers, are now so happily converted into beautiful quartos, octavos, and duodecimos, soon to return to their pristine state, and become old rags again! Consider, my honest friend, that their is not a more profitable crop of annual production than that of novels, newspapers, pamphlets, magazines, &c. and that the very cause which makes it so is the rapidity of their consumptions. Common sense and plain English I say again—I really have not patience to bear with you.—Why man, I read this very tale of *Tiarna na clanna Mac Diarmuidh* yesterday after school time to my boys, and their delight was inexpressible. Do you think that your common sense and plain English would have produced such an affect—no—no—they have enough of them in their own humdrum books of historical, religious and moral edification,

the taste of the times requires something new, something picquant, as the French say. Now, how is it possible we can have this if we adhere like the writers of the old school, to common sense and plain English?

In short, Mr. Editor, my friend and I had a long and warm discussion on the subject, which ended, as all such discussions do, in confirming both parties in their respective opinions. This, it appeared to me, might furnish some entertainment to your readers, among whom I dare say will be found advocates for each cause; so I took the opportunity of a holiday, to lay the whole of our conference before you. I have only to add that I keep school at the village of Ballydehob, or as now generally called Swanton's Town, where I teach ready writing and all the branches of arithmetic, and shall be happy to receive any commands with which you or your friends think fit to honour—

Sir, your most obedient servant,

TIMOTHY TICKLER.

H.

THE STEAM BOAT.

CANTO, IV.

Another Canto!—yes, kind gentle ma'am,
 Or sir, my lord, or lady, or whoe'er
 May be my "courteous reader," Here I am
 To take a last farewell, and mildly bear
 Thy critic praise or censure, like a lamb.
 This fourth shall be my last I do declare,
 For as I hinted in the Canto past,
 "Ne Sutor"—I'll not go beyond my last.

But as I've taken such a party down,
 'Tis only fair that I should bring them up;
 Cove is a sunny, funny, money town,
 But where its visitors ne'er stay to sup;
 For feasts nocturnal 'tis not in renown,
 But proudly boasts of its meridian cup:
 And on a Sunday, folks of every quality
 Go down to dine :—'tis fam'd for hospitality!

And trust me, 'tis not an unpleasant thought,
To think that after rambling a whole day
Thro' scenes for pleasure's gay enchantment sought,
And as we're plodding home our 'weary way'.
Our dinner is not to be sought and bought
And cook'd and serv'd up after much delay;
But that the savoury steams at once impart
A rich repast, and welcome to the heart.

I therefore have a few things more to tell,
Ere I my boat and passengers forsake;
We're safe arrived, and so far all is well,
But we must soon another voyage make :—
Time stands not still, but will at last compell
The fondest friends a sad farewell to take :
And pleasure's day soon passes when we roam,
'Till evening's chilly breezes whisper "home."

I left the passengers upon the beach
All hurrying on to gain their destin'd goal,
Some winding up the steep ascent to reach
Devotion's shrine, and pour out all the soul
In prayer—and hear their favourite preachers preach,
Others, the pangs of hunger to controul,
Went to take lunch—some parties hir'd a sail boat,
And some a four, and some a six oar'd whale boat.

It happen'd that among the many who
Came down to share the pleasures of the day,
To sail, see, chat, and eat and drink, were two
Respectable old housekeepers, and they—
As if the engine's curious works to view
Sat down on that equivocal half way
That makes it doubtful whether you belong
To the full-bred, or the plebeian throng.

Knowing the force of hunger and of thirst,
They deem'd it prudent to provide a lunch,
Not a small cruise of water and a crust,
But something more agreeable to munch,
Such as cold ham and fowl,—and lest the first
Should make them thirsty, they fill'd up with punch,
And Beamish's best porter—two quart bottles
Which o'er the packing raised their jetty throattles.

And underneath the seat whereon they sat
 They thought the basket would have snug remained
 Unseen, untouch'd ;—and so it would, but that
 An arch young devil soon the secret gain'd,
 And while the two poor creatures were in chat
 Coar'd out the corks, and half the beverage drain'd,
 And with salt water made the rest a mixture
 Not fit exactly for a stomach fixture.

And so the sequel prov'd—for never were
 Two wretched sea sick women so unwell,
 As for some moments this unhappy pair !
 But all the consequences which befell
 These two poor creatures I must here declare
 My timid modest muse would blush to tell—
 Suffice it that they suffered each commotion
 By landsfolk felt—when first upon the ocean.

One hurried on to see his darling spouse,
 Praying, poor man ! that he may find her better,
 But entering-unexpectedly, the house—
 Just at the door *en dishabille* he met her
 Adieu-ing out a gentleman ! A mouse
 Ne'er seem'd so frighten'd when a cat beset her ;
 But soon composed—she answer'd his quick query—
 " My dear, 'twas only the apothecary ! "

Another went to see his only child
 Once fair and beautiful—whose early dawn
 Of youth was loveliness itself—and smil'd
 Purple with health : and sportive as a fawn
 She bounded on, so playful and so wild,
 Yet innocent, as lamb upon the lawn ;
 And the sweet bud, unfolding every hour,
 Gave fairest promise of a beauteous flower.

But in the gay and blooming spring of youth
 Came fell consumption's cold and nipping blast,
 And pierc'd her deadly as the adder's tooth,—
 And the sweet blossom droop'd and wither'd fast,
 Yet smiling as an angel—for in sooth
 Her few short years in innocence were pass'd ;
 And her pure spirit trembled not with fear,
 Tho' life's last ling'ring moments were so near.

And yet she knew not she was dying—for
She talk'd of pleasures, and of days to come,
And purchasing new dresses—and she bore
Decay as so unconscious of its doom,
That when the eye that watch'd her would swim o'er
At the heart sick'ning thought, that in the tomb
So soon she must be laid—she'd gaze and sigh,
And ask the cause, alas! and wonder why.

Oh! these are fearful moments when we bend
O'er the departing spirit—as serene
It quits its mortal mansion, to attend
Death's summons—and we think on what has been
Its past career—its future—and the end
Of life's sad pilgrimage—and the last scene
'That ends this strange eventful history'
When heav'n appears—or hell's no more. 'a mystery!

But hark! we hear the bugle's merry note
Of invitation sound along the shore—
And the smock's pitchy volume shews the boat
Prepar'd to cut the briny wave once more,
And with some thirty passengers afloat,
Anxious the harbour's beauty to explore,
She turns, and 'off she goes'—and kissing hand,
The Captain smiles adieu to all on land.

'Merrily goes the bark,' and merrily
Go all within her: 'tis a pleasant trip
To sail 'twixt Camden and Carlisle, and see
These ancient centinels upon their steep
And cannon'd battlements. There may they be
For ever undisturb'd by hostile ship;
Nor pour their thunders forth—save to display
A Viceroy's visit, or a King's birth day.

Now from the lofty heights quick hurrying down
In fashion's fantasies the groups draw near,
And on the burning beach the crowded town
Pours forth its beauteous maids, whose eyes appear
Sparkling like diamonds in a royal crown,
Bright, brilliant, dazling.—Suddenly we hear
Music's soft swelling strains—and to the quay
Th' attractive sounds soon hurry us away.

And is not Cove of other charms potent,
 Is this its sole attraction—this alone ?
 With warm Madeira's genial climate blest,
 And health rebounding from its watery zone,
 Has men—unmindful of the great behest—
 To Nature's bounty fail'd to add his own ?
 Alas ! I blush to own it—Heav'n 'tis true
 Has giv'n large gifts—and man but very few.

Where is the shady walk, the sweet retreat
 For invalids to breathe the balmy air,
 Unhurt by cold, or unoppress'd by heat ?
 Alas ! no such retreat can we find there.
 Where are its rural rides with cottage neat
 O'erspread with roses or sweet woodbine ? where
 Its 'gardens' 'crescents,' 'buildings,' 'squares,' and 'places,'
 Its evening theatre, and morning races ?

Where are its spacious taverns and hotels,
 Where rank may rest, and wealth its wants supply ?
 Where is its boarding house, which both excels
 For comfort, quiet and society ?

Where are its 'rooms' where am'rous beaux and belles
 May ogle, waltz, quadrille, make love and sigh ?
 Where are its splendid banquets' groaning tables—
 And where, even where its coach houses and stables ?

Where are its libraries for books and news,
 Where invalids love both to be perusing ?
 Where are its exhibitions' various views,
 To connoisseurs and idlers so amusing ?
 Where are its daily auctions—where we lose
 Such heavy sums, from want of time for choosing ?
 Where are the thousand other gay attractions
 That move mankind, and influence our actions ?

Supply these wants which in the sister isle
 At every Spa and sea port are supplied ;
 Hang out the gay allurements and beguile
 The splendid votaries of wealth and pride ;
 Let the sweet sparkling eye of pleasure smile—
 Give room—'tis sadly wanted but denied !
 Where can the noble stranger find a place ?
 Where can you lodge "his Lordship" or "her Grace" ?

Supply these wants—the Commoner and Poor
Will then delight to seek thy happy shore ;
Supply these wants—and each succeeding year
The tide of wealth, increasing more and more,
Will roll its treasures in,—and we shall hear
Of those enchantments mankind so adore.
Yes—I repeat—these various wants supply—
And then shall Cove with Cheltenham proudly vie.

Shame on its rich proprietor ! oh ! shame—
Who draws the life blood from its flowing veins,
Without a feeling for the weighty claim,
It has upon him for his yearly drains !
Why builds he not one ' house ' at least, ' to fame,'
Why not promote his own and others' gains ?
Why ask a generous tenantry to spare
Their *all* for him and for his future heir ?

Three lives and one and twenty years ! it sounds
Like an eternity !—But in the grave
The three poor mortals must be laid—and bounds
Set to their earthly tenures. Still we have
Twenty-one years ! Yet these will fly their rounds
Scarcely without perception. Who'd conceive
That *thirty* years have nearly pass'd away
Since France invaded us in Bantry Bay ?

But I must quit the subject and the place ;
I've giv'n a hint, let others profit by it.
I've shewn the way its treasures to increase,
'Tis surely worth the trying—let them try it.
I cannot now say more. The little space
I've left myself for ' home ' can't now supply it.
Besides 'tis nearly *five*—and though 'the nine'
May ' feast ' on ' reason.' Man loves meat and wine.

And he is right, for dinner is the grand
Desideratum of mankind ; it brings
Us all together like a magic wand.
Tho' busied with a thousand other things,
Yet at the festive hour they all must stand
Still, and then fly we as on vulture's wings,
To pounce upon the carcase with avidity,
Then gulph a sea, to moisten our aridity.

The Steam Boat.

Here smiles good humour, here the spirits tower,

Here all is cheerfulness and sunny weather :

Here shews the gourmand his capacious power,

The bean his graces, and the 'wit' his 'feather,'

Prude, jilt, coquet, assembled at this hour

Display their tastes quite unreserv'd together.

Kings, lords and commons worship its attraction,

The seal of concord on each rival faction !

'Tis over, God be prais'd—'tis nearly eight,

Come, come prepare—I hear the bugle's note ;

We must away : the Captain will not wait,

And see, already crowds approach the boat.

Take down the baskets—we'll be surely late :

Here, Thomas, help me on with my great coat,

The evening's chilly and the wind is high—

God bless you all, my friends, good bye, good bye.

Now on the beach the crowds proceed along

To get on board—she's at Smith Barry's quay—

In haste and bustle moves the merry throng.

Some scarcely able to make out the way,

Having indulg'd too freely—which was wrong.

Others, (the ladies!) shaking hands, delay

Upon the shore, and thinking not of parting,

Until the Captain gives the word for starting.

"Come, come in, Ladies—not a moment more

"Can I delay—the night is falling fast ;

"Haul in, Jack,—stop a bit—there's some on shore

"Still coming on,—come, gentlemen, we're past

"Our time by a full hour—quick, I implore

"You. Now haul in the plank,—yet stay, avast,

"I see one running, oh !—I would not doubt him,

"Stop, 'tis the Sheriff—we can't go without him."

At length she moves, the wheel revolving flies,

Yet still some laxy loiterer lags behind ;

But all in vain to "stop the boat" he cries,

The Captain cannot stop, tho' well inclin'd.

A flood of purple fills the glowing skies,

And night's chill shade approaching fast we find,

For home we steer, impatient of delay,

To crown at last the pleasures of the day.

The deck was crowded—but not all were seated,
They had not seats sufficient—so they stood
Or mov'd along, as better—some related
Their day's adventure, and the dinners good
They had enjoyed—some were quite elevated,
And could not well conceal their merry mood—
But crack'd their jokes with such a loud horse laughter,
As must have made them blush, when mention'd after.

Some smok'd segars, and in their neighbours' faces
Puff'd the full volume—but it was a joke
Not relish'd much—and which in such a place is
Not pleasant—some can't bear the smell of smoke—
One lad was rather free of his embraces,
For which his head was very nearly broke,
(Or rather broken.) He conceiv'd a spark
Ought not to be rejected in the dark!

The cabin too was crowded every where,
Almost to suffocation, for so many
Dreaded the taking cold from the night air,
That they would not stay outside; and if any
Had children, they were sure to cram them there,
For fear of coughs, to cure which costs a penny—
And sometimes the poor infants 'woke and bawling,
Rais'd a doct of hushaby and squalling!

And while thro' deep Lough Mahon's gulph we go,
In pitchy darkness—stars didn't ev'n appear—
And thinking short would be our passage—lo!
The engine stops—and suddenly we hear
The Captain asking anxiously to know
The reason—terror seize upon all, and fear
Strikes thro' each heart—the women so bewild'ring
The men, about their drowning with their children!

But 'twas soon over, and they only had
To lie to for an hour or so, to put
New leather on the valve—the old was bad
And worn away, the Captain vow'd 'twas but
The work of a few moments. We were glad
It was no worse—the thought of being shut
Up in a sinking boat at first alarm'd us,
But soon O'Brien's smiles appeas'd and charm'd us,

We move at length—the Custom house we gain,

But here another sad misfortune tries

Our patience—all bewailing is in vain—

The tide had fallen so much the vessel lies

Aground—and here—till morning she'll remain—

A brig beside us sees her boat supplies,

And after much delay we land. And Heaven

Be prais'd we're safe—for now 'tis past eleven.

Here close we our narration. For if not

'Tis'd nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep'

Would close it for us quickly. We have got

Safe o'er the perils of the wat'ry deep,

And fear our courteous readers must have caught

Our yawn and weariness—and wish 't' steep

Their senses in forgetfulness.' A drowsy tale

Is a good opiate when all others fail.

Farewell then Steam Boat, and farewell O'Brien,

And all my fellow passengers farewell,

Good night—if e'er we meet again, rely on

My word, I shall not our adventures tell.

'Tis time my cap of wisdom I should tie on,

And grow more serious after this long spell:

So from my weary Pegasus dismounting,

I bid adieu to rambling and recounting.

FINIS.

THE AMULET FOR 1827.

November—the month of gloom—becomes a month of sunshine and promise in the world of literature. As soon as it appears—the titles of new books are once more heard of—and the columns of the *Courier* sparkle with other things besides Charles Wright's champaign.—November is the Spring of *our* year—the harbinger of the month of feasting and of holiday, and its productions are of a light and cheerful nature, that contrast well with the dark and sombre clouds that sometimes visit us. The very names they bear are inviting—Who could resist "*forget me not*," presented by a lovely girl arrayed in innocence and beauty?

The first fair flower of November is called *Amulet*.—It will be in full bloom in a fortnight. We possess one already—but it is of hot-house growth. In truth, the *Amulet* for 1827 excels its predecessor, in beauty, interest, and

value. One of the illustrations, "the Cottage Girl" is worth the price of the entire volume. It is engraved by Finden, from a painting by Howard, and is accompanied by some charming lines by Mrs. Hemans.

We shall probably give a review of this volume with the other annual *Souvenirs*, in the new year's number. We have only space now for "the song of the Little Bird"—a legend of the south of Ireland, by Mr. Crofton Croker. It is introduced by the following remarks on the Holy Wells of Ireland—

"As such assemblies are composed of those who believe in the performance of miracles through all ages of the world, legends of all descriptions, but more particularly those of different saints, are told more freely than under other circumstances or in other situations. From several so related to me, I select the following, chiefly on account of the extreme simplicity of its diction. Indeed such was the charm of this simplicity of style over me, that at the time of hearing, I felt little inclined to question the truth of so marvellous a tale. The scenery around me may have had, and probably had its influence. It was a beautiful summer's evening, and weary with walking, I had sat down to rest upon a grassy bank, close to a holy well. I felt refreshed at the sight of the clear cold water, through which pebbles glistened, and sparks of silvery air shot upwards; in short, I was in the temper to be pleased. An old woman had concluded her prayers, and was about to depart, when I entered into conversation with her, and I have written the very words, in which she related to me the legend of the song of the Little Bird."

THE SONG OF THE LITTLE BIRD.

Many years ago, there was a very religious and holy man, one of the monks of a convent, and he was one day kneeling at his prayers in the garden of his monastery, when he heard a little bird singing in one of the rose trees of the garden, and there never was any thing that he had heard in the world, so sweet as the song of that little bird.

And the holy man rose up from his knees, where he was kneeling at his prayers to listen to its song; for he thought he never in all his life heard any thing so heavenly.

And the little bird, after singing for some time longer in the rose tree, flew away to a grove at some distance from the monastery, and the holy man followed it to listen to its singing, for he felt as if he could never be tired of listening to the sweet song, that it was singing out of his little throat.

And the little bird after that went away to another distant tree, and sung there for a while, and then again to another tree, and so on in the same manner, but ever farther and farther away from the monastery, and the holy man still following it farther and farther and farther, still listening delighted to its enchanting song.

But at last he was obliged to give up as it was growing late in the day, and he returned to the convent, and as he approached it in the evening, the sun was setting in the west with all the most heavenly colours that were ever seen in all the world, and when he came into the convent, it was night-fall.

"And he was quite surprised at every thing he saw, for they were all strange faces about him in the monastery, that he had never seen before, and the very place itself, and every thing about it, seemed to be strangely altered; and altogether it seemed entirely different from what it was when he left it in the morning; and the garden was not like the garden, where he had been kneeling at his devotions, when he first heard the singing of the little bird."

And while he was wondering at all he saw, one of the monks of the convent came up to him, and the holy man questioned him—"Brother, what is the cause of all these strange changes that have taken place here since the morning?"

"And the monk that he spoke to, seemed to wonder greatly at his question, and asked him what he meant by the change since morning; for sure there was no change; that all was just as before; and then he said, brother, why do you ask these strange questions, and what is your name? for you wear the habit of our order, though we have never seen you before."

So upon this, the holy man told his name, and that he had been at mass in the chapel in the morning, before he had wandered away from the garden, listening to the song of a little bird, that was singing among the rose trees, near where he was kneeling at his prayers.

"And the brother, while he was speaking, gazed at him very earnestly, and then told him, that there was in the convent a tradition of a brother of his name, who had left it two hundred years before; but that what had become of him was never known."


And while he was speaking, the holy man said, "My hour of death is come: blessed be the name of the Lord, for all his mercies to me, through the merits of his only begotten son."

"And he kneeled down that very moment, and said, brother, take my confession, and give me absolution, for my soul is departing."

"And he made his confession, and received his absolution, and was anointed, and before midnight he died."

"The little bird, you see, was an Angel, one of the cherubim or seraphim; and that was the way that the Almighty was pleased in his mercy to take to himself the soul of that holy man."

TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

 We must claim indulgence from our numerous kind correspondents until our next number appears, which we intend to publish on the first of January.


The Printer's devil again implores for mercy—particularly from our fair friend *Josephine Ada*. In the poem "*Yeruka*," in page 289—instead of

The scarlet cardinal swells its *jet* throat,

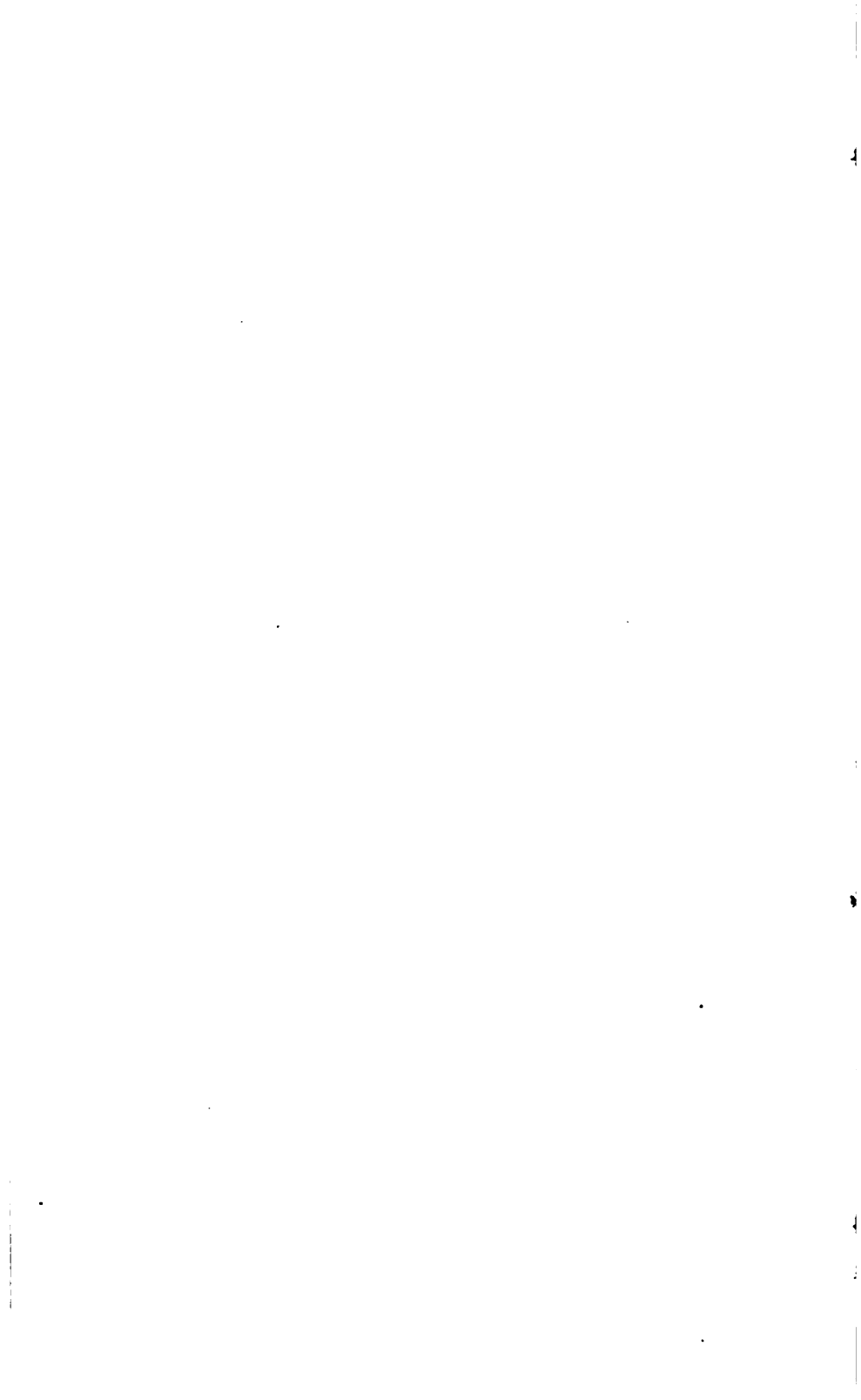
The malicious imp printed,

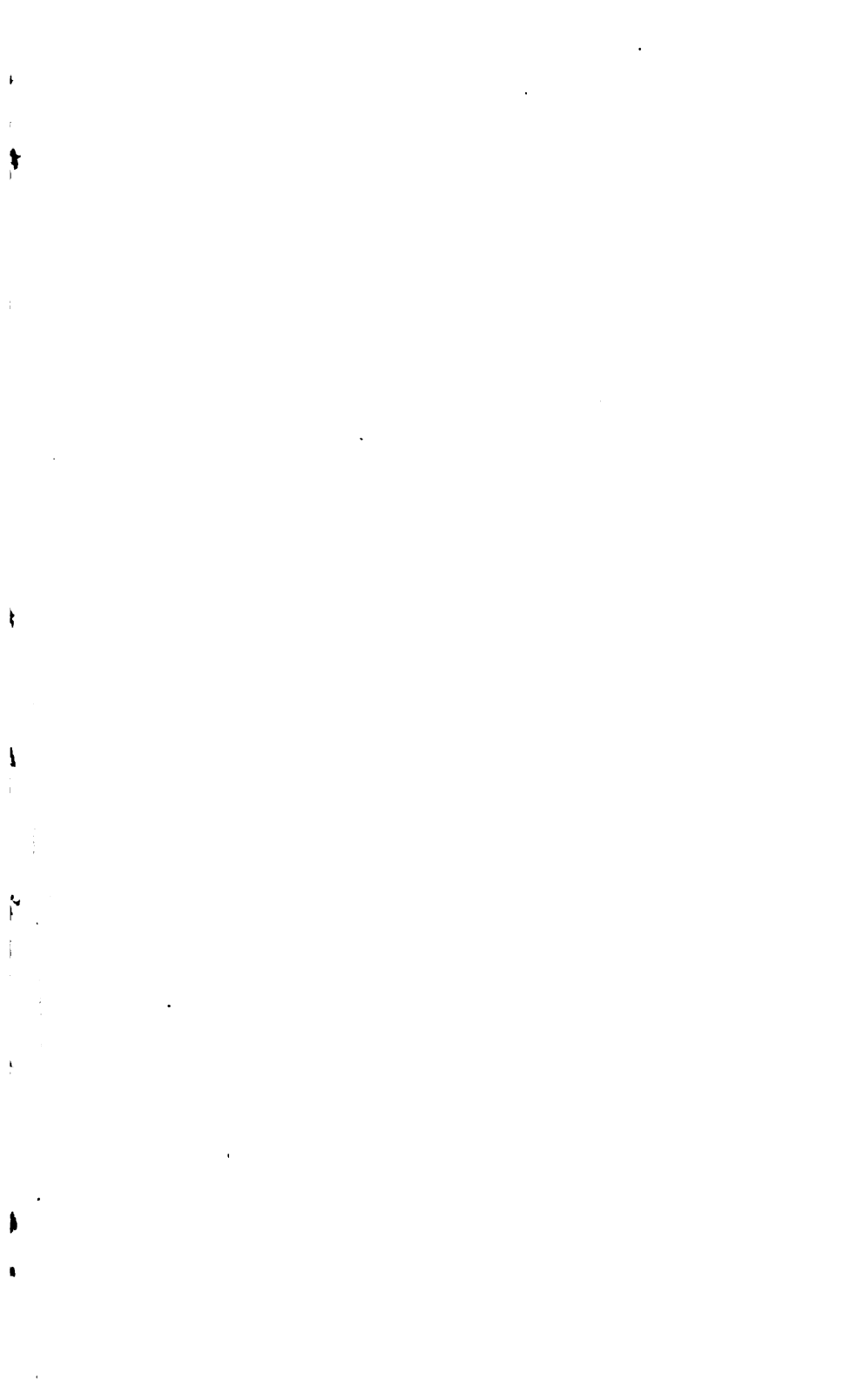
The scarlet cardinal swells its *fat* throat,

And in line 122, he has substituted *head* for *dead*.

The title page and the table of contents for the first volume will be delivered with the next number. 

END OF VOL. I.







2014

